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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER 1899. No. 1.

OPENING ADDRESS.

By The Hon. J. L. Schaadt.

Muhlenberg College is regarded to be one of the important factors in the educational system of the country. Its four hundred and fifty alumni have gone out from its walls and are now engaged in their several life-works in this country and other countries beyond the sea. Its influence is felt wherever they go, and that influence is largely owing to the training received here in this building, and from its able faculty.

At the opening of a new scholastic year, you are entitled to expect, and the occasion deserves, a set oration, and I want to say right now that I have not come prepared to deliver that to you. Preparation of that sort is denied me for many reasons, arising from professional and official duties, but I want to express to you a few practical thoughts that suggest themselves as I stand here within these walls where I received my education. Early impressions are deep, and so it is with considerable diffidence that I stand here, a diffidence which became implanted in me more than twenty-five years ago, when assigned to argue or declaim here in this chapel, before our late friend, now of blessed memory, whom we boys fondly called "Matty" Richards. He used to sit right there on his chair, notebook and pencil in hand, and distinctly I remember his melancholy look and twinkling eye, as with just and searching, but kindly judgment he criticized our efforts on alternate Saturdays. I remember the distrust and fear with which I used to rise on my feet as a freshman and sophomore and during the rest of my course,—a feeling which even now comes over me in these surroundings. I remember well the rotund arguments Prof. Bauman used to make. He was two classes ahead of me, and I looked at him with awe. I shall never forget those arguments, and have no doubt you have the benefit of them now. It is with

diffidence that I rise to speak to you, but I claim the right to speak to you, because I have gone through the same course you are now entering upon and passing through. I played the same tricks you are going to play, some of them silly ; but young men play them when the blood runs hot and lively in their veins.

I worked in here, studied in here, was perhaps not one of the most industrious boys in the college, nor again one of the laziest. I suppose I was a fair average student, so that I am qualified to speak to you, having been one of you, having gone through the same courses, shirked some of the branches that some of you will shirk because you don't like them, studied hard at other branches because I did like them. Languages, I was in love with, but mathematics was my abhorrence ; and poor Prof. Garber struggled with me personally, and I have no doubt I helped to shorten his life. So you will understand that I can talk with you, and although it is long since I have gone through it all, this morning, sitting in here and hearing some of the old hymns, the memory of it all comes back very strongly and vividly ; and adding to that, because I have had experience and because I have gone through what you are going through now, clearly gives me the right to speak to you.

First of all then we should always inquire, no matter where we are placed, in the words of the Hon. Mr. Flaningan, of Texas, 'Where are we at'? And that is the inquiry for you to make. What are you here for, what do you propose to accomplish, what is your purpose? And after having determined that, then resolve to use the best efforts to accomplish that purpose. That rule will be a good rule to follow, not only here in college, but all through life. Set your aim, and then bend every energy to accomplish it. You, of course, especially the freshmen, have the idea that you are here simply to acquire heaps of knowledge and stuff your gray brain matter with this and that, simply as knowledge, and that is the common, popular idea of education, that it is merely a period during which one acquires knowledge. That is not the true, nor the principal, idea. The educational period is intended for quite a different purpose to my mind, and you will permit me to make two quotations, which express the true meaning of education in better words than I can give: 'Education comprehends all that disciplines and enlightens the understanding, corrects the temper, cultivates the taste and forms the manners and

habits. In a narrower sense, it is the special course of training pursued, to secure any one or all of these ends'. Or as J. F. Clarke in Self Culture says: 'But education in the true sense is not mere instruction in Latin, English, French or history. It is the unfolding of the whole human nature. It is growing up in all things to our highest possibility.'

So you will see that the higher thought in education is this period of training. Now what is training? Some of you are foot ball players and you know that if you propose to enter into a foot ball contest, it is necessary to let your hair grow and go through a course of training, a training which will harden your muscles and make them obedient to the instant demands of your will, perhaps unconsciously expressed. That is physical training. Take a much lower illustration. When the prize fighter, descendant of the ancient Grecian boxer, proposes to make a trial of physical strength and endurance, he goes into a training for weeks and months, in which he denies himself his usual indulgence in drink and other physical pleasures, goes to his bed early at night, runs for miles during the day, submits to rubbing down and to sweatings and baths, and puts himself to what is no doubt great personal inconvenience during that period. And all for what? So that at the supreme moment, when he is to face the other fellow, he can stand up and be at the top-notch of his physical strength and have perfect control of his body and mind and of his muscle. He goes through the course of training, and that is only illustrative of the training that every one that enters into a purely physical contest goes through. The oarsman does the same, the sprinter does the same, and for the purpose, simply to prepare himself to accomplish something else. These illustrations, taken from the training of the body, are useful here in this sense. You are going through these four years of college life because you are training your minds, and habits, and dispositions, the better to accomplish the more important work lying beyond the college walls, and as you attend faithfully and industriously to the matter of training during these four years, so you will become fuller, and brighter, and stronger, and better men, better fitted and equipped for whatever you pursue in your life work beyond. That is the practical idea and purpose of attending a school; it is the training of your mind, the training of memory and other mental faculties that you are here for.

I have pointed out how oarsmen, prize fighters and foot ball players do, what they submit to in the matter of personal inconvenience, in order to prepare themselves for a contest. You are preparing for a contest too, a contest which will extend from the time you step off the stage at the Academy of Music with your sheepskin in your hand until your dying day, for much greater and worthier objects than these purely physical specimens I have referred to. Your training should be much more industriously followed out than theirs. The object is so much larger, the purpose so much worthier, and the period so much longer, and therefore your training should be so much the more carefully attended to.

I will turn back to how I spent my time in college, and why I should not have spent some as I did, and why I spent some as I did. You are young, you are removed from the world more or less, you are living here in a community by yourselves, you are care-free, the mere providing of clothes and that which keeps up life, is attended to by friends and relatives who look out for you just now, you have no carking cares of that sort, and you are therefore perfectly free. Free for what? You are free either to waste your time here in college or free to employ it usefully, and I will try to show you just in a few words why you should use it carefully. There will be studies that you like, into these you will pitch headlong, we might say, it won't be hard for you to prepare for these. There will be others which are difficult and those you will shirk, that is human nature; I know you boys just as well as I know myself. Is that right, is that the way to do? I tell you, boys,—and when I call you boys I call myself one of the older boys, and I don't have any reference to your age,—the things that you find difficult to do are the ones you should do, and the ones at which you should work hardest. Whenever you engage in a wrestling match, it is not the opponent that is weaker and smaller than yourself, and with whom you have no trouble, that improves your strength and skill, but the other fellow who is stronger, who is sturdier, and who knows a trick or two more about wrestling than you yourself, whom to overcome will strengthen you. I need not elaborate that. So it is in the studies here. If you take up studies you don't like, if you encounter in Latin or Greek or Hebrew knotty passages, make up your mind: "I will not look at that 'pony' my fellow classmate has, but will get out this passage myself if it takes all night." I tell you if you so

resolve, and do it, you have accomplished a great deal and done more to aid your training than a faculty ten times as large as this one can do for you. I have gone through all this. I want to tell you a secret. I never used a "pony" in college, and from the way you smile, I judge there are some here that do. But it is the greatest mistake. Don't do it. If you go out rowing on the Lehigh River with a young lady, don't let her pull the boat; that won't do your muscles any good; but if you sit down and take the oars, and pull her up stream you will have the benefit and she will applaud you for a strong, self-reliant man. It is just the same way in college work. Don't use "ponies." It helps you to pass through a recitation all right, but you deceive your instructor, and by learning how to deceive him, you do your moral nature an injury, because you have found out you can trick somebody. It is a mistake. It is a good thing to be square and honest and truthful; there is nothing in my mind more admirable than the man who is not afraid to stand up and speak the truth, and act the truth under all circumstances. As our country is full of plain and simple men of truth, so it will remain a strong nation among the nations of the earth. The moment you use a "pony" you are lying and you are not a square fellow of truth. When you get difficult problems in geometry, study them out for yourselves, tackle them for yourselves, vanquish them with your own mental strength, that is the sort of training to go through; and if you honestly and faithfully do that, you will come out strong young men on the graduation day, ready to tackle and overcome the larger and more difficult problems that will confront you as you pass beyond the college walls.

But, you will say, 'Here we are shut up six days of the week, within these walls, compelled, like soldiers to retire at 10 o'clock, at taps, compelled to turn out in the morning for service, and all day long we grind and study, and prepare for never-ending recitations, and lectures, are we not to have any fun at all!' Why, of course, you can have fun, but there are different ideas in regard to fun. It is twenty-five years since I left this college and therefore I am free to tell some things on myself, because, as lawyers say, the statues of limitation protect me now. Some of our ideas of fun then were silly, and I think I would have so confessed at the time if I had been found out. To climb up, for instance, to the roof and fill the old bell with water on a cold night so as to freeze

the clapper up: to take the grating placed on the side window, because some of the boys were not in at taps, and deposit it in the depths of the Little Lehigh; or at an expenditure of a wonderful amount of energy, to take a cow up stairs to the fifth floor, just to hear the Janitor swear: those were some of our ideas of fun in those days. They are wrong ideas of fun. Some young men come from other colleges, not Muhlenberg, of course, and yield to the temptations of the saloon, and the effect of the alcohol on their high spirits is such that they think it fun to remove tin-signs and door-plates: that is not fun, all that is silly, and when you get a little older you will say to yourself, how very silly it was, it was not fun at all. There is lots of proper diversion to be followed by college students. It is not necessary to throw water upon a classmate to annoy him, that is not fun. Genuine amusement will be found in healthy foot ball contests, and spirited base ball games: let your spirits out in that direction. If you have a gymnasium, it is an excellent place to go to. I know you have a physical instructor. Judging from your expressions you have no gymnasium. I know we used to have one on this side. A gymnasium you should have, but if you don't have one you can supply substitutes for it very readily. It does not depend on apparatus, as your physical instructor will tell you. You can take a rubber ball and place it in the palm of your hand and use it in such a way as to provide a very excellent means of exercise. And so with the chair in your room, or a bar placed between the partition walls of the alcoves. In such simple apparatus, you will find fun, genuine fun, of the utmost description.

This is your training time, don't forget that. This is the time that you will look to with the most regret if you don't employ it usefully. The wasted hours that I spent here now fill me with deep regret. I am sorry that I did not employ every hour and minute as usefully as they might have been employed, and so you will feel, after you leave here, if you do not employ your time right. Do not waste your time. Follow out faithfully the purpose for which you are here, and for which your parents and relatives send you here. If you so follow out that purpose, you are honest with yourselves and those to whom you are dear. You have here an excellent force of leaders to guide you in your training, and if you heed their admonitions, you will be going right

upon the track which is laid out for you. I would like to see you all come out of this school benefited as highly as possible by having been in it. I would like to see that. I am an alumnus of this college and one of four hundred and fifty who will observe your future course with the deep interest of brothers. There are no better days than the ones spent in college ; that will come home to you after you leave here. You don't realize it now ; the days of companionship with your chums, the days that are free of all care, the days when you have simply to prepare so many measured tasks ; such golden days you will never, never, have again after you graduate, and I exhort you, I earnestly ask you to make the most of them while you have the opportunity. Seize upon and treasure each day of your college life, as a precious jewel, and allow not one to be stolen from you by idle, benefitless pursuits. Use your time carefully to the proper end for which you are here : as you do that, so with the greater satisfaction you will look back after you leave our Alma Mater. Never have there been opportunities offered to young men, ambitious to follow useful careers, in our country, as in this present generation, and never has our glorious land had greater need of well equipped, well trained young men of education. Remember that, young gentlemen, in these your days of training, and fit yourselves, with all your energies, for that which your fellow-men and your country will require of you.

THE MISSION OF THE CRUSADES.

FRANK S. KUNTZ, '00.

During the middle ages there were two separate worlds, that of the Gospel, and that of the Koran. All Europe was Christian, with the exception of Spain; but from Constantinople to the Ganges, the Mohammedan religion held sway. There were conflicts near the border between these two sects, but at the end of the eleventh century, these differences gave way to invasion and war on a large scale. Because these wars were waged in defence or advancement of the cross, they were called the crusades.

There were eight expeditions, the first was begun in 1096 and the last in the year 1270. The direct cause of the crusades was, the harsh treatment which the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem received, at the hand of the Turks. From the earliest time, Palestine had been the centre of attraction for thousands of believers.

During the middle ages, it was the most common manner of doing penance for some sin to make a pilgrimage to some hallowed spot in the Holy Land. The reports the returning pilgrims gave inflamed the people to a great extent. Therefore, when Peter, the Hermit, at the sanction of Pope Urban II, traveled through Italy and France telling of these cruelties, he excited a great deal of religious enthusiasm. "This enthusiasm" says Trabert, " was if possible still more enhanced by Pope Urban II who called a council at Claremont, where in a fiery appeal, he summoned the people to a holy war, under the standard of the cross. The people were so electrified that as with one voice, they exclaimed: 'It is the will of God'! On the same day thousands enlisted in the cause, and had a red cross affixed to the right shoulder." In this manner began the crusades, which resulted in the death of millions of human beings, and in the end every hope and purpose, cherished by the crusaders, was frustrated and brought to naught.

The history of the first crusade, in a few words, is this. Over 200,000 persons started out under the leadership of Peter, the Hermit. They were not well equipped, but traveled in a disorganized rabble. Of this number 20,000 succeeded in reaching Constantinople. The rest were either killed by the sword or perished from pestilence and hunger. This, in a way, is a history of the other expeditions. In some the crusaders were able to capture Jerusalem, only to have it wrested from them again by the Turks. These expeditions were marked by the grossest ignorance and rashness. The crusaders were often diverted from their main object, and wasted their forces in attacking unimportant fortresses or cities, instead of concentrating their efforts to the end in view. They were commanded by priests and vicars, when the occasion demanded skilled military leaders. There was no unity of action and as a result, no unity of end.

One of the evils resulting from the crusades was the great loss of life, which caused the depopulation of Europe and the decimation of the nobility. It is estimated that over five millions of Christians lost their lives. There is no record of how many infidels, but history states that, at one time sixty thousand were killed at the fall of Jerusalem and ten thousand at the Mosque of Omar.

Another evil was the introduction of the Eastern vices and demoralizing amusements of the Orient. The crusaders who re-

turned poisoned morally the communities in which they lived. The vast amount of money turned out of its natural course caused wide-spread poverty and want.

Let us turn from the mistakes, miseries, and crimes of the most uncalled for and disastrous wars of history and look upon their beneficial side. The chief benefit of the crusades was the better acquaintance which the people of Western Europe gained of the civilization of two countries, more enlightened than their own, namely, the Greek and the Saracen. Thus a great impulse was given to education, which prepared the people of Europe for the great Reformation in the sixteenth century.

The Feudal system, which heretofore had been the bane of Europe, was smitten with a blow from which it never recovered. With the decay of the Feudal system, arose the middle class which had not existed previously. In order to raise sums of money to carry on these wars, the barons granted many priveleges to the middle classes and sold them land, by means of which they became independent.

The crusades also caused a better social feeling among the people of Europe. Their minds were broadened by travel and coming into contact with other people, thereby becoming acquainted with new manners and customs. New ideas were infused into the minds of the pilgrims on their long journeys. As the mind improves the treasures which it acquires or already possesses, each new idea becomes the nucleus of many others, which, taken collectively, become the common fund of knowledge for an age or generation. Viewed from this aspect, the oft lamented crusades become the source of renewed intellectual life and energy; and were the means of rescuing the nations of Europe from a deplorable state of insulation, to a field of common life and activity.

A great impulse was given to trade and commerce. The maritime cities of Italy derived great wealth from exchanging the products of the East and West. Costly laces, elegant rugs, and tapestries were brought from the Orient, to grace the palatial residence of some duke or baron. There was also an exchange of all kinds of food products and manufactured articles.

Chivalry was also ennobled by receiving a religious consecration, on account of the crusades. The spirit under which the expeditions were undertaken, had a great influence in humbling the pride and arrogance of the nobles. A very notable example of

this fact was Godfrey, duke of Bouillon, who refused to wear a crown of gold and jewels, after his election as king of Jerusalem, where once our Saviour wore a crown of thorns. Some of the noblest knights vied with each other in caring for the sick and defending the oppressed.

When we look at the crusades alone and think of the great amount of lives lost, wealth wasted, and suffering engendered we might conclude that they were unnecessary and wrong; but such is far from the true case. The crusades had a lasting and beneficial effect upon civilization. They occupy a distinct place in the history of the world. We are often apt to judge wrongly of great movements when viewed without taking into consideration the time and conditions when they occurred. At the time the crusades were carried on, Europe needed such a movement to break the shackles of ignorance and superstition, and raise the people to a higher and nobler plane of civilization. This is not the only case when the few suffered for the lasting benefit of the many. Lord in his History of the Middle Ages fittingly remarks, "Men in their depravity commit crimes, and these crimes are punished; but even these are made to praise a Power superior to devils, as benevolent as it is omnipotent—in which fact I see the utter hopelessness of Earth without a superintending and controlling Deity." In the light of subsequent events, we are led to believe that the crusades, though blindly and unskilfully carried on, were made the means by a higher power, of lifting the nations of Europe out of the deep darkness which engulfed them into the light of Christianity, and was the means of preventing the cruel and barbarous Turk from gaining the ascendency in Europe.

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

The fourteen year old brother of Kathryn Golooh who was standing by her side urging her to hasten the tieing of her packages for fear they might be late in their arrival at the depot, just announced that the carriage was waiting. In a few minutes everything was in readiness and the happy family gathered round to bid Kathryn farewell, who was about to leave on a short vacation to the seashore. The past few weeks were busy ones about the little country home. All efforts were made to see that Kathryn was well provided for in clothing and garments suitable for her seashore stay. Her parents took an especial pride in their only daughter and it was their ambition that Kathryn should have plenty to wear, and travel with the best of society. They even made sacrifices financially to gain this end.

Kathryn was a beautiful blonde. Her cheeks teemed with a rosy country air and her dark auburn hair was dressed with artistic taste. She intended spending her vacation at the home of a well known family at Fairview Beach, a very popular bathing resort. The Pinkhams were very anxious that Kathryn should spend her vacation with them, for it had been several years since she was there last.

It did not take long after her arrival at the Beach till Miss Golooh had a host of friends, for her neat appearance and splendid physique commanded the attention of many. Invitations to teas, lawn fetes, and yachting parties were daily occurrences. She found herself surrounded by many who desired her acquaintance. Since her stay with the Pinkhams, who were of the aristocratic class, she made herself very popular, and caused considerable gossip in social circles.

It was at one of these parties that Kathryn made the acquaintance of Max Danforth, a fine looking young man of twenty-five. No one seemed to know much concerning Danforth who made himself popular at the beach during his short stay. Judging from appearances, the fine clothes which he wore, the large sun-burst that ornamented his neckwear, the stately air and dignified appearance which graced his demeanor, he must be a man of leisure and considerable wealth. It was reported that he had a large interest in several Western mines.

Danforth evidently enjoyed the evening, but his mind was wandering and his eyes seemed to tell that there were unknown scenes behind those eyelid curtains. He was a graceful dancer and all the ladies were anxious for their turn with Mr. Danforth. He had not yet danced with Miss Golooh, but their turn had come. This was his desire, for perhaps he could have an opportunity to enjoy a little chat with her. During the intermission that followed, they strayed out on the veranda, partly closed by a clematis vine of luxurious growth, through which the moonbeams silently stole and added charm to the surroundings. They talked of trivial affairs, of the beautiful evening, of the enjoyable time they were having during their stay at the seashore, and soon found themselves entirely alone whilst the music of the orchestra and the whirl of rustling garments were heard within. To him this was a supreme moment. He had no desire to join the others again. He had longed for a chat with Miss Golooh : yet he did not wish to appear forward and struggled hard not to show it. They again entered the spacious ball room and resumed the regular routine of enjoyment. During the evening she never disappeared from his wandering eye, and every favor in his power was bestowed on her. When the gayeties of the evening were over he had carefully planned to accompany her to the residence of the Pinkhams. The drive was along a shady avenue, but very little attention was paid to surroundings. The conversation of the two behind the doors of the cab was earnest and Max Danforth found himself in love, yes, in love with a woman whom he had met but a few hours ago. The wandering eyes which a few had noticed a little earlier in the evening had an object in view.

The next few weeks passed suddenly and Kathryn and Max were almost constantly together. When alone Kathryn would sit and muse by the hour, she would think of the first evening when she met Max, of the favors he showered upon her, of the millions of dollars that yet lie hidden in those Western hills, of the magnificent residence he promised to build for her and of the ease and comfort she would have. She was overwhelmed with joy to be so fortunate as to meet such a handsome young man with plenty of money and all she could wish for, Kathryn was the happiest girl at Fairview.

Their associations during this short stay were of the most intimate nature. Both seemed infatuated by the charms of the other. Max lavished his money in buying expensive gifts and no favor was too great a burden for him. They were constantly out driving or in bathing or perhaps enjoying a day's fishing in one of the numerous inlets.

But Cupid had played his part well. As the few weeks vacation came nearing a close, they found their fate sealed. Neither had consulted friend nor parent. Neither, no doubt, thought seriously of the matter until the last moment. Their homes were separated by a distance of at least two hundred miles, too far for them to be parted from each other. They decided to take all hazards and extend their stay a few days. More than this, they agreed that the sacred ceremony be at once performed and then the matter placed before unconsulted friends and parents. Their philosophy was that a straight line is the shortest road to happiness and fortune.

A few days ago a happier couple could not have been found. Both had feasted on anticipations, but difficulties had already arisen. The report of the marriage in all its details had caused a flood of gossip. The hasty ceremony, with no care for the future, the dwindling capital, and a realization of what had happened gave quite a different turn to the situation. The two expectant families, distant and unknown to each other must be faced, perhaps a cold welcome awaited them and the more serious questions of the future added complexity to the dilemma. A sense of shame was evident and they concluded to seek new quarters, they recognized their foolishness and unable to muster enough courage to present the affair to parents, they cursed the day they met. Both were deluded and blinded in anticipation. The beautiful wife who was spending her vacation at the home of the aristocratic Pinkhams, was simply a country girl with comfortable surroundings. The millionaire's son, who owned mines in the great West, who posed as a swell and wealthy gentleman was simply a clerk in a large city furnishing-house. Never were two more disappointed, each rushing blindly into a race for the wealth or social standing of the other. Their motives were selfish, and now disappointment has conquered them. The former regard is lost and their lot is doomed on every hand. They married in haste and repented in leisure.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this issue of the MUHLENBERG, another staff begins its work. We ask your co-operation and assistance. You, as well as we, should try to make this paper better. At least, if you will not assist, remain passive, rather than active on the wrong side. We will make mistakes: no one is perfect. At such times, have charity toward us, and consider whether you, if you were in our position, could have done any better.

"Ere thou remark another's sin
Bid thy own conscience look within."—*Gay.*

* * *

"Again to the battle, Acheans."

It seems hardly possible that the two months of our summer vacation have already passed. They have afforded, to an unusual degree, opportunities for the pursuit of pleasure and for the necessary recuperation after one year's work and immediately preceding that of another. The rapidity with which these months have passed admonishes us that all time is passing quickly, and that we should make the most of the present. Let us enter this year's work with the determination to make the most of every opportunity. Let us endeavor to lay a firm foundation—and now is the time to lay it! Let us so work now that we may be able in later years to rear a "monument more lasting than bronze."

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Change is one of the laws of nature. As we return to college after our pleasant vacation, we notice many changes. The halls and rooms have been cleaned, and the building has a bright and clean appearance. But certain faces are seen no more; certain individuals no longer refresh us with their savory pipes; and certain mouths, which formerly uttered discordant sounds, no more can be heard. We miss such things, with which we were once so familiar. Instead of our old friends we behold many young men with whom we are unacquainted, and who are about to begin a college career. Let us make them our friends, let us cheer them, let us help them, so that, when we have left these halls, they may miss us as much as we miss those who have gone before.

* * *

At the beginning of this session two new professors have entered upon t heir duties at this institution. It is hardly necessary to mention the names of Dr. Ochsenford and Dr. Lehr.

For a time Dr. Ochsenford will, no doubt, be somewhat handicapped until he has become accustomed to our methods and text books; but this will not last long. On their first meeting with him, the classes seemed favorably impressed with his activity and evident purpose to teach as well as possible, and as much as possible. It is no easy task to build upon another's foundation, or to complete the work which another has begun; but this Dr. Ochsenford is asked to do. His efforts are for our welfare; but if we refuse to co operate, all his efforts will be in vain. It is our *duty* and it should be our pleasure—to co-operate with him; and thus we shall further our purposes, his purposes for our welfare, and the purposes of this institution.

With Dr. Lear the majority of students are not brought into contact; consequently there are many who know but little of him. He takes the place formerly filled by Dr. Albright. The students of the Scientific Department will do their best to show him their appreciation of his labors in their behalf—and this not only in word, but also in deed.

To both, we extend our hearty wishes for their welfare and success while here, and throughout their lives.

Personals and Locals.

Past—Happy vacation.

Here—Fall term of study.

Coming—The great Allentown Fair.

The fall term of College opened on Thursday morning, September 7th, at ten o'clock, in the chapel. A large number of Alumni and friends greeted the students on their return, showing their appreciation for their Alma Mater and their College. The opening scripture lesson was read by the newly elected English instructor, Dr Ochsenford. Dr Seip then introduced as speaker of the day, the Hon. James L. Schaadt, Esq , Mayor of the city, who made a lengthy and eloquent address, which contained plenty of practical advice to students.

After the several professors had assigned the classes their lessons, Dr. Wackernagle conducted the closing exercises and Dr. Seip pronounced the benediction.

At the annual meeting of the Franklin Literary Society, held in the reading room on September 8th, after the regular routine business was transacted, the following officers were elected: Pres., Erb, '00; Vice Pres , Rubrecht, '01; Curators, Koch, '00 and Wenrich, '01. Of the Faculty, Drs. Ettinger and Bauman, were elected secretary and treasurer respectively. It was decided to procure new racks for the papers, arrange the magazines in a systematic order and purchase subscriptions for several new papers and monthlies. The reading room has undergone quite extensive improvements. During the vacation the authorities have wainscoted, painted and frescoed it so that it now presents quite a handsome, cheery appearance, compared with the dark, musty looking place it was previously.

Drumheller, '01 and Serfass, '01, have spent the summer as traveling agents for a Chautauqua desk firm. The early part of their time was spent in the New England States and later on they canvassed New York In a letter written from Tarrytown, on the Hudson, (the place made famous on account of its having been the resident town of Washington Irving). Serfass says he is in good spirits, enjoys the work well, and will be back to College in the near future.

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Shimer, '01 and Rubrecht, '01, spent a two weeks' vacation in July, touring around the Thousand Isles.

When Dr. Ettinger rose in Chapel on opening day, September 7th, to make his announcements, he was unable to proceed for quite a time on account of the tremendous applause We do not profess to know the cause, but suppose that the students think that since the Doctor has taken unto himself a wife, a better half, he needs double his share of applause.

Wackernagle, '01, visited his brother, Rev. Fred. Wackernagle, at Millersville, during the summer.

The students have returned, but alas! the Juniors miss from their ranks three of their noble sons. Lutz, of Porto Rico fame and Scheetz, will go to Franklin and Marshall College, and Gernerd, will turn his face toward the "Sunny South" and attend Roanoke, in Virginia.

Gone—Lutz's sleight of-hand tricks from the German room and Gernerd's soft (?) legal sounding voice from the halls.

Nagle, '01, following the example of Washington Irving, (his high ideal), of whom it is said, that "he often wandered through the woods of Westchester County, becoming well acquainted with the Sleepy Hollow country, which he later peopled with legendary figures, and having no particular object in view," has made several trips on foot, which are wonders in themselves. In the early vacation he walked to Lewisburg and back. and later on to Saylorsburg, Monroe County, and back, making in all about four hundred miles. On two occasions he walked forty-five miles a day. Indeed most Muhlenberg men do not know that they have such a noted pedestrian among their ranks. On his first trip he procured about a hundred and fifty new Indian relics, of which articles he is a very ardent admirer. He has a collection of from five hundred to a thousand specimens, some of which are the best found in Lehigh County. Nagle, living up to the meaning of his name is small in physique but has many good qualities and surely verifies that "good things usually come in small packages."

The Delta Theta fraternity, after existing quietly for a year has taken possession of its handsome rooms in the second floor of the Ruhe building, on North Sixth street.

Everyone is happy to hear that Bickel, '01, intends to return to College this term.

McFetridge, '02, was the guest of Fegley, '00, at Mechanicsburg, Pa, for ten days during the latter part of August.

The Saturday morning debates will hereafter be carried on in a regular parliamentary manner. The Seniors will be presidents and the Juniors secretaries. The two upper classes will uphold the opposite sides of the question, alternating each week so that rivalry and competition will be fostered.

Dr. J. R. Lear, A. M., M. D., of Allentown, has undertaken his duties as instructor in the biological department. We trust that he will be a valuable addition to the Faculty.

The following is the verdict of an inquest held over the body of a man who was found dead in Leadville:

"We find that Jack Smith came to his death from 'heart disease.' We found two bullet holes and a dirk knife in that organ and we recommend that Bill Younger be lynched to prevent the spreading of the 'disease'."

Such a verdict might prevent the spreading of the "disease" which has lately been raging in Allentown.

Moyer, '02, spent the summer in the employ of the Hogtown Foundry situated near Catasauqua, and Yoder, '01, held a similar position in Davies and Thomas Foundry of the same place.

Professor—When rain falls, does it ever rise again?
Fritch—Yes sir.
Professor—When?
Fritch—In dew time—.

The Reagle brothers and Mr. Oliver F. McKeever, of Hokendauqua, spent a week in August visiting Stroudsburg, Delaware Water Gap, and vicinity.

Dr. B.—How many sides has a circle?
Bachman—Two.
Dr. B.—What are they?
Bachman—An inside and an outside.

The College chapel has been furnished with new matting.

Professor Yetter—What would you call a man who pretends to know everything?
Freshman—A professor.

The Sophronian Literary Society has procured a set of the Charles Dudley Warner Encyclopedia of English Literature, a very extensive work, which contains a sketch of the life and extracts from the works of all known authors of all times. Sophronia may be congratulated on making such a valuable addition to her library. She has also added to her books a new set of histories of all known countries of the earth.

The following is the report of Business Managers of THE MUHLENBERG, i. e. Berg and Fegley, Fegley and Beck, for the year, '98-'99.

Dr.			Cr.	
To bal. of year. '97 98,		$ 68.93	By moneys paid out as follows :	
To monthly receipts as follows :			By cover cut,	$ 15.00
Sept. '98,	$ 72.00		By ten issues, @ $26. per issue,	260.00
Oct. '98,	42.50		By extra pages, cuts, etc.	48.25
Nov. '98,	31.00		By stationery, and wrappers for mailing,	15.46
Dec. '98,	14.00		By monthly postage, and miscellaneous,	37.89
Jan. '99,	33.05		Sept. 1, '99, Total expenses,	$376 60
Feb. '99,	17.65		By balance,	80.93
Mar. '99,	8.00			
Apr. '99,	39.40			
May '99,	27.50			
June '97,	104.50	$388.60		
Sept. 1, '99, Total receipts,		$457.53		$457.53

Our Aumni.

'68. Rev. W. H. Rickert, of Philadelphia, a member of the first class of the first class that was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1867, attended the commencement exercises this year, and was a guest of his brother, Charles Rickert, of 423 Walnut street.—*Chronicle and News.*

'69. Rev. R. F. Weidner, D. D., of the Chicago Theological Seminary, delivered a series of lectures at the Colorado Chatauqua.

'72. Among the names of lecturers announced for the Winter course of the Allentown College for Women we find that of Rev. M. O. Rath of Allentown.

'73. Rev. George G. Kunkle has opened a private school at Slatington, Pa.

'76. Rev. Prof S E Ochsenford, D. D., successor of the late Rev. Dr. M. H. Richards, in Muhlenberg College, has rented the house of Dr. E. J. Danowsky at 28 South Seventh street, at present undergoing extensive remodeling. He expects to occupy it during the latter part of August.

'78. Prof. O. J. G. Schaadt, of Philadelphia, has been busy, during the Summer, lecturing at various Summer Schools.

'79. From the *Rochester Daily* we clip the following: "The dedication of the new organ of Concordia Lutheran Church took place yesterday. The dedicatory services proper were held in the morning, though the services in the evening were of the most interesting character.

Rev. J. A. W. Kirsch, of Buffalo, as president of the Rochester conference of the New York Ministerium, delivered the dedicatory sermon and dedicated the organ. The speaker took his text from a passage in the Psalms. He pointed out the importance of the organ, illustrating his theme, "The Praise of a Christian Congregation." It was looked upon as one of the most important adjuncts of devotional service. Said the speaker:

"As we all know, there are many different parts to an organ, and we know a little about its construction; so are there in the church many different portions. As an organ has so many different members in its make up, so does a congregation. As the organ stands, it is inactive and so it remains until the master hand touches it, and then its usefulness is seen. So in a congregation; it is inactive until the Great Master Hand, the hand of God, touches it."

The speaker, continuing, compared the harmony of an organ with the harmony which should prevail in a church. Throughout the sermon his illustrations were apt and were listened to with great interest.

In the evening the church was filled to its seating capacity. The floral decorations were very beautiful, the pulpit and the chancel being nearly hidden from view. The pastor, Rev. Carl

N. Conrad, conducted the services, assisted by Rev. Ernst Hartmann of Zion Lutheran Church. An address was made by Rev. J. Hartmann. Following was an able address on "Lutheran Church Music," by Rev. Louis F. Mayle, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Mission. The speaker showed in all his remarks his love for music, particularly sacred Lutheran music. It should be studied more and more, he thought. The fact that secular music is oftentimes heard in the great churches was deplored. To his mind, the members of the Sunday-school, the children and the congregation, in fact, all, should pay more attention to praise.

Rev. George Blaesi, pastor of Concordia Church of West Henrietta, addressed the congregation on "Christian Music." He spoke in German. Among other observations, he said that the song of the aged worshiper was far more acceptable in the sight of God than the sacred songs, be they sung ever so finely, by prima donnas for money. The old people, he thought, had their souls in their praise, while in the latter case such was improbable. The speaker gave an eloquent historical address on "The Organ," in which he went back to the earliest times.

The new organ is one of the finest in the city. It is only one more testimonial to the pastor's zeal in looking after the interests of his church, of which he has been pastor for eighteen years. The instrument stands twenty feet high, is twenty feet wide, eighteen feet deep and cost $5,000. It was built by Brown of Wilimington, Del."

'79. George D. Krause, Lebanon, Pa., is one of the most enthusiastic Managers of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'79. Rev. Julius W. Knapp, Ph. D., New York, spent a part of his vacation at the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'82. Rev. Robert D. Roeder, Norristown, Pa., is making a five month's tour of Europe.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, again delighted the Pennsylvania Chatauquans with his popular scientific lectures.

'83. Rev. John Jacob Kline, of Pottstown, who is pastor of Swamp Church, the oldest Lutheran denomination in America, and pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Pottstown, has been honored

with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by Wooster College, Ohio, Rev. Kline is a Muhlenberg College graduate of the Class of '83.

'83. Dexter L. Rambo has been conducting a State Normal School at Darlington, South Carolina.

'84. Prof. C. Ernest Wagner and wife have been making an extensive tour through Norway, Sweden and Russia.

'85. Rev. Frank F. Fry and wife have returned from their European tour.

'85. Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, yesterday was in gala attire and was filled with large audiences at both morning and evening services. At the latter the sixth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. W. Hoppe was celebrated with a special sermon and music by the choir under the masterly direction of Organist C. T. Bender. Rev. Hoppe preached an eloquent discourse on the Gospel lesson during the morning and on the theme "Thanksgiving," in the evening.

At the evening service Rev. Hoppe announced that three beautiful and costly, as well as ornamental, gifts had been presented to the church by three benevolent members of the congregation. T. D. Fritch and family, in honor of their deceased son, Peter Fritch, presented a brass lecturn six feet in height, probably one of the costliest in the valley. The lecturn, of highly polished brass, rests on three crouching lions. On top of the pedestal is a crown in which is placed a rock, surmounted by an eagle of brass, with antique finish, whose wings spread in graceful benediction twenty-nine inches. The lecturn was placed inside the south side of the chancel with a large open Bible in the proper reading receptacle.

The lecturn was ordered two months ago from Cox Sons & Buckley Company, W. D. Perry, manager, New York City. Manager Perry came to Bethlehem on Saturday himself with the gift, and saw that it was properly set up and arranged. The donors as well as the congregation were highly gratified with it.

The second gift, a most munificent and considerate one, was the introduction of electric lighting with two large and beautifuly ornamented brass chandeliers, each one containing thirty bulbs. This beautiful gift was presented by Mrs. Caroline Opp, an old

member of the church, who felt inclined to give something that she as well as her other church sisters and brethren could appreciate.

The Philadelphia firm from whom the fixtures were ordered disappointed the congregation by not being able to ship them in time. Electrician Hill of Bethlehem, had the wiring of the church finished in time to put up the chandeliers had they arrived on Saturday.

The third gift was donated by Gottlob Zerwick, one of the oldest members of the congregation, and consisted of a communion service of solid silver—very beautiful and acceptable to the congregation.

The gifts received yesterday cost nearly one thousand dollars.

Rev. Hoppe received the several gifts from the donors for the congregation and expressed his fervent gratitude in behalf of his people. It demonstrates the fact that Salem church has a congregation where the spirit of free will offerings is deeply rooted.

Another well-to-do member is favorably considering donating a free scholarship to Muhlenberg College at Allentown.

Rev. Hoppe has faithfully labored six years and with no small measure of success. To a membership of 596 six years ago, during the interim were added 433 members, 218 of whom withdrew either through removal or by death, making a total membership up to yesterday of 811.

After the evening service Rev. Hoppe was presented with a beautiful gold watch besides being granted a six weeks' summer vacation by the members of his congregation. The pastor responded feelingly to the marked esteem shown by his flock.

It is gratifying to announce the flourishing condition Salem's congregation is enjoying.—*South Bethlehem Globe.*

'85. From the daily press we learn that Rev. E. A. Yehl, of Bangor, Pa., has done the rather unusual thing of declining the degree of Ph D., as offered by a Southern College.

,86. Rev. Charles W. Jefferis, pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, North Wales, on Sunday morning announced his resignation to his charge. To some of his members the announcement was a surprise; to others it was not. He had been pastor for eight years, succeeding Rev. George D. Foust, who died in 1890. Mr. Jefferis graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1886.

A year ago the present month Mr. Jefferis' wife and child died from toadstool poisoning as they were about to return from their vacation at Shippensburg.

'87. Ruben J. Butz, Esq., has been re-elected solicitor of the Allentown Board of Control with an increase of salary.

'88. Last evening there was a happy reunion of members of the Class of '88 of Muhlenberg College at the home of Dr. Henry F. Schantz, 402 North 5th street. The doctor's classmates are attending the sessions of the Lutheran Ministerium. They talked over the old college days and the evening was full of fond reminiscences. Those present were: Rev. W. F. Bond, Tower City; Rev. C. D. Claus, Leacock; Rev. George Gebert, Tamaqua; Rev. D. G. Gerberich, Weatherly; Rev. J. F. Lambert, Catasauqua; Rev. E. F. Ritter, West Hazleton; Rev. O. S. Scheirer, Krumsville.—*Reading Herald.*

'88. Rev. John M. Wenrich, Stoutsville, Ohio, has been elected Secretary of the District Synod of Ohio.

'91. The following high tribute is paid to Rev. M. J. Bieber of this city in this week's Great Bend Plaindealer:

The baccalaureate sermon preached before the graduating class of the Great Bend graded school at the Lutheran church Tuesday evening was one of the most scholarly and interesting discourses ever delivered from any pulpit in this place. The reverend gentleman chose his text from First Corinthians, 16th chapter, and a part of the 13th verse, "Acquit you like men, be strong." In most beautiful language the young gentlemen and ladies of the class were urged and advised to "be strong" in physical, intellectual and spiritual life. A large congregation enjoyed and appreciated the discourse.

'91. The members of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer celebrated the passing of the tenth mile stone in the organization's history at yesterday's services. The church was crowded at both services. Rev. J. Stump of Philipsburg, one of the organizers of the church, and the first pastor, spoke at both services yesterday. His text in the morning was taken from the parable of the mustard seed in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew. He led up to his sermon with references to the history and growth of the local organization.

Dr. T. B. Roth, now president of Thiel College, Greenville, Pa., then pastor of the Church of the Redeemer at Utica, was the other person instrumental with Rev. Mr. Stump in the organization of the local church and it was called the Church of the Redeemer after the Utica church. The organization was held in the Y. M. C A. hall on May 5, 1889 with forty-two members. Rev. J. Stump was the provisional pastor, but he soon resigned. Rev. J. P. Deck from St. Michael's church of Philadelphia, followed him and the church prospered during the four months he was at its head. At the end of this period Rev. Mr. Deck's death left it without a pastor.

Rev. William F. Bacher now of Kingston was called and remained here until June 29, 1897. During his pastorate, the present church property including church and parsonage was secured. The church was consecrated on July 8, 1894. It was a mission for five years. The present pastor, Rev. M. J. Bieber, came to the church on June 1, 1897. The organization became self-supporting on July 8 following his arrival. The church debt was decreased by about $500 in September of that year.

At yesterday's services half of the present debt, which amounts to about $5,000, was contributed or subscribed, O. S. Heller giving $1,000. It is the intention to lift the debt entirely before the end of the century. The church has five organizations. The Sunday school organized one month later than the church, on June 9, 1889, has 140 members and contributes $234 to the debt. The missionary society, and the Luther League contribute heavily. The Industrial school and the Home Department are two others of the church societies.

Additions to the number of 234 have been made to the congregation since its first gathering together. Ten have died, thirty-seven left the city and the city and there is now an active membership of 130. The contributions to benevolence and the expenses for ten years amount to $16,036 18.

The church was finely trimmed at yesterday's services with quantities of flowers and palms. Newton Croft, soloist in the Second Presbyterian church of Scranton sang the " Holy City " at the morning service and the West End male quartet sang in the evening. The members of the congregation and the church's many friends received from the pastor a short history of the ten years of the church's existence. The booklet contains a cut of

the church, the principal events in its history, the church directory, history of organization, the anniversaries, and the names of all the members.—*The Republican.*

'93. In the society notes of the Chicago *Times-Herald* of a recent issue appears the following: "Mr and Mrs. Harry Rubens announce the engagement of their daughter Bertha to Edwin J. Mosser. Mr. Mosser is a lawyer who wes educated at Muhlenberg College and at Harvard University. For two years he was instructor of Latin and mathematics at the University School in Chicago, and thereupon entered the law school of Michigan University at Ann Arbor, from which he graduated." In the same issue of the paper appear the pictures of Mr. Mosser and Miss Rubens.

'94. Rev. J. W. H. Heintz, of East Stroudsburg, a Muhlenberg graduate of 1894, on Wednesday was married at Philadelphia to Miss Sarah E. Poitchard.—*Chronicle and News.*

'95. We were glad to have a little talk with Rev. Philip A. Lentz, Paxton, Pa., who rarely visits his Alma Mater.

'95. Prof. John E. Sandt is Secretary of the Faculty of Thiel College.

'96. Rev. J. Fred. Kramlich has been called to Grace Lutheran Church, Royersford, Pa.

'96. Rev. Wm. H. Steinbicker is located at Rockville Centre, Pa.

'96. The Brooklyn Lutheran Missionary Society has called Rev. S. G. Trexler to organize an English Mission in Brooklyn.

'96. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach is located at Trenton, N. J.

'96. Prof. John M. Yetter, is ably filling a position in the Stroudsburg Normal School.

Among Our Exchanges.

The June number of the *Mount Holyoke* contains a very interesting account of "April Songsters." The article is written in a style that indicates not only a careful study of the subject, but also a thorough acquaintance with the manners and habits of the

feathered tribe. We make special mention of the discription of the goldfinch and kinglet, as they are particularly interesting.

The commencement number of the *Maintow Messenger* has a very pleasing way in giving a short biographical sketch of everyone of its '99 men. The predictions are all commendable, and show what vocation in life everyone of the students wishes to follow on leaving their Alma Mater.

The *Gettysburg Mercury* contains a very interesting article on the "Conflict of the Ages." The article, "Monotony of Life," in the same number seems to be a very peculiar subject to write upon, but on perusing its contents, one is struck with the deep thoughts that seem to flow like an undercurrent through the whole essay.—We quote the following:

"We can be dull and inactive and cling to the old, see nothing in all the changing world about us, make no new friends, cling to old ideas, discuss no new methods, hold the same opinions and pride ourselves upon what we might call consistency, but which is really only the stubbornness of a mind which thinks that the world is becoming worse with new ideas, new methods, and new experiences."

"We can plainly see that to lead a life like that is to cross our Maker's purpose, for his purpose, was, without doubt, that we should grow into the full richness and value of manhood by cherishing our past experiences and learning well the lessons taught by them while we step forward into new and untried paths with vigor and hope."

FOR DEWEY CELEBRATION.

New York City Hotel and Boarding House Information.

A free guide book to New York and vicinity. The Brooklyn Eagle has established free bureaus for the convenience of out of town visitors.

The celebration of Admiral Dewey's return to his native land will be one of the most important civic events in the history of the United States. New York City has voted the sum of $150,000 toward defraying the expenses of the event, and the State of New York has contributed $75,000. There will be military and naval

parades, fireworks, dinners and speeches. At this time, also, the great international yacht race between England and America will take place. The railroads and steamboats entering New York City will all make low excursion rates, and this fact, together with the manifold attractions which New York will offer, will offer, will bring to the city hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the Union.

To meet the contingency, and to aid in a public spirited way all intending visitors to secure ample rooming accommodations, the Brooklyn Eagle, through its free Information Bureaus, will, without any charge whatever, supply to any and all persons applying for information as to where rooms, with or without board, can be obtained in either boarding houses or hotels in the entire City of New York. The Manhattan Bureau is located at 952 Broadway, near Twenty-third street. The Main Bureau is located in Rooms 28 and 29, Eagle Building, Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Eagle also has in preparation a fine guide book to New York City, containing the principal sights to be seen, a list of trolley rides, list of short water excursions, with cost thereof ; a list of boarding houses and hotels prepared to entertain guests, with their rates and other valuable information difficult to learn or to buy ; also the complete program of the Dewey reception. This guide to the metropolis will be sent free to any address on receipt of 2 cents to cover postage.

Literary Notes.

" David Harum," so popular among us, is not well received in England. It is a breezy and very entertaining book, but decidedly local. The same can be said of the books written by " Ian Maclaren," yet there are many who detest them because there is too much dialect. Books of this order, that faithfully depict the life of the people, their manners and customs, and in particular their peculiarities of expression, are more instructive than some of the trashy novels found in our libraries.

The best examples of the " Bishop " in fiction is found in Anthony Trollope's "Bishop Proudie." There is a later, however of the same order ;—" The Bishop's Unguarded Moment."—O. F.

Adams. The book contains a series of short stories, in each of which either an American or English Bishop is written into a dilemma. The great fault lies in the fact that the author does not rescue the poor Bishops.

Dr. Dwight, ex-president of Yale, has published a book of sermons entitled "Thoughts of and for the Inner Life." Sermons by so eminent a Biblical scholar are assuredly interesting to our young theologians.

Mr. Edwin Markham has published "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems." His poem on the "Man with the Hoe" gave him a national reputation. His works, as a general thing, do not show the delicate workmanship found in contemporary works of this kind; but as the critic says,—"He feels deeply, and has something to say."

Hitherto a novel called "If" has held the record for a brief title. This record has lately been beaten by a book called "I". Rider Haggard wrote "She," there is a novel entitled "He, She and It," and a comedy "We, Us, and Co." Amelia Barr's last work is entitled "I, Thou, and the Other One." The personal pronouns are pretty well taken up, and authors are advised to take the possessives in future. The title "His'n, Her'n, and Your'n" wouldn't be bad.

Robt. Barrett Browning published the love letters of his parents before their marriage. People who like such things are next to have the opportunity of reading Victor Hugo's love letters. There are about one hundred and fifty of them, the first written when he was eighteen. The public appreciation of the literary value of a work is sensibly affected by the moral character and personal habits of its author. When the writer's personality is stimulating and wholesome, is it not an abominable practice to lift the veil which hides the secrets, sorrows, or scandals of his private life?

"Universities and Their Sons" is a volume designed to give the history, influence, and characteristics of American Universities. The first volume is devoted to Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia. There is an introduction by the editor-in-chief, Dr. J. L. Chamberlain, and an introductory essay by W. T. Harris. The article on Yale is by Dr. Chas. Smith; the one on Harvard, by W. R. Thayer; that on Princeton, by Dr. John DeWitt;

and the one on Columbia, by Dr. J. H. Van Amringe. The editors intend to give a biographical sketch of some of the Alumni. What method they have of choosing men of whom they wish to give a biographical sketch is not made public.

"Richard Carvel"—Winston Churchill,—one of the summer books, does for old Maryland what "Hugh Wynne" does for old Phila. Mitchell's book, however, shows a superiority of style. "Hugh Wynne" belongs to the same class as the Revolutionary novel, "The Virginians," by Thackeray.

John Kendrick Bangs brought out another volume, "The Dreamers," a book that shows literary finish and cleverness. It is a story of a club including prominent writers. Among those burlesqued are Richard Harding Davis, Riley, Howells, Kipling, Barrie, Hall Caine, Maclaren, and others.

"The Reminiscences" of Justin McCarthy is a book of the right sort. It is gossipy, the way reminiscences ought to be, and is full of personal details. McCarthy is not a wit but he has the power of observation and character reading. His two volumes are "rich quarries for the future historian of the Victorian Age." McCarthy made a trip to America, meeting Bryant, Walt Whitman, Greely, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, Beecher, Grant, and many other notable Americans. In England he was acquainted with Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Geo. Meredith, Carlyle, Kingsley, and the eminent Englishmen of that time.

Vol. XVII

No. 2

THE MUHLENBERG

October, 1899

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

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THE TENDENCY TO CENTRALIZATION.

E. D. BOYER, '00.

The wants and fears of individuals drew men together for their mutual assistance and protection. Want and fear make the cement that binds society, which forms the basis for organized action. Organized and concerted action has been recognized by intelligent men of all times. The leader of the Amorites sent to his friends and said, "Come up unto me, and help me, that we may smite Gibeon." Centralization was realized to be a necessity by the Amoritish King, and it has been so considered down through the ages. This, whether looking toward the subjugation of a race or the advancement of a nation—in subduing a wilderness or constructing a railroad.

To no power, perhaps, do we owe so great a debt for advancement, as to the power that accompanies the legitimate use of consolidated wealth. The United States has made rapid strides during the past century in the advancement of its agricultural resources, in the taking of wealth from its mines, in furnishing homes to the people, in science, literature and art. There is not a ship that sails the seas nor an engine that puffs its way across the plains, but was made possible through consolidating capital. Towns, cities, armies, and governments stand as representatives of the result of centralization and consolidation of power and force. Consolidated capital has made the hand-loom a woolen mill. It has changed the cobbler's bench into the shoe factories of New England. It has formed from the one horse hack the electric motor. Capital has opened the western territory of our own country to occupation by the settler, and bound the land from ocean to ocean by great lines of transcontinental railways. It has made employment for millions of people who labor in mills and factories.

has built the canals, dyked the rivers, drained the low lands and irrigated the deserts. The centralization of power and wealth in a government is its strength in days of trial, and the credit and integrity of the United States has been preserved so often in recent years by virtue of her millions always ready for the purpose of paying honest debts and defraying the expenses of honorable defense.

This tendency to centralization has been a necessary incident of every people and of every government. But, however beneficial to the development and progress of a race or country be the effects of this centralizing tendency, there comes a time when what was a benefit ceases to be a benefit and assumes the character of an injury. Thus we look at the situation of our own country. Centralization of people and money in the United States has become rampant.

There is a veritable stampede in America today toward great centers of population and business. Farms, villages, and towns are being depleted of their young blood, vitalizing blood, and the cities are congested and crowded. While the cities of America and especially of the East are swelling with a population that sweats and writhes in turmoil and strife for very existence, the farms are abandoned and deserted, growing rank with weeds and desolation. While the population of the large cities increases at the rate of six per centum to thirty per centum in a decade, cleared fields and productive farms are without occupants. While the valuation of city property advances at a rate that makes millionaires, the valuation of rural property has depreciated in Pennsylvania sixty per centum in fifteen years. The life and perpetuation of this Republic and indeed of all governments depends upon the strength and character of its rural population. It is the rural population, the farmers, who are conservative thinkers of all times, and they form the balance and maintain the equilibrium when questions of policy assail the government. They are slow to act but terrible in corrective measures when once convinced of the jeopardy of the nation. The cities produce few leaders of men. Such men in our own nation as Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Grant were country bred, and when the crisis came they were ready for the emergency. The young man of today leaves the farm for a fevered existence in the cities. He feels that a taint pervades the worker of the soil, and leaving the tranquillity

and peace of the old homestead he casts himself in the drift that sets toward the metropolis where he ekes out a livelihood amid scenes of speculation and uncertainty. This condition in America is cause for regret, and bespeakes the ruin of our liberties and our institutions:

> "A bold peasantry, a country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

Serious as is the effect of this gravitation of the youth of the country districts to the cities, it does not comprehend all the dangerous centralizing tendency of our nation at this period. Though the farmer and the worker of the soil are the producers of wealth, the tax books of the times show that farm properties in Pennsylvania are mortgaged to seventy per centum of their value. Bad as this seems, it is not understood in its full significance till it is known that the holders of the liens are capitalists of the towns and cities,—men who have accumulated wealth through speculation. Not only are these liens owned in the cities, but the interest paid on these liens, yearly, finds its way to the same center. In other words, the wealth produced on the farm goes to swell the pockets of those who are already rich, while it strips the land and the farmer bare, making both poorer year by year. The effect of all this we see in the case of Cuba. An uprising occurred in the island as a result of the enormous taxes levied on Cuban farmers,—taxes that were sent from the island to Spain to pay for the extravagant administration of public affairs by a tottering and diseased remnant of a once proud empire. Thus do we have a centralization of the youth of the nation in large and crowded centers, massed with the wealth and income from the rural districts.

Yet there is a more notable centralization and one that strikes at the peace and liberty of the nation with greater force than these mentioned. It is the consolidation of capital. This, as we have said, is indispensable to industrial improvements and the welfare of the people; but we feel that this power for good now stands as a menace to the life of our nation. Our own government has made the corporations the recipients of vast bounties, and fostered them so much in their growth, that now, as much as the Army of France controls and threatens the liberties of the French Republic, the money power of America imperils the bulwarks of the American government. The danger encircling the United States

by the power wielded through the influence of consolidated capital has become the subject of deepest concern to all patriots. The approaching conflict has been seen from afar, but never has the issue been so nearly made between the people and the plutocrats as in the year 1896. No matter what was the technical gage of battle, down deep in the hearts of the American people was a feeling that the hard earned wages of one class was being absorbed and withheld by another class. Before that year only a man here and there realized the growth of private fortunes. Though the contest was lost to the poor, perhaps because the lines were badly drawn, the victors are anxious and the conquered have not ceased to murmur. Since this battle Joseph Leiter with millions at his back has sent up the price of wheat thirty cents on the bushel and pocketed his margins at the dictates of his fancy. Railroad corporations are forbidden by law to own and control mines, but a second corporation is formed under another name by the same individuals and the work goes on by thus evading the intention of the lawmakers. A Commonwealth as large in area as England, Scotland, and Wales, second to but one in population and wealth, is dominated supremely by one man for a period of fifteen years, having all its patronage, unrivaled in olden times, at his pleasure, its Legislature at his will, its coffers at his dictation — powers undreamed of by any Roman tetrarch in the times of Nero. Another man, yea a half score, are able with gains gotten under the law, to purchase the state of Pennsylvania at its tax book value. The small dealer in commercial lines finds himself crowded out of place and business, because of the strength and selfishness of the monopolist who holds the markets of the world in the hollow of his hand. The result is the division of the people into two classes, the poor and the rich. The latter, having gained an impetus through its accumulated fortunes, leaves less and less to the former. This and the other reasons that menace our country must cease. This Republic is the hope of future civilization and freedom and it must not perish from the face of the earth, but be preserved to the leadership of all that is highest and noblest; and the tidal wave of migration must set the other way. It is the duty of everyone to exemply in his own life his belief that a responsibility rests upon him, and halt the movement toward the cities. The farms and villages must be repeopled, and mortgages must be paid. The expenditures must be limited to the income which

will teach not only economy and thrift, but honesty and good morals. There must be a limit to private and corporate wealth, and this the government must have to perform. Taxation must be proportioned equally between the rich and the poor: this will level within the bounds of justice the immense fortunes now controlled by private individuals and corporations. The government can prohibit monopoly, which throttles trade and all free and independent action by small dealers and the poor; and it becomes the duty of every citizen to seek the preservation of the liberties now endangered, in order that he may transmit to posterity unsullied the free and clear inheritance which came from his forefathers.

THE TRAITOR.

UNUS EPHARMOGUS.

"He's a cur and a coward," soliloquized Benedict Arnold, raging within himself, as he sat brooding over the ill-treatment he received at the hands of General Gates. "He's afraid to fight. Not once has he shown his face to the enemy. Not once has he as much as left his tent to personally command his army."

Opposite to him sat a commissioned officer of the United States Army—Colonel Gerger—a firm friend of Arnold's. Both were seated on camp chairs, and were sheltered by the canvas of Arnold's tent. The Colonel, who had been vigorously engaged in thought up to this moment, was attracted by his friend's unconscious motion of the head and twitching of the fingers, and curiously watched him as Arnold continued to rage.

"Oh, would that I could meet him face to face in battle—that I could engage him in a hand-to-hand fight with the sword—that I could fight him h-e-r-e—NOW——" And, with the last word in his mouth, his eyes flashing and his teeth set, he sprang up from his chair, clutching his sword convulsively.

Seeing his friend's eyes upon him, he immediately sank back on his seat.

"What's the matter, Ben?" asked his companion anxiously.

Calming his emotions, Arnold gave him a searching and somewhat indignant look, but offered no reply.

"Don't feel worried at the action of Gates," spoke Colonel Gerger, unconsiously guessing at the cause of Arnold's agitation.

"Don't feel worried!" cried Arnold, raging violently. "Don't feel worried when one is discharged from office for doing his duty to his country; for meeting and defeating the enemy when the commanding General stands back and fears for his life! Do you ——?"

"Calm yourself, Ben; don't carry on so furiously," gently replied the Colonel, rising to his feet and approaching the General kindly. "I know it is grievous to bear. But, don't you know that your bravery will be recognized by Congress and the Commander-in-Chief? All the boys are loud in proclaiming you the triumphant leader of their forces against Burgoyne! Won't they tell the country, yea even the whole world, of your almost incredible victory? Calm yourself, Ben, and resign yourself to happier thoughts."

"Ay! resign myself to happier thoughts," muttered Arnold to himself. "What else can I than to resign myself to Fate. Ah, Fate! She indeed has driven me hard and fast. To-day I stand in the splendor of fame; to-morrow I see my name covered with infamy. Yesterday I was the proud victor of a gallant onset; to-day I bear the indignity of an affronted General. O Fate, leave me to myself! Since thou canst do me no good; since thou canst not sweeten my moments,— cease, I pray thee, to do me injury. Leave me to ——"

"Brace up, brace up," answered Gerger cheerily, giving him a smart slap on the back. "Tell me that you will be back in the ranks again at the bugle call; and try to forget your ill-feeling."

"Forget I cannot, and march with the army I will not," replied Arnold, half indignant. "I have been treated like a dog, and I deem it my privilege to seek my own kennel. I'll go back to Connecticut."

* * * * * * * * *

"What is the cause of the commotion outside?" ask Phil. Brunn of his soldier companion, who had just now come in to visit him. Phil. had a touch of fever and was laid up for the last several days. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Haven't you heard?" replied Hugh Keen. "General Arnold has been removed from his command by General Gates."

"What's the trouble? Has he done anything wrong? I always liked General Arnold."

"So did I," said Hugh. "He did nothing wrong so far as I can see. He practically won the battle of Bemus' Heights, so I don't understand why he should be discharged."

"Tell me about it, Hugh."

"Well, you see it was this way. In our recent encounter with Burgoyne's right wing, over yonder, we—about three thousand of the boys—belonged to the left wing of the army, and were commanded by General Arnold.

"The British were coming up the Hudson; and, as they were nearing our army, it was evident to Arnold that Burgoyne would send out advance forces from his right wing and drive back our left. General Gates had charge of the right wing, and refused to attack the enemy until they arrived at close quarters. Arnold asked permission to send Morgan, with a detachment of riflemen to head off the advance guard of the British. After much persuasion he was prevailed upon to comply.

"Immediately upon the encounter of the advance guard by Morgan and his men, he was attacked by the entire right wing of the British. Arnold saw Morgan's predicament, and made no delay in coming to his aid.

"The fight commenced in earnest,—Gates, however, sending no reinforcements.

"Arnold rushed into the thickest of the fray; and, engaging in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, encouraged his soldiers to follow him.

"If I close my eyes," continued Hugh, "I can see him as he was,—vigorously flourishing his sword with his right hand, and, with his left resting on the saddle, turning about on his horse, crying with all his might: 'Fight them to the death, boys!'

"The ground was very rough and uneven; and we had the disadvantage of being lodged in among the trees of a dense wood, thus making it impossible for us to use our cannon; while the British were stationed in a pine forest, where their artillery could be brought into service.

"As often as Arnold led us forward to the British artillery, just so often were we repulsed by the grapeshot from the mouths of the English guns. A dozen times this field was lost and won. When night came on, we retreated to our camp: the English remained on the field. The result of this engagement was hailed as

a victory,—the British having lost more than five hundred ; while we lost less than three hundred

"This the boys accounted a great triumph ; and we were loud in our expressions of praise for Arnold's gallantry and skilful manipulation of the forces under his direction. General Gates, hearing the words of admiration bestowed on our General, removed Arnold from his command."

"Is it probable that Arnold will continue in the army under General Gates ?" asked Phil.

"No. It is even doubtful whether he will continue in the service of his country."

* * * * * * * * *

"Do you really intend to return to Connecticut, Ben ?" asked Colonel Gerger of Arnold several days after the event of his internal raging.

Arnold was in a more amiable mood now, and Colonel Gerger (being a life-long friend of the General,—having been born and reared in the same State as Arnold) knew that he could again talk freely with him, without offending.

"If I didn't intend to go to Connecticut, I shouldn't have said so," replied Arnold, in answer to the Colonel's question.

"But really—to Connecticut ?" asked Gerger with a mischievous smile on his countenance.

Arnold had an unenviable reputation among his native people ; and, seeing that the Colonel had this in mind, answered him by saying:

"My reputation may not be desirable so far as my everyday life is concerned ; nevertheless, I have no scruples about meeting all the charges face to face that can be brought against me. My life has been one of tempest and storm, trial and temptation. I have been bantered and bluffed,—if not by men, then by forces in nature,—which have made me to grovel in the dust and to find my way as best I could. This has been almost too much for me to bear. The older I become, the more am I pestered and overpowered by Misfortune. This, however, will not continue long ; for, having passed the vigor of life, I am now in my declining years, and have not the strength to withstand any longer the forces arrayed against me. I fear for the worse."

"Cheer up, my good fellow ; don't resign yourself to such

melancholy thoughts. The sunshine of happiness and prosperity will yet enter your life, and make yours a day of blessedness and peace. Despair not."

"So be it," sighed the despondent General.

* * * * * * * * *

For three weeks the British and American Armies camped opposite each other on Bemus' Heights; each awaiting the other's attack. It may have been Discretion that advised General Gates not to open an attack; for the British evidently had the vantage ground, being situated on the heights. But Gates was naturally slow to engage the enemy in an encounter, for various reasons.

Burgoyne, on the other hand, was constantly receiving reports of reinforcements being sent up the Hudson by General Clinton. He waited for them patiently, but waited in vain. On Oct. 7, 1777, finding that he had but three days' provisions on hand, and seeing nothing of Clinton's army, he resolved to risk an engagement with the Americans. He, therefore, sent an advance guard of fifteen hundred picked-men to make the attack. They were stationed within one mile of the American Army. Morgan, with his riflemen, being sent out to meet them, managed to cut them off from their camp. This was the commencement of the battle of Saratoga.

Arnold was seated in his tent; and, hearing the noise of battle, his patriotic nature was so thrilled that (being unable to overcome temptation—a significant fact) he mounted his horse and darted away to the scene of action.

General Gates, seeing him fly away at a furious gallop, exclaimed: "He will do some rash thing," and dispatched Major Wilkinson with orders for him to return. But Arnold, speeding away, paid as much attention to the orders as he had to Gates' shouts: both were unheeded by him.

Dashing into the heart of the conflict,—fighting vigorously and furiously,—he appeared to be insane. But his shout to his fellow-soldiers to push onward was instantly and gladly recognized and was re-echoed from every mouth.

His daring was an encouragement to the entire regiment which made the charge after him. Bravely following him as if he were their real commander, they forced the British back with

great onslaught. Not once did they swerve; but pressed onward, and would have continued to press onward, till the shades of night put an end to the carnage. Arnold, however, the inspiring spirit of the American Army, riding headlong into a sally-port, had a horse shot dead under him, and he himself was struck by a ball, which shattered his leg. The Americans ceased to advance, and gradually lost ground; but endeavored to hold their own until night, when they slept on their arms, expecting to renew the battle in the morning.

Burgoyne, by a well-directed move, evacuated the plain during the night,—leaving the wounded uncared for,—and appeared the next morning on the heights behind the Americans.

Calling together a council of war, negotiations were opened with General Gates. Burgoyne was allowed to march out with the honors of war.

Arnold and Morgan, by whose skilful management the field at Saratoga had been won, received no mention in General Gates' despatch to Congress.

* * * * * * * * *

Arnold did not return to Connecticut, as was his intention; but he retired to Philadelphia to nurse his injured limb. During this time he was summoned to appear before Washington for misconduct,—no doubt the rash act at Saratoga.

Washington administered the reproof gently,—feeling kindly toward him for his bravery,—and Arnold apparently took it in good grace. His feeling was betrayed, however, by the unuttered thoughts which occupied his mind for many a day thereafter.

"Why is the world so harsh to me? What have I done to merit such treatment from every terrestial being—both visible and invisible—with whom I come in contact?" Continuing his rambling thought, he grew more serious, and gave himself up to despair.

"Must I be an instrument to be resigned to the handling of every one at his pleasure; or a man upon whom any person may vent his displeasure? Surely, I have been made for something more noble than this! If not——No! The Fates have decreed against me. When the noble Washington showers his reproofs upon me, and makes me feel mortified for services rendered in good faith, it is more than I can bear. I feel myself sinking under the weight of a plethora of cares." said he, as he closed his

eyes, and slowly sank into an arm-chair at his side. "My youthful fancies have been dispelled. I am undone."

His determination to strive onward in the battle of life, as he always strove on the martial field, having been cast to the winds, he satisfied the cravings of his strong animal nature, and was soon engaged in peculations, and afterward in speculations, which made him a physical and moral spectacle of horror and loathing.

The event of his marriage to a Tory woman of high society in Philadelphia was the damnable turning point in his unvaried career of continual misfortune. This union furnished for him the opportunity to communicate to the British desirable information concerning the American Army, for which he received a lordly recompense.

His conscience incessantly rebuked him,—historians to the contrary notwithstanding;—but his desire for revenge permeated his whole being.

Debasing his own character, and establishing for himself a name to be trailed in the dust, he speedily opened a pitfall to be the recipient of many, more ambitious of well-doing than he.

Since it detracts much from his fame as a brave and skilful general, the infamous period of his life will be stated in as few words as make connected thought.

With the intention of surrendering West Point, and Washington himself, if possible, Arnold asked for and received the command of that important stronghold. Upon taking charge of his command, he requested General Clinton to send an agent to West Point immediately, who should receive the necessary papers making possible the capture of the garrison and town. Major Andre responded in person; received the treasonable documents, and returned to the English camp with the papers in his boots. On the way, however, he was met by three American patriots, who, discovering him a spy, placed him in the custody of the American Army. He was sentenced to be hanged; and the sentence was carried out, much to the displeasure of Andre, whose desire it was to be shot, as becomes a soldier.

Arnold was apprised of Andre's capture, and made his escape to the English Army. He enlisted in the British service, and afterward went to England, where he was received with rightful disgust.

THE STORY OF THE OLD MANSE.

WILLIAM M. HORN, '00.

In an old city stands a house, magnificent, and far-famed as a model of the old colonial period. None but tourists visit the old manse, and no one dwells there, save one old man, feeble, and gray, who, for a nominal sum, shows you the entire house from top to bottom, and tells you with great emphasis the story of how its former owner, the young Jonathan Moll, had aged thirty years in a single night. The story runs somewhat on this wise. "Old Jonathan Moll had an only son of the same name, who was in every respect the exact opposite of his staid, noble, and sober father, a profligate fellow, and one who spared no pains to retain for himself his well earned and practically undisputed name of the sportiest fellow in the town. One night, after having been on a spree longer than was his custom, and as he was returning home alone, on a dark and lonely road, he thought he heard footsteps approaching from behind. Turning about, he was surprised to see nothing; the footsteps were stilled, and his surprise was increased when a voice, hollow and sombre, spake:

'Jonathan Moll, what doest thou here?
Know'st thou not that such as thee had best be dead?'

Thereupon he beheld a ghastly figure standing near him. Taking fright, he began to run away, but his course was suddenly arrested by coming into contact with something horrible, something which sent shivers through his body, and along his back—an icy, bony, hand. No limbs nor body could he see, and every moment increased his terror. He seemed rooted to the spot; not one inch could he move. Above the hand appeared a ghastly head, with sunken eyes, and out of the mouth of which came a pale and ghastly light. He cried out, but no one heard. A companion passed by some distance away; he tried to hail him; he could not; a cold and slimy obstruction was placed over his mouth. He felt for the obstruction to remove it. It was gone. A cold shiver ran down his back as two icy hands were placed on each of his legs, and one on his throat. More were placed on and about him; he was lifted up, and borne away by some unseen power. The pain grew more and more intense, and the silence made it intolerable. Back to his home he was borne, and, as he approached

nearer and nearer to it, more silent figures appeared, following him, and bearing upon their shoulders a coffin. In mortal terror and dread at being buried alive, he cried out; but none answered. Then they carried him to the garden; and there, under the old oak tree, stood figures of the same kind, with pick and shovel in hand, looking sadly and gloomily into a deep and empty grave. Full of remorse now that he seemed about to die, he conjured the silent figures at least to permit him to see his father, and ask his forgiveness. In reply, some went away, and soon returned bringing with them a pale, cold, and lifeless body — his father's corpse. Slowly the corpse was placed in the coffin, and still more slowly was it lowered to its final resting place. Then the silent, waxy figures covered the coffin with earth, and placed a tombstone upon the grave with the inscription:

This hath an undutiful son effected.

Then one spoke: 'Jonathan, now see'st thou the effect of thy debauchery; thy father, noble, old, and gray before his time, doth lie here, the work of a profligate and worthless son. For this, I tell thee, is a grievous sin, to bring down thy father's gray hairs to the grave. He hath ever been kind to thee, and this is his reward. And now thou see'st the effect of strong drink upon man. Drink in moderation is no sin, but the danger lieth in carrying it too far; for then, when a man hath drunk too much, he knoweth not what he doeth, and is a danger to a community. This hast thou done. And now begone.'

Jonathan went to his room, and was shocked to find himself aged thirty years. He reflected, now that his father was dead, and for the remainder of his life was secluded from the world, and died a Catholic monk."

Such information we derived, and such a lesson we learned from the venerable keeper of the old Manse.

SUCCESS.

A. W. ROHRIG.

The measure of success is not how much we do, but *how well we do it.* A man must be able to make use of what he knows, in order that he may succeed; and to do this, the lessons of the past must have been mastered well, or at the crucial test, he'll fail. Then let this be a warning to us, and let us ever be mindful of it —one lesson worked out well is worth a half-dozen that have been prepared with the view of getting over them. Work done in a hurry is never done well; and it is that which makes some dread examination, for they feel it within themselves, that they lack something to cope successfully with the task before them.

As a practical illustration, take the business man for instance. Why is it, that there are so very few real successful men in the business world,—considering the vast number of those engaged? Is it not because of this very fact, that they are engaged in too many things, and "have too many irons in the fire?" This is the cause of so many failures and downfalls, so much sorrow and distress. We cannot say that these men were merely unfortunate, and that their misfortune was due entirely to the force of circumstances and outside influences, which were utterly beyond their control! No! that would be putting too much on the shoulders of a kind Providence. The real cause is, that these men never learned the one great lesson in life—"do whatever your hands may find to do, and do it with all your heart." We should know our capacities, and then work accordingly. Endeavor to be successful in small undertakings; and, successful in these, the large ones will take care of themselves. The good advice of the father to his son, when the latter was about to start out into the world to make fame and fortune for himself, holds good today: "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves."

Let us remember that our aim here should be to fit ourselves for something better. The good recitations, when we happen to be called upon to recite something which we just happen to remember in the lesson, is not the main object. The most important is, that we learn to overcome difficulties and obstacles. Why is it that so many of the, so-called, "bright" men of a class, make such miserable failures of it in life, while some despised and much underrated fellows come out ahead? The reason is plain. The

first class have never met with failures while here, and so have never been obliged to learn how to turn failure into success, defeat into victory. Their aims have been merely good recitations, with as little real work as possible, not once thinking that some time or other in life they would be called upon to apply that which they had learned. The second class, finding this or that most difficult, have worked all the more to master it, always realizing that they were here to learn how to apply it later on. When defeat came to them, it was merely a stepping-stone to greater zeal and renewed effort; and thus, it gradually became a second part of their very natures to do things with all their might,—planning in advance against a likely defeat, because they knew the possibilities of it. They were not content to look at it merely from one point of view, but they examined it from all standpoints, delving into the very nature and principles of it. And such men succeed, because they plan in advance against defeat; and their preparation enables them to succeed in whatsoever they may be called on.

Opportunities come to each and every one of us. To grasp them, however, we must be ready. In the school of life, our preparation in the past must have taught us how to take hold of them, as well as the importance of prompt action when we see them; not dread them when they are at hand, fearing that we cannot succeed, and then, when the opportunity has slipped away and we see some other fellow take it and succeed, bemoan our lot. Let us bear in mind, that success comes to those who have worked and prepared themselves for the test which must come to all of us some time or other, sooner or later, in life, and that they who succeed have learned this all-important lesson, "one thing at a time, and that done well." It is not "how much we do," but "how well we do it," that decides our future.

TENNYSON'S "THE PRINCESS."

HOWARD E. SHIMER. '01.

I simply re-echo the statement of the most able critics when I say that Tennyson's "The Princess" ranks among the masterpieces in English literature. So well has he formulated the plot, that in no part of the poem does one's interest grow lax, but rather increases as he proceeds with the story of the Princess.

The similes with which the poem is characterized show that the poet was a close observer of nature, as is proved, when he says:

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?"

The poem is especially attractive in that, that it treats of the much talked of Woman's rights, what the Creator intended woman to be, and what she aspires after. Although the poem was written prior to 1847, the idea is an essentially modern one. In every age women have been tempted, by the possession of superior beauty, intellect, or strength of will, to deny their own womanhood, and attempt to stand alone as men, whether on the ground of political intrigue or philosoplical pride. Cleopatra and St. Hedwiga, Madame de Stael, and the Princess, are merely different manifestations of the same self-willed and proud longing of woman to unsex herself, and realize, single and self-sustained, some distorted and partial notion of her own, as to what the "angelic life" should be.

In the Princess Mr. Tennyson shows us the woman, when she takes her stand on the false masculine ground of intellect, working out her own moral punishment, by destroying in herself the tender heart of flesh; not even her vast purposes of philanthropy can preserve her, for they are built on her own self-will; they change, they fall, they become inconsistent, as she herself, till at last she loses all feminine sensibility.

We are given the key to the poem when Lilia, the sister of Walter Vivian, one of Tennyson's college chums, at whose place he was spending a part of his vacation, says:

"O I wish
That I were some great princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's
And would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!"

From the utterance of that sentence on, almost all the interest is centered on the Princess, whose scorn and stupidity which lead to pride, then to sternness, and, finally, to sheer humanity, can not help but kindle within one a fire of hatred toward her and her cause. One can not for a moment think of disputing the statement, that women are, at times, "twice as quick as men," when the experience of every day life teaches us the same. For, undoubtedly, each one of us has seen that, when man had seem-

ingly exhausted all his mental strength in attempting to plan a certain work, woman stepped in, and, one might think with a wisdom divine, proposed a favorable plan. Why, then, should we allow 'convention' to beat her down?

As one proceeds with the story of the Princess one can not help being struck by the determination and perseverance with which the Prince sought to win the heart of the Princess. Dreamy, haunted by doubts, and living in shadow-land, by the healing influence of a happy love, he wakes up to the purpose and dignity of life. Such a change is perhaps not very uncommon. Unless a man be endowed with a strong animal nature, or be dominated by some selfish passion such as ambition or avarice, life is very apt to seem purposeless and not worth the trouble of living. For such an unhealthy state of mind, a worthy love is the sole remedy. How often the Princess rejected and cruelly misunderstood the heart of the anxious young Prince? But it seems as though he was deaf to all that the Princess uttered that was contrary to the fulfillment of their 'compact.' It is often said: "Love is blind": and, if there is a true example of this anywhere to be found, it undoubtedly is in Tennyson's "The Princess."

The poem would have failed in much of its beauty and attraction, had not Tennyson, as it is said he had at one time contemplated, inserted the little songs which are placed at the end of each part. In the first three songs he portrays the unity in a family in the past, present, and future respectively.

In part four, when the Prince, Cyril, and Florian were encamping with the Princess, Psyche, and Melissa, are inserted two beautiful songs, both helping to reveal the plot. "Tears, Idle Tears" and "O Swallow, Swallow." Each creates within one a longing to see the Prince succeed in winning the Princess and the Woman's University to meet with due success.

The height of one's indignation is reached when Florian and the Prince are pushed out of the gates by the eight daughters of the plow and when the Princess cruelly seizes Aglaia, the daughter of Psyche. And yet that child is the heroine of the poem, the very means by which Princess Ida's heart is softened.

One is somewhat grieved to see blood spilt for the overthrow of the Woman's University, but no one can be blamed for this overthrow but the Princess herself. Her cause was just but her plans were not ideal; her ambitions were set too high and there-

fore had to fail. Moreover, one is moved with pathos when she, while nursing the wounded Prince, prayed the Prince 'not to judge their cause from her that wronged it.'

Whenever the plot thickens Psyche's little child appears. It is with Ida on the judgment-seat. In the topmost height of the storm the wail of the lost lamb at her feet reduces her eloquent anger into incoherence. She carries it when she sings her song of triumph. When she goes to tend her wounded brothers on the battle field, she carries it. Through it, and for it, Cyril pleads his successful suit, and wins it for the mother. For its sake Psyche, its mother, is pardoned. This babe was more fatal to the hopes of the Princess than the doomful horse to the proud towers of Troy : for through it her walls of pride were breached, and all the conquering affections flocked in.

"Ask me no more : thy fate and mine are sealed :
I strove against the stream and all in vain :
Let the great river take me to the main :
No more, dear love, for at a tomb I yield ;
Ask me no more."

In this last song it seems as though Tennyson had gathered up every mite of pathos and put it into words. He makes us to love the Princess whom he, at first, taught us to hate and despise for her actions and teaches us, moreover, that her sternness and stupidity must, after all, be kissed and not forced out of her.

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Editorials.

"Carpe diem."

How many of our students read the daily papers and monthly magazines? This is a difficult question to answer. At any rate, *all* do not, whereas all should. To the question, "Why should we read them," we would answer that we should keep ourselves informed as to the current events of the day, which are making a part of the history of the world. This should be a sufficient reason.

Do our new students know that there is in this institution a society known as "The Franklin Literary Association?" Do they know the purpose of this society? And, above all, do they know that this society invites them to join it, and is extending welcoming arms to them? The purpose of this association is to furnish to the students reading matter, such as is found in the daily papers and perodicals of the day. This association has a neatly furnished room, in which may be found the leading papers of New York and Philadelphia, the daily papers of this city, the best monthly magazines of the country, such as *Harper's*, *The Century*, *The Forum* and *The Review of Reviews*, together with *The Lutheran*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and many others; in addition to these, you may here find daily papers of the cities and towns from which many of the stndents come.

This is an opportunity which you should not neglect, for the expense for the benefit derived from this association is very small. Students, and especially you who have just begun your career here, consider this matter. To all of you, the Franklin Literary Association extends a cordial invitation to participate in its advantages.

* * * * * *

The Fair.

" 'Tis the greatest folly
Not to be jolly ;
That's what I think."

The time for the Allentown Fair came. As usual, on Thursday of " fair-week " recitations were suspended in order to give to the students an opportunity for going to the fair. Owing to the state of the weather, few went on that day ; but on Friday afternoon, one could hardly move on the fair-grounds without meeting some of the students of Muhlenberg College.

The students who had been here before gave glowing accounts of the fair to the new men ; the latter, desirous to satisfy their curiosity, were not disappointed. All our students enjoyed the afternoon very much ; and, even forgetful of their usual dignity, gave themselves over to pleasure and fun. The time passed quickly, too quickly for most ; and many seemed sorry to leave the grounds at supper time.

The fair is not only interesting and amusing, but it is also educational. It is a pleasant intermission from the routine of college work, and furnishes to the students a splendid opportunity for a pleasant recreation.

Personals and Locals.

At a class meeting of the Juniors, held recently, Ruhe was elected editor-in-chief of the Ciarla, and Nagle and Bickel sub-editors.

The Sophronian Literary Society elected the following officers on September 27 : President, Horn, W., '00 ; Vice President, Ruhe, '01 ; Critics, Fritch, '00 and Kuntz, '00 ; Chaplain, Shimer, '01 ; and Pianist, Kline, '01.

The College is all active at present during these cool evenings with foot-ball men, in all sorts of gay clothes, who are practising hard and trying to win for their classes the laurels in the great Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball contest. The game is always of prime interest in the Muhlenberg sporting world, and this year promises, from all indications, to be a closely contested game. Who the winners will be is hard to tell but time will show that.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 27, at a joint meeting of a committee, composed of three men from each class, it was decided to adopt a uniform college hat. The hat will be the regular intercollegiate shape in steel gray and will have the Muhlenberg monogram worked on it in cardinal. This is a good move on the part of the students, and after this, we hope, they will be able to appear as college men and show that there is a place like Muhlenberg.

The Sophomores are now busy with their botany. On a bright sunny afternoon they may be seen with tin boxes on their backs tracing the roads, and rambling over the hills of the neighborhood in quest of the peculiar shapes of nature. Many of them show particular interest in the beautiful study, and should be encouraged in it.

The Juniors on Friday night, September 29, held an impromptu banquet on the top floor of the College building. The object of this banquet was to promote friendship in the class by eating, drinking, singing and talking together, and by meeting each other on friendly terms outside the class-room. The Juniors have a peculiar faculty of enjoying (?) themselves in this way; and in after years the members will look back upon these banquets with many fond recollections of how they fought for the keyholes afterwards.

The Senior Class elected the following term officers: President, Horn, W.; Vice President, Flexer; Secretary, Fritch; Treasurer, Statler; Historian, Fegley; Corresponding Secretary, Boyer.

The following were admitted into the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity: Koch, '00; Schell, '01; Weisley, '02 and Shalter, '03.

Since the opening of school in September, the following men have been initiated into the Delta Theta Fraternity: Glase, '02; Telford, '03; Trexler, '03 and Weaver, '03.

Professor Dowell in botany: "Define metabolism."

Sophomore: "Metabolism is of two kinds, viz.: Isatabolism and diabolism."

"Shockery" Schmoyer was seen to be in a great rage on a certain Saturday morning lately over something, but on inquiry it was found out that the Sophomores, it is supposed, broke into his room and tore things up generally, to play a joke on the much persecuted Junior.

The following officers were elected recently by class 1901: President, Hamm; Vice President, Bickel; Secretary, Reagle; Treasurer, Nagle; Monitor, Benner.

Quite a number of the students are at present in attendance at Professor Mealey's dancing class in Lehigh Valley Hall.

In view of the fact that the Soldiers' Monument will be unveiled on October 19, it would be no more than right if the students as a body would show their patriotism and reverence for the heroes of '61, by joining the line of the parade.

A student, lately arguing about cause and effect, was asked by the Doctor whether an effect ever goes before a cause. The student answered in the affirmative, and when asked for an instance gave: "A man wheeling a barrow." For names of parties concerned please ask the editors of this department.

Wenrich has traced back to the Latin the word hominy, having thought of it after a good meal of that dish. He explains it in this way:

Homo — a man.
Hominis — of man.
Homini — for man.

So you see hominy being "for man" comes from the Latin.

Bachman, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, said: "We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

Kline, '01, in ordering some music through the mail, wrote: Please send me the music to "Strike the Harp in Praise to God" and "Paddle your Own Canoe."

The Junior German Society was organized on September 18 and 25, with the following officers: President, Dr. Wackernagel; Secretaries, Fetherolf, W., and Wackernagel; Treasurers, Wenrich and Bickel.

While a college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat, he said to the boatman:

"Do you understand philosophy?"

"No, never heard of it."

"Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand Geology?"

"No."

"Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand Astronomy?"

"No."

"Then three-quarters of your life is gone."

But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman:

"Can you swim?"

"No."

"Then the whole of your life is gone."

Moral — Don't get too theoretical but keep on your feet and stay out of the skies and acquire some practical facts.

Hair combed free of charge by Yerger, '03, room 77.

Hair cut free; apply to Orff, '03, room 23.

Wenrich, '01, was employed with C. P. Hergesheimer for three days during Fair Week.

Gruhler, ex'99, stationed at Fortress Monroe in the service of Uncle Sam, lately visited his former friends at college. Glad to see you, Gruhler; come again.

Drumheller, '01, and Serfass, '01, though somewhat late, have both returned to continue their studies with their class.

Orff, '03, was lately visited by his sister.

Dr. Seip and Dr. Ochsenford were absent from college from September 26 to October 6, attending the meeting of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of North America, in Chicago.

Nagle, '01, had a display of Indian Relics at the Allentown Fair, and received first premium.

A. S. Bechtel, '01, of Bucknell, called on Shimer, '01, on his way to that place.

Erb, '00, spent some time at his home nursing weak eyes. We are glad to see him back again.

A number of the students attended the dedication of the Orphans' Home at Topton, September 14.

Trump, '00, and Schofer, '01, delivered addresses at the anniversary of St. Peter's Sunday-school, Sunday evening, October 1.

Fetherolf Bros., '01, were visited by their brother, D. E., '99, on his way to the Seminary.

Nearly all the students attended the Great Allentown Fair. Some also attended those held at Kutztown and Nazareth.

The college has lately received a new scholarship.

Fetherolf, J. M., spent Sunday, October 1, at home and at the Kutztown State Normal School.

Dr. W., in general history: "What reaction did this have?"
Woerth, '01: "We just started to study reactions."
Dr. W.: "What reactions?"
Woerth: "In Chemistry."
Dr. W.: "Bless your childish heart."

All students having Muhlenberg Paper, can easily sell it to W. P. Fetherolf, who has lately opened a brisk correspondence with a young lady near his home.

The following complimentary words are taken from the Reading *Herald:* "A Reading Boy Honored (?) -- W. Horn, son of Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of this city, has been elected president of the Senior Class of Muhlenberg College."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORKERS.

The following is a list of our Sunday-school workers, together with their places of labor.

St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church, Allentown: Rev. Prof. S. A. Repass, D. D., Pastor. Kuntz, '00, Bousch, '00, Wackernagel, '01, Beck, W. C., '02, Fegley, G. S., '02, Freed, '02, Urich, '02, Ink, '02 and Roth, '03.

St. Peter's Ev. Lutheran Church, Allentown: Rev. G. F. Gardner, Pastor. J. A. Schofer, '01.

First Ward Mission, in St. Peter's Church, Allentown: Prof. J. R. Merkle, Superintendent. Beck, A., '00, Bousch, '00, Erb, '00, Fegley, '00, Trump, '00, Yerger, '00, Drumheller, '01, Wenrich, '01, Schofer, '01, Shimer, '01, Beck, W. C., '02, Freed, '02, Gable, '02, Ink, '02, Raudenbush, '03, Barndt, '03, Croman, '03, Rohrig, '03, Roth, '03, Shalter, '03, Telford, '03, Trexler, '03, Fischer, '03, Kauffman, '03.

St. Michael's Ev. Lutheran Church, Allentown: Rev. Prof. J. Steinhaeuser, Pastor. Fetherolf, W. P., '01, Kline, Ralph, '01, Orff, '03, Bartholomew, '02.

St. Luke's Ev. Lutheran Church, Allentown: Rev. J. Charles Rausch, Pastor. Boyer, '00, Gable, '02, Appel, '02, Yerger, '03.

St. Joseph's Ev. Lutheran Church, East Allentown: Rev. G. M. Scheidy, Pastor. Rubrecht, '01, Bickel, '01, Kistler, '02, Croman, '03, Raudenbusch, '03, Smith, C., '03.

St. Stephen's Ev. Lutheran Church, Allentown: Rev. Prof. W. W. Wackernagel, D. D., Pastor. Straub, '00, Wackernagel, '01, Kuehner, '02, Lindenmuth, '02, Smith, A., '03, Yerger, '03, Rhodes, Prep.

Grace Ev. Lutheran Church, South Allentown: Rev. H. E. Semmel, Pastor. Fegley, '00, Wenrich, '01, Rohrig, '03.

Salem's Ev. Lutheran Church, Bethlehem: Rev. C. F. Hoppe, Pastor. Clinton Zerwick, '02.

Schoenersville Union Sunday-school. A. L. Benner, '01.

St. Stephen's Ev. Lutheran Church, Bethlehem: Erwin Jaxheimer, '03.

Salem Reformed Church, Allentown: Rev. Dr. A. R. Bartholomew, Pastor. D. W. Hamm, '01.

St. John's Reformed Church, Allentown: Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner, Pastor. I. E. Nagle, '01, R. W. Lentz, '00.

Trinity Reformed Church, Allentown: Rev. J. L. Rohrbaugh, Pastor. I. O. Schell, '01.

Grace M. E. Church, Catasauqua: Rev. Dr. I. M. Foster, Pastor. Thos. McH. Yoder, '01.

Zion's United Ev. Church, Freemansburg: Rev. Harry S. Landis, '01, Pastor.

Hokendauqua Presbyterian Church. Fred. Reagle, '01.

Trinity United Ev. Church, Allentown. J. M. Woodring, '02.

Literary Notes.

The seven best selling books of the year in their order are "David Harum," "When Knighthood was in Flower," "Mr. Dooley," "In Peace, and War," "Red Rock," "The Day's Work," "Aylwyn, and Dross."

Richard Harding Davis is in retirement in his quarters in German London. Mr. Davis is a slow writer and requires complete isolation during his labors. It took him a year to write Soldiers of Fortune, and almost as long for the King's *Jackal.*

We have rich men and active business men in the literary world. F. Hop. Smith is one of the largest light house builders in the country. Another is James Alexander, author of the Princeton Stories, who is Vice-President of the Equitable Life Insurance Association.

Frank L. Stanton, one of our modern poets has the habit of storing his poems in cloth bags. Recently when he was getting ready his new book, "Comes One with a Song," he found the bag full of rat-holes; 'the rats having had,' as he said, 'a feast of reason.

In the dramatization of Ben Hur, a mechanical device will be used to represent the chariot race. Gen. Wallace invented it himself. Gen. Lew Wallace is not only a mechanic, soldier, diplomat, statesman, and author, but a painter besides. Twenty years ago he had on exhibition in Indianapolis the painting of Cupid with purple wings. The color of the wings occasioned no end of criticism, but the artist refused to change it.

When Marie Correlli crosses swords with a critic she does so effectually. Recently a London reviewer observed in print: Miss Correlli is a dazzlingly pretty woman, but fails as a novelist. Whereupon Miss Correlli replied: Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long, is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking; yet he cannot write correct English.

Not long since, Mark Twain went to bed and stayed there four days. He never wears his clothing unless compelled to. Nearly all his books were written in this position.

Churchill, the author of Richard Carvel, is one of the most careful writers. He believes that good fiction is the result of much writing. In composing, it is his custom to draft about fifty pages, rewrite it more accurately and print it more closely, and then to repeat the process on the typewriter, which he manipulates himself. After the work is completed he views the work as a whole. He abridges at one place, adds at another, and then rewrites the whole thing before sending to publishers.

For the past fifteen years Geo. W. Cable, Author of " Old Creole Days " has lived in Mass. All the rest of his life-time he spent in New Orleans. During his earlier days he worked against great odds. His father died when Geo. was fourteen. He was thrown on his own resources. He clerked in a store, was a soldier in the Civil War, and afterwards, until he acquired fame as a writer, was in the mercantile business. He is now a literateur and lecturer. He reads his productions in public.

James Lane Allen, author of " The Choir Invisible, " which has passed its 200,000 mark, resides in New York the greater part of the year. Allen is a tall, spectacled man, retiring to a degree, and carries his avoidance of personal publicity almost to the point of eccentricity.

In default of a presiding officer at a lecture which he was to deliver, John Kendrick Bangs once said : " I was born in and have resided in Yonkers for a number of years ; have braved the perils of life in this community, and have endured, without a murmur, the privations common to all of us." These words are of no importance otherwise than an indication of the uneventful course of his private life.

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Vol. XVII

No. 3

THE MUHLENBERG

November, 1899

J. A. WRIGHT PHILA

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., NOVEMBER, 1899. No. 3.

THE FAITH AND TRUST OF OUR FATHERS.

A. W. LINDENMUTH, '02.

Almost all men have a high opinion of an honorable ancestry. The possession of a long line of pious and holy forefathers is mentioned in the Bible as one of the greatest blessings. The entire Jewish people felt exceedingly proud that the father of their nation was so good and worthy a man as Abraham. It was a just pride, and it well became them; only it is to be regretted that they did not prove themselves just as worthy as their illustrious ancestor. His virtue, like the virtue of many a pious father of to-day, constituted a standing reproach upon their vices; they, like so many of the present generation proved themselves to be the degenerated sons of a noble sire; and with his pious and holy example constantly before their eyes, their wickedness and hardness of heart was without excuse.

David and his psalms refer with evident gratification to the faith and trust of the long line of good and holy men from whom he himself decended. He took their honorable careers as the guide of his life, and he became in due time, himself, one of the fathers to whose piety his own descendants for many generations referred with the same reverential sentiments.

There is a right and a wrong feeling on this subject. It is wrong to suppose that mere blood confers nobility. Noble blood often flows in the veins of some of the most ignoble of men. It is a dishonor rather than an honor for a man of a low character and vile deeds to be able to trace up his lineage to renowned ancestors. It proves that however noble the blood once was, it has badly degenerated in his veins.

But it is right to refer to the worthy life and character of our forefathers in order to draw incentives therefrom to emulate their

virtues. They became our examples, and we are animated with an ambition to become like them. We feel that, as we have inherited their names which have conferred a sort of distinction upon us, we ought to use such principles, and acquire such a character and deportment as will not render those names less illustrious. We are induced to proceed in the same honorable career, because we do not wish to act unworthy of names that have been made immortal by noble deeds.

Our fathers lived before us. They were men of faith, piety and good works. They were God-fearing and holy men. The connection of the Lutheran Church with the past is interesting. It is a connection to which we refer without an offensive pride. All honor to our pious forefathers!

Our fathers proved that they trusted, and had true faith in God, when, at the beginning of the Lutheran Reformation, they manfully struggled to purify the Church from the errors that prevailed. To some this thought may perhaps be too far-reaching in history. But it reaches no farther than we have a ligitimate right to go. Notwithstanding, in the least, the just need of praise which is due to God's other instruments aiding to extend the Reformation of the Church, we still claim that the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century is the Lutheran Reformation. It belongs to us not only from the adoption of its leading principles and its glorious results, but because, in addition to all this, we are the lineal descendants of the great man who then battled and suffered for the truth and the right. The blood of Luther and his contemporaries still flows in the veins of some yet in the church. And more than this, the Lutheran Church of this country is in direct connection with the Church of the Fatherland, by holding, from the beginning, the same confession. It is the child of the mother church in Germany. We claim, therefore, the nearest relationship. They were "our fathers." We are ready to do all honor to the noble men who aided in carrying on the great work of the Reformation in other countries, when it was once begun by the hammer that nailed the Ninety-five Theses to the church door at Wittenberg; but as that hammer was used by our own Luther, we will be pardoned for insisting that we hold the most intimate relation among all.

But we must not forget, while we thus speak, that these athers were the humble instr uments in the hands of God, to successfully accomplish their work. It was God that wrought through

them. They trusted in God, and were inclined to say, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." They approach the Word of God and yielded their hearts and minds with childlike simplicity to its statements of truth. In every true Lutheran family the Bible is cherished with affectionate reverence, and our poorest immigrants from the Old World had packed in their chest a copy of the Bible, the Catechism and the Prayer-Book.

Our fathers, both of the era of the Reformation, and other periods in the subsequent history in the Church, were distinguished for their adherence to the Word of God, and their faithful and consciencious doing of the will of God. Who ever possessed a stronger faith and a devouter spirit than our Luther; or who excelled Melanethon in greater love and holy spirituality? Even the fathers of the church, the Muhlenbergs, and Helmuths, and numerous others were also distinguished for the same enlightened and humble piety.

At the same time, it seems to me, the piety that prevailed among the laity, in the families of our grandparents was more genuine, more humble, more devout, more deeply spiritual, than that which generally prevails now. There were many exceptions, of course, just as there are now; but such, it seems to me is a just description of the prevailing spirit then and now. How vividly do we remember of the large German Bible spread out upon the family table, or of some sainted grandfather or grandmother, now departed, reading the holy words of God or the Prayer-book, as they sat alone in their silent chambers! Do we observe the same devotion for the Word of God cherished by the past generation?

Such was the faith and trust of our ancestors. Let us prove ourselves worthy of such ancestors. The noblest tribute which we can pay to their memories is to be like them. We honor them by resembling them. The earnest purpose to resemble the holy dead, is a sanctified, honorable, pure and most worthy ambition. Let us cherish their principles and imitate their lives. Let us breath the same spirit of devotion, and, maintain the same integrity of character. Let us cultivate the same ardent Church attachment which they felt. Let us carry on the work of faith which they so nobly and well began. Let us trust as they trusted, live as they lived, and we shall die as they died in the hope of a better life.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL CULTURE.

J. R. FREED, '02.

The most natural place to begin anything, be it great or small, is at the beginning. Different things have different beginnings, but everything has a beginning. In the Scriptures we read, " In the beginning God created the heaven and earth."

The beginning, then, is the proper starting point in the consideration of our subject, "The Foundation of Culture." Evidently, before we can intelligently consider the subject, we must know the meanings of the words " foundation" and " culture."

The beginning of nearly all things that are reared by men's hands, such as dwellings or public edifices; of things or qualities which have an abstract growth, is call the foundation. Webster writes, " The foundation of anything is that on which it stands or by which it is supported." Having settled the meaning of the word "foundation,"let us turn our attention to the word"culture." "Culture is cultivation, as of the soil, or the application of labor to improve good qualities."

Qualities may be divided into good and bad. The author of the definition of culture quoted above, has, I think, failed to complete the definition. He has failed to mention the bad qualities. Cultivation consists not only of sowing and attending to the good seed, but also of attending to the tares. If the good qualities are surrounded by thorns, they will probably be choked and overcome by them. It is natural for man to be sinful. When labor is used by man to stop his natural downward tendencies ; when effort and determination are employed to put down his bad qualities—then it is that culture truly begins.

Qualities are many. Therefore it follows that the different kinds of culture are many.

But when I write of the culture of qualities, I forget my own injunction at the beginning ofthis article, viz : "start at the beginning." The first part of the quoted definition of culture refers to the cultivation of the soil. Taking the word culture and prefixing the genitive of the Latin word for field, we have the well known appellation of the first culture man ever indulged in—agriculture.

Agriculture is the foundation of all culture. After the creation the only inhabitants of the newly created earth were our first parents. Free from care, culture of any kind was unneces-

sary. But when the tempter came and seduced our first parents bringing untold misery to their posterity, the immediate evil result of disobedience was the loss of the free life and the uttering by God of the curse, by reason of which man has since been forced to eke out his sustenance by the sweat of his brow.

When Adam left Paradise and was obliged to provide for himself he naturally turned to the things at hand; and by him, we may say, agriculture was begun. Hence all culture, of whatever kind, be it of a quality or of a concrete subject, had its beginning at a later date, and was started and founded on agriculture.

The agriculturalists are called farmers. Farmers? Yes! farmers. The name is so familiar in its sound that most persons pass it over without a thought. Still it is a word of the greatest significance. Could we exist without these farmers? Who are they? They are a hardy and intelligent class of people. They are, for the most part, straight forward, God-fearing men and women. Why do I say God-fearing? Are they more so than the people in the cities? In a certain sense they are. In constant contact with the things of Nature, they learn to commune with God, the Creator. Removed from the vice and calumny of the cities,they lead a simple life. Caesar in his Commentaries writes that the Belgians, because they were removed from contact with the merchants and importers of corruption, were a brave race. Our cities are constantly growing. The country people are becoming, as the popular expression has it, more "civilized." Are they abandoning nature for artificial things? We hope not. Just as agriculture is the foundation of all culture, so the farmers (or those who have to do with the things of nature) are the foundation,not only of *our* government but of *any* government. They are the stay, and anchor, which, if cast off, will bring any government to destruction.

Let us have farmers—farmers in the true sense of the term, men who will commune with Nature, and who will keep agriculture, the foundation of all culture, safe and secure. For if the foundation becomes weak the entire structure becomes insecure. If there is anything which tends to make men artificial, to make them cease to commune with their God, then let us do away with it at once. We should remember that agriculture, the foundation, must at all hazards be rendered secure.

When I referred above to cities and artificial things, some may have been led to suppose that I consider those in cities wicked or artificial. Far be it from me to entertain the thought. But this I believe to be true, viz: the proportion of the wicked and artificial is far greater in the cities than in the country. Many in the cities have encountered the temptations which lurk there, and have issued from the conflict unscathed. Thrice happy are those "who have been tried and have not been found wanting." Still it is best for most not to enter into temptation but to keep strictly aloof.

Two stanzas of "Country Life," a poem written by Ludwig Holty, a German poet, may be appropriate in this connection. He writes:

"Happy the man who has the town escaped!
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and Wisdom's lore."

"The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul;
Each verdant sod a shrine
Whereby he kneels to Heaven."

Truly, what temple—what shrine, though it be decked with cloth of gold and covered with scintillating diamonds, can be more appropriate for the worship of nature's God than nature's verdant altar?

To be a guardian of such a temple and shrine is the work of the agriculturalist. He, then, ought to be of the best possible character, for,

"If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the *culture*, not the soil."

Let not the old country spirit freeze in our veins. We should not, as many try to do, introduce habits of ease and luxury on the farm. For the intermingling of two opposite things will produce an intermediate state, which, being neither one thing nor the other, ends in nothing but failure. Let us have farmers. Let us keep agriculture, the foundation, safe; and then, the foundation being safe, the other cultures, the superstructure, will be sure to stand.

LIKE MANY A BOY.

There was no doubt in his boyish mind that he had been barbarously treated, and in a Christian country, too, by a Christian parent, who had so often gazed tenderly into his eyes with that mother's love that melted his very soul. But now the veil that had hidden the deceiver so long was withdrawn, and he saw the dastardly scheme, which he had partly suspected on several occasions like the present, to bind him hand and foot in a moral servitude, and to deprive him of those amusement, which develop in a boy a manly spirit.

He had not always been a fairly good fellow? Not very good perhaps, but according to the general run? He had'nt done a great many things that the other fellows had done. He had'nt killed a chicken like Ben Jimson, neither had he scared the baby into spasms like Bob Simons, nor had he committed a score of other criminal offenses that would not have justified half the indignity to which he had been submitted for smoking his first cigarette.

The circumstances in the case, hinted at above, are briefly these. Jefferson Day, the son of a Pennsylvania truck-farmer, who lived in the vicinity of a large inland town, had that day been caught red-handed in the act of smoking a cigarette. Now Jeff had smoked many a corn-husker and had even got to inhaling their delicious fumes, and, although he took good care not be seen while thus engaged, he persuaded himself that his father and mother knew of his practice and didn't care a cent whether he smoked or not. That day Pat Burke, who smoked his father's Sunday pipe on week-days with impunity, had given him the little mischief breeder on the way home from school. He would have smoked it then and there, had there not been so many eyes who would be sure to see him. So he carefully put it in his side pocket and avoided those who were in the habit of jostling him about, and nervously trod homeward. Try hard as he would his conscience gave the lie to the excuse that he was forming, namely that his parents knew he smoked but didn't care; and that they would allow him to do so if he asked permission; but since it was a foregone conclusion it was merely a waste of time to do so.

After his dinner which he had not relished as he usually did, and during which he had to answer many questions about his

lack of appetite, pallor, and nervousness, he carelessly wandered away so as to create no suspicion; but the very way in which he tried to avoid it was a poor way of acting, and Jeff's father wonderingly watched his movements.

Jeff apparently was walking about aimlessly like any boy who has severe pain and tries to forget it by rapid movements, but still his father saw that there was "method in his madness;" for he seemed to be making for the wagon-shed in the rear of the small barn. What could the boy want there? His pigeons no longer had their cote on the upper floor, having some time since been transferred to the attic of the hennery; the rabbits had been fed before dinner; while Jack, the setter, who often slept there, had gone visiting in the neighborhood. What else could there be of interest in that direction?

When Jeff had disappeared into the wagon shed, his father left for the barn, which was situated between the homestead and the shed. Moving quietly, he ascended the steps of the barn and opened a small window overlooking the shed. There sat Jeff, straddled on the shaft of the spring-wagon, puffing at a cigarette that refused to light, with satisfaction and disappointment written alternately upon his flushed face.

"Well Jeff," was all his father could exclaim to that young gentleman's great surprise and mortification. Immediately a torrent of excuses poured forth from his excited feverish little heart that felt abused in having thus been discovered. "I don't see why I can't do as other fellows do. Why, Will's father gives him cigarettes and even cigars to smoke. I never can do like other fellows. You and Mam wants me to grow up to be a mummy. I'm the worst treated fellow in this place." "Jeff, go in and tell your mother what you've been doing and see whether she thinks you've been ill treated." His father's decision was final.

Jeff hesitated between flight and confession to his mother. If he ran away to school the more severe would be his punishment that evening when he returned. Besides, his father might be on the lookout and intercept him in his intended escape. So he sulkily decided upon the latter course, and slowly and irresolutely retraced his steps to the kitchen of their dwelling. There he met his mother, who, with the instinct peculiar to mothers aided by her acute senses, had surmised his trouble; and slowly and very undecidedly he gave his statement of the case. Still he

constantly withheld facts and beat about the bush, but no success. The whole affair became known to his mother. To her son's cries that he was a wronged boy she returned a decided "no," and failing to curb his proud and unbending spirit by coaxings and pleadings, she assumed a more severe tone, and severely upbraided him for his disobedience.

This was more than he could stand. Here he had expected to receive some protection, but here he had found his worst enemy. The world was turning against him. What should he do? Everyone hated him, and he hated everybody. Even his little brother, frightened by his sour face, stood apart from him. He attributed it to hatred, of course.

Doggedly he picked up his hat and books and started for school. He kicked savagely at the setter as he passed through the yard. Up the road he went scowling. Suddenly came this idea: He would run away, he would make them repent of their cruelty. They would seek for him through all the world and would not find him. Then they would gnaw out their hearts in their anguish, and he would rejoice at his revenge." His mind was made up. "After school he would start. He could sleep in barns and beg at farm houses. To the neighboring city he would not go. There were too many policemen there who were apt to nab runaways. He would work his way to some foreign country, become rich and famous, and ignore his pleading parents. Perhaps he would receive them as visitors if they came with bended knees, but not otherwise."

School passed slowly, but at last the bell rang. He left all his books in his desk, for he'd never again have occasion to use them. He easily got away from the other boys, who were eager for the game of ball on the village play ground, and struck out for the woods some distance off. There he idled around, tossed stones at this and that, and once or twice the idea of going home flitted through his brain. At last, night came and owing to his fear of being seen, he was compelled to seek lodging without having had any supper. Then he crept unobserved into the loft of a large barn a mile or two from his home, and with many self reproaches and tears he fell asleep in the straw.

Meanwhile all at home were in consternation over his disappearance. When he did not turn up after school, nothing was thought of it; but when supper was over and Jeff had not yet

made his appearance, inquiry was made of his school mates, and a search begun. His friends had seen him going towards the woods, but more they could not tell. Jeff's father who headed the party quickly gave up the search, confident that the boy would soon return, penitent and more willing to be obedient in the future. He also felt that his home-coming would be delayed by any manifestations of grief and anxiety which Jeff would become aware of if he were hiding in the vicinity. So he urged upon all the family that they should appear indifferent if they should see him.

Affairs went on quietly next day as usual, but no Jeff appeared. The children strained their eyes up and down the road and through the fields, but could not see him. They even secretly searched the barn, for the idea of an outcast brother seemed more than their childish hearts could bear.

The next morning, as they had just begun their breakfast, a great noise was heard, as if some one was busy cutting wood in the wood shed. All immediately arose to see who the intruder might be, but a severe look from their father caused all to settle back into their chairs, and he alone went to a window looking out upon the shed. With a smile he motioned them to come one at a time to see the sight. There was Jeff with his back turned toward the house splitting wood with all his might. Never once did he look up, but kept hard at work.

"Now don't you go out to him or even go near the wood shed," said the father. "He left of his own accord, he's got to come home the same way. There's to be no coaxing this time. He has to learn a lesson, and it will be a severe one for him to know he's not to be sought for very much, when he dosn't behave and runs off." "Oh the poor boy," interceded his mother, with tears in her eyes. But the father's will prevailed.

During the day, visitors who called witnessed what for them was a very amusing sight; for in answer to their inquiries concerning Jeff's whereabouts they were taken to the window from which they could see industrious Jeff. But Jeff did not yet make a move for the house, although his mother was momentarily expecting it. Plainly he was waiting for a special invitation. It was just as certain, too, that he was not going to get it.

At noon upon the father's arrival Jeff had not yet made peace with his enemies; but he had disappeared from the woodshed, for he was no longer heard nor could he be seen. His mother's pati-

ence was nearly exhausted and she nervously served the dinner, while the others were taking their places. Just as she sat down, the great noise,which had that morning come from the wood-shed, now was heard in the cellar beneath the kitchen, in which they were sitting,showing that the wood splitter had transferred his business, at least temporarily. The humor of the situation mingled peculiarly with the sorrow, and Jeff's mother hardly knew whether she should laugh or cry. Several times she almost called his name; but no, he must be taught a lesson. Then the cellar door burst open and in rushed a dirty, unkempt, indignant boy with tear-stained face, shouting "Don't you know that Jeff's home? Can't you tell when Jeff's here?" "Yes, my dear, dear son," sobbed his mother as she embraced her prodigal son.

RESPONSIBILITY.

How pleasant a life we led when we were children. We had little fear, and no anxiety and responsibility. Owing in great part to this, childhood is the happiest and freeest period of life. But at that period we were eager to grow up, we were eager to be men and women, for we did not understand that the lives of men and women were very unlike those of children. And, indeed how could we understand this, when we knew nothing of responsibility?

Quickly we grew; and as we became older, we found that life was not a play ground, but a working place. We found more and more work to do. Our cares and responsibilities became stronger and more numerous.

Earl St. Vincent once said: "Responsibility is the test of a man's courage." This is true in our day, as well as it was in his. A man must be held accountable for his actions; for otherwise there could be no law. This responsibility induces us to observe the physical, mental and moral laws.

We find a responsibility not only in general, but also in particular cases. In certain cases this is too great; it drives a man to anxiety, worry, and fear. If it be of short duration, it may be endured. But when protracted, it may throw the whole system out of order; and the man may be afflicted with a dangerous disease, which has arisen from a multitude of cases and anxieties. Too often we find men in this sad plight; they are completely "run down," as they say. We can never be without some responsibility; but should we avoid as many as possible? No. We should accept responsibilities; but we should have acknowledgment of our capacity for them, and should not overload ourselves, either with too many, or with those which are too heavy.

No matter who we are, no matter where we go, we shall be beset with cases and responsibilities. Every one of us should live up to his, or her, duties and responsibilities. If every one would do this, the condition of the world would be changed.

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Editorials.

Upon the 19th of October, the day of the unveiling of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, the usual recitations were suspended. In the afternoon many of the students (we regret that some failed to take advantage of their opportunities) were present at the parade and unveiling ceremonies. But, as the parade passed, of what did these men think? Were their thoughts of true patriotism? Or did they think of fine uniforms and of the pleasure of being seen by many thousands of people? We should know that it is not necessary to parade, in order to show our patriotism; we should remember that it is not necessary to go to war in order to be patriotic; but we should know that there are many opportunities to show our patriotism at home. It should be our endeavor to educate ourselves perfectly, so that we may be able to do our part in serving our government. We may not have to serve it in war; but good citizens and good public officers are quite as necessary as good soldiers.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick walled or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays and broad armed ports,
  Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
  Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—MEN, high-minded MEN,
  * * * * * * * * *

" Men who their duties know,
  But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow.
  And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain,
These constitute a state."

" He who serves well, and speaks not, merits more
  Than they who clamor loudest at the door."

In every place there can be found many men who are always proclaiming their own deeds, whether real or imaginary. They wish people to know their names, and to know of the deeds (great in their own eyes) which they have done. Such men are always talking of themselves; their names are often found in writing or in print. This is a false fame which they are seeking. Many people are foolish enough to believe that such men are great.

Meanwhile, there are other men who are steadily and faithfully working; many of them are unknown because they will not extol themselves. Some of these are the men who some day astonish the world by new inventions or heroic deeds; these are the men who faithfully serve the community and help their fellows; these are the men who support the government, and who guide it through its times of trouble. Others of them still plod on, their work unseen and unnoticed by their fellow-men, yet their work is often great, and worthy of a reward.

A man often talks of himself because he has no deeds which will speak for him. But it is far better to *work* well and speak not of it; for at some time we shall receive our reward.

Many men, when they go away to college for the first time, spend many of their spare moments in thinking and talking of home. Instead, they should spend these moments in reading or some other useful pursuit. This would not only benefit them; but others would then be relived of the pain of listening to their idle talk.

Personals and Locals.

The student body has agreed to secure uniform hats for the four classes.

The Euterpean Literary Society lately elected the following officers: President, Erb, '00; Vice President, Bickel, '01; Recording Secretary, Lindenmuth, '02; Corresponding Secretary, Freed, '02; Pianist, Yerger, '00; Chaplain, Fetherolf, J. M., '01; Critics, Rubrecht, '01, and Fetherolf, W. P., '01.

Charles Snyder has returned to college again as a '03 man.

The Glee Club has been reorganized.The following are members:—first tenors, Schell, '01, Heilig, '02 and Weaver, '03; second tenors, Rupp, '02 and Fischer, '03; baritones, Koch, '00 and Kline, '02; bassos, Serfass, '01, Woodring '02 and Zerwick. '02. Koch is elected President; Rupp, secretary and treasurer; and Mr. Rothenberger, leader.

In a practice game of foot ball played one evening in the early part of October by the '01 and '03 teams, the former proved victorious by the score 25–0.

On the evening of Oct. 3 the Freshmen held an impromptu banquet in the college building. This was the first affair of its kind that '03 has given; and from all reports it was a success in all respects.

Shimer spent Sunday, Oct. 8, at his home in Shimersville, Pa.

Bousch, '00 and Reagle,'01 took in the Autumn Leaf Excursion to Glen Onoko.

Walburn was home over Sunday.

Drumheller in defining a characteristic order, said: "it is an odor that you can smell."

Wackernagel, '01, Bousch, '00, and Weaver, '03 spent Sunday, October 8, visiting friends in Coplay and vicinity.

Brunner, '02, Glase, '02, McFetridge, '02, R. C. Horn, '00, Geiger, '02, Miller, '02, Heckenberger, '02 and Balliet, '02 took in the opening of the Lyric Theatre on October 10.

Miller, '02 and Beck, '00 drove to Easton on Sunday, Oct. 8.

Mr. Edward Mayer,of Kingston, N. Y.,who was at college in '96 has again returned, entering the ranks of '03 as a scientific student.

Serfass, 01, Geiger, '02 and Croman, '03 went home on Sunday, October 15.

The freshmen were matriculated by the President, Dr. Seip, on October 16.

Schmoyer, '01 and W. P. Fetherolf, '01 were on the sick list, and the latter, having had an attack of pneumonia, is now recuperating at his home at Kempton.

Rubrecht was at home on Sunday, October 22.

At the meeting of the Euterpean Literary Society on November 1, Rubrecht, '01, was elected one of Muhlenberg's representatives to the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union. The annual meeting will be held in Philadelphia during the first week in November.

On Wednesday the new men were taken into the Literary Societies. The top floor was, as usual on such occasions,very lively, where satire, radicule and arguments of all kinds were presented. Each society took in thirteen new men.

Koch, '00, intends to take lessions from Kuntz, '00, in shoveling sand. Kuntz thinks he can do it and Koch is trying to do it.

Statler, '00, discovered a fifth conjugation in Latin. Dr. Ettinger says : "Please do not publish it."

Barndt, '03, was lately visited by his mother.

Rubrecht, '01, is the latest addition to the Delta Theta Fraternity.

The student body would advise Orff, '03, to get his hair cut.

Elmer D. S. Boyer, '00, the enterprising laundry agent, now supplies his patrons with laundry checks bearing his cut.

Misses Sallie Kistler and Laura Hartman, of the Keystone Normal School, called on the Fetherolf brothers, while staying in Allentown for the unveiling of the monument.

A girl rapping at Fegely's, '02, door said: "Dear birdie come out."

Wenrich, '01, delivered an address at the Reformation Festival of St. Joseph's Sunday School October 29.

Dr. Dowell is taking steps to restore the ancient school of Peripatetics.

All anxious to learn politics apply to Miller, '03. He is authority on Quayism.

At the unveiling of the Soldier's and Sailors' Monument, October 19, Drs. Seip, Repass and Ettinger were accorded places of special honor.

Dr. Ochsenford was obliged to be away from college a few days on account of the death of his brother-in-law.

Dr. Ettinger delivered an interesting and instructive address in St. Peter's Church in the evening of Reformation Sunday.

Bousch, a member of the Big Four, has again resumed his old position as the Big Blow Horn of '00. He says he is determined to have a girl for the next Freshman play.

On Monday afternoon, October 26, the senior class made a geological trip with Dr. Dowell. They made a critical examination of the different kinds of rock formation of the surrounding country. The Professor pointed out many things which the ordinary eye is apt to overlook without being made attentive, and hereby making the trip very interesting to all. The students gathered sll the different kinds of minerals and were surprised to find so many varities in this vicinity.

We were wondering why Brunner, '02, was in such good spirits of late; but now we have found out the reason—his girl visited him last Sunday.

The letter containing Heckenberger's signature shows from its many mistakes in spelling and grammar that the young man does not apply his college training. His ambiguous thoughts expressing his affections towards the party to whom he wrote show that his amativeness is not systemmatically developed. Such letters do not serve as examples, and therefore were better kept private.

Bickel is wearing bloomers.

THE FOOT BALL GAME.

On October 25 the College building was all a stir and bustling with men, some in foot ball uniforms and many others looking for "rigs," as they call them. It was the day of the great Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball game. Soon after noon the crowd slowly surged toward the grounds at Fifteenth and Linden Streets, where the long expected tussle was to take place.

The Sophomores scored eighteen points against the Freshmen in the two halves of twenty minutes each. Captain Fischer of the '03 team, after winning the toss, chose the west goal. Geiger kicked off, and Specht advanced the ball to the 35 yard line. After being unable to advance the ball in two downs, '03 lost the ball on a fumble, and '02 rushed it down the field by line rushes. and the touch down was made by Miller, who carried the ball over the line six minutes after the opening of the game. Geiger kicked the goal and the score stood 6-0.

On the kick off the ball went out of bounds. It went from the Sophs on down, but the Freshmen again lost it on a fumble. After rushing steadly down the field the Sophomores made their second touch down, twelve minutes after start, the ball being carried over the line by Geiger who also kicked the goal. Score 12-0.

On the next kick off Kistler rushed the ball to the Freshmen's 40 yard line. After making slight gains and loosing the ball on downs the Sophs again got it through a fumble. Geiger was thrown for a loss of three yards, and time was called with the ball in the mid field.

The second half showed a decided change for the better in the Freshmen's playing. Specht kicked off and Geiger was downed on the 50 yard line. After making steady gains at centre the Sophs lost the ball on a fumble, and Raudenbush fell on it. The Freshmen failed to gain, and the Sophs gained fourteen yards through Miller's ball on a fumble. Kistler was thrown twice for a loss and the ball went to the Freshies who failed to gain; and when Specht punted, the kick was blocked, and Beck dropped on the ball for a touch down for '02. This was the only scoring in the second half. Geiger kicked the goal and the score stood 18-0.

On the kick off Beck carried the ball to the 25 yard line. The Sophs gradually forced the ball down the field, but time was called with the ball on their 50 yard line. The line up was as follows:

1902.		1903.
Bartholomew	left end	Walburn
Beck	left tackle	Raudenbush
Ink	left guard	Barndt
Gable	centre	Rohrig
Moyer	right guard	Trexler
Balliet	right tackle	Yerger
Freed	right end	Shalter
Zerwick	quarter back	Fischer, (Capt.)
Geiger, (Capt.)	left half back	Mayer
Kistler	right half back	Telford
Miller	full back	Specht

Umpire—Beck, '00. Referee—Kuntz, '00. Linesmen—Reagle, '01 and Serfass, '01. Timekeepers—Rubrecht, '01 and Lynn, '02. Tuchdowns—Miller, Geiger, Beck. Goals—Geiger, 3.

SOPHRONIAN RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, November 3, the Sophronian Literary Society tendered the annual reception to the new members of the 1903 class. The society hall in the college building looked very attractive and artistic in its nature's dress of autumn leaves and evergreens. Notwithstanding the very disagreeable weather a goodly number of guests enjoyed the generosity and hospitality of the society. When Mr. Frank Kuntz, '00, in his opening address, had formally introduced the freshmen to the social side of Sophronia, the following literary and musical programme was rendered: Piano solo by Robert Fritch, '00; select reading by Charles K. Fegley, '00; selection by Ruhe's orchestra; recitation by Lawrence Rupp, '02. Charades, under the leadership of Chas. K. Fegley, were presented; after which seasonable refreshments were served while Ruhe's orchestra furnished music. They also played for the dancing which followed. Besides the regular members of the society the following guests were present: President Dr. Seip, Mrs. Seip, Rev. Drs. Repass, Bauman and Ochsenford, Miss Annie Seip, Mr. W. J. Seibert, of Lafayette College, '02; Mr. Charles Reagle, '99, Misses Sadie Blank, Daisy Reichard, Elizabeth Repass, Mary Repass, Carrie Fehr, Mame Landis, Annie

Grimm, Blanch Miller, Miss Savitz. Misses Mattie Allen, Blanche Nagle, Florence Bittner, Caroline Cooper, Linda Cooper, Esther Steckel, Florence Van Buskirk, Leila Kauffman, Mame Schafer, Alice Cooper, all of Allentown; Misses Carrie Gieger, Siegersville; Rita Reagle, Hokendauqua; Alice Frederick, Tillie Beitel, of Catasauqua; Clara Sieger, Coplay: Miss Shimer, Freemansburg.

Our Alumni.

'70, Rev. W. K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., continues his pungent "Milwaukee Notes" in the *Lutheran.*

Rev. Frick is the English Recording Secretary of the General Council.

'72. Rev. A. D. Potts, Ph. D., Petersburg, Pa., contributes an article on "God's Never Failing Providence," to the *Lutheran* of October 13.

'73. Prof. Dr. Gerberding, of Chicago, has written an appreciative review of the late General Council for the *Independent.*

'76. During his twenty years' pastorate in Selinsgrove, Prof. S. E.Ochsenford, D.D., preached 2482 sermons, baptized 588 infants and 37 adults; confirmed 475 persons, married 170 couples, and officiated at 335 funerals. An incident in his career is the fact that his first official act was the baptizing of a babe in arms, whom he christened Sarah R. Boyer, and his last act was to perform the marriage ceremony for the same person, who is now in her twenty-first year.—*The Lutheran.*

'78. Trinity Congregation, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. Charles L. Fry, pastor, has organized a "Christian Kindergarten" under daily pastoral care.

'80. On Saturday, September 9th, a new bell was dedicated by Mt. Calvary Congregation, Scenery Hill, Pa., of which Rev. Wilson Yeisley is the faithful pastor.

'81. On Sunday, Oct. 22, Rev. Charles E. Sandt preached his farewell sermons as pastor of the Freemansburg congregation. We regret to learn that the condition of Mr. Sandt's throat compelled him to resign; and we wish him a speedy recovery.

'82. October 22-24, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Flicksville, Pa., celebrated its semi-centennial. The following Muhlenberg men assisted the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lazarus: Revs. E. A. Rehl, J. F. Snyder, and A. E. Erdman.

'83. Rev. T. O. Schlenker, Hazleton, Pa., is President and Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, Freeland, Pa., is Secretary of the Wilkes Barre Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'84. On Sunday, September 17th, a new organ was dedicated in Holy Trinity Church, Northampton, Pa., Rev. H. J. Kuder is pastor.

'84. Rev. O. E. Pflueger, Elizabethville, Pa., is President of the Danville Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'86. *The Lutheran* of October 12th contains a very readable report on "The Second International Congregational Council," recently held in Boston, by Rev. Edwin F. Keever.

'89. Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Marietta, Pa., continues his "Missionary Notes" in the *Lutheran*. He has recently published an excellent and authoritative volume on "Lutheran Missions." He has received and, we understand, accepted a call of Trinity Church, Perkasie and Jurusalem Church, Almont, Bucks Co. These two churches form one charge.

'89. On Sunday, August 6, Rev. J. H. Raker preached his first anniversary sermon at Trinity Lutheran Church, Lebanon, Pa. Fifty-four new members were added during the year. The congregation presented a beautiful dining-room set to their pastor and wife upon their return from their wedding trip.—*Luther League Review.*

Rev. Raker, we understand, has resigned the above charge and his resignation has been accepted.

'90. From the *Allentown Chroniele and News* we clip the following sad news of the death of Alfred K. Keck: "Information was received in this city to-day of the death, at seven o'clock this morning, at Crellin, Maryland, four miles from Oakland, of Charles King Keck, son of Charles L. Keck, a prominent citizen and business man of White Haven. Death was due to typhoid fever and a complication of other ailments. The remains will be brought to White Haven for burial.

Mr. Keck received his education in the public schools of his native place and at the Hillman Academy, Wilkes Barre. He entered Muhlenberg College in 1886. Deceased was a young man of exemplary character and the announcement of his death was a great shock to his many Allentown friends, whose sympathy for the young widow is deep and heartfelt.

'91. Under the supervision of Rev. M. T. Bieber, Binghampton, N. Y., a Sunday School has been organized and Lutheran services are held in the city of Elmira, N. Y.

'92. From the *Scranton Tribune* we clip the following: "The corner stone of the new St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, at the corner of Washburn and Fourteenth streets, was laid with appropriate exercises yesterday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. Special music was rendered and short addresses were delivered by the pastor, Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph. D., Rev. W. C. L. Lauer, Rev. C. G. Spieker and Rev. John Randolph. The services were attended by members of the church and congregation,and were very impressive throughout. The weather was all that could be desired for an open air service and the programme was carried out without exception. Rev. A. L. Ramer, the energetic pastor of the church, deserves much credit for his untiring work and is to be congratulated upon the success of his labors in West Scranton, where he is well known and highly esteemed.

'93. The address of Rev. Eugene Stettler has been changed to Virgil City, Vernon County, Mo.

'93. Rev. Charles T. Gable, Lansford, Pa., read a well prepared paper on Muhlenberg College, at the last meeting of the Wilkes Barre Conference. Rev. D. G. Gerberich, '88, read another on Orphan's Homes, and Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph. D., '79, presented an interesting article on "The Doctrine of the Holy Ghost." Rev. H. T. Seneker, '91, and Rev. Charles G. Spieker, '92, spoke on "What are Some of the Difficulties in the Home Mission Work of the Church?"

'95. The Church of the Apostles, Rev. Warren T. Ellis, pastor, has purchased a property on the west side of Broad Street, above Diamond, Philadelphia. The dimensions of the lot are 100 by 200 feet. It is possible that a chapel will be erected this fall. The membership of the congregation is 80, and the Sunday School enrolls 190.

'95. At the opening of the seventh year of Upsala College, New Orange, N. J., on September 5th, Rev. Frederick C. Krapf, of Elizabeth, made a brief address.

'96. October —, the Rev. G. W. Genzler was installed pastor of the First Lutheran Church, Selinsgrove, Pa., as the successor of Rev. Dr. Ochsenford.

'96. Rev. Edgar P. Xander was installed pastor of Trinity Mission, Lopez, Pa., October 22. Rev. J. W. Klingler, '80, of of Dushore, Pa., performed the act of installation and preached the sermon.

The October number of the *Lutheran Church Review* contained a criticism on "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" by Rev. J. W. Horine, '89, of Charleston, S. C., an article on "The First Article of the Augsburg Confession" by Rev. Wilson Yeisley, '80, a timely paper on "The Scandinavians as a Factor in The Great Northwest" by Rev. C. L.Fry, '78, a Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. H. Peters, '71, and an article on "The Arya Samaj" by Rev. P. A, Laury. '89.

'96. After graduating from the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania, Marcus S. Hottenstein and George T. Spang have located in Allentown, where they will be very glad to see their numerous friends, and especially those in need of legal advice.

Among Our Exchanges.

The *College Student* is always a welcome visitor to our desk. The October number contains a very interesting as well as instructive translation of "Casilda." The folio as a whole presents a very neat appearance.

"On the Lid of a Boiling Kettle,"a production in the *Dickinson Union*, seems to us not a very striking or fitting subject for so beautiful a description of Tepel in Bohemia.

The *Knox Student* is among our regular exchanges. The anniversary number contains very good half-tones of President Lincoln and the "Scene of the Debate" between Presidents Lincoln and Douglass in 1858.

In looking over the *Susquehanna* we cannot help but be interested in the article " Did Hamlet possess a weak will, or was he a man of keen foresights? " We quote the following :

" As weak and paralyzed in will, Hamlet could not have maintained his position as hero in the tragedy. Drama demands a free will, strong and capable for its hero, and those who uphold the weak will theory would be surprised to know how completely it would have killed the tragedy and upset the affairs of Denmark, if, instead of the almost supernatural strength, Hamlet had acted under a weak and paralyzed will.

Coupled with a giant energy to say and do, he had a remarkably keen foresight. He observed closely and reasoned logically; and as the strength and influence of his will was felt in every step and scene of the tragedy, so his keen foresight, almost prophetic in its nature, is seen and thrust upon our notice all through the play."

The October number of the *Red and Blue* is profuse in good material. The magazine has its particular way of arranging its matter so that in reading through it, it presents different thoughts on bases which are both interesting and entertaining. The article on " University Life" gave us a very clear insight into the progress which is continually going on at the University.

" A lady on the porch,
Her dog all agitation ;
Advice : Don't monkey with
The combination."—*Ex.*

" At 9 o'clock they sat like this,
He was not long in learning ;
At 10 o'clock they sat like this—
The gas was lower burning.
Another hour they sat like this,
Still I'd not venture whether
Attwelveo'clocktheysatlikethis—
Allcrowdeduptogether." —*Roanoke Collegian.*

We were very much interested in " The Ghost Story" in the *Black and Red.* The story is well written and deserves special mention.

The " Bad Conversational Voice of the American," a production in the same folio, tends to bring out the grammatical defects and the unpleasant attributes of the voice, and how they may be eradicated.

Literary Notes.

When we note that Poe starved and shivered into the tramp's grave at thirty-nine; that Burns found the wolf at his door at thirty-seven; that the fiend was gnawing the heart strings of Byron at thirty-six; that at thirty Shelly passed beyond the "Contagion of the world's slow stain;" that Keats, "whose name is writ not in water but in adamant," was dead at twenty five, do we have any desire whatsoever to become literary prodigies?

Mark Twain never had a cold, and, with the exception of carbuncles, was never ill. He smokes the cheapest cigars that he can buy. When he finds a lot of old "Stogies" or "cheroots," he buys the lot, and if they are very cheap he takes as many as he can get.

Rev. M. C. Peters has lately become prominent in the world of letters by a unique history of the Jewish race. Mr. Peters was born in our own county, Lehigh, but left home at fourteen to get an education. He started out with a dollar and fifty cents and an old carpet-bag.

The publication of the volume containing the love letters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning arouses a great deal of indignation among some of the literary people of America. In some of these letters they spoke contemptuously of the productions of such writers as Lowell and Poe. What Lowell did, he did well, and his writings on any subject show that he was entirely familiar with the subjects on which he wrote. Poe's character was not so invulnerable as not to admit of criticism, but when these people poke fun at a poem like the "Raven" they certainly invite censure and indignation at the hands of the American people, literary and otherwise. Their writings concerning both Lowell and Poe were founded on ignorance and contempt, and cannot but lessen our good opinion of the Brownings.

Some authors assuredly wrote under adverse circumstances Tasso polished his cantos in a mad house. Cervantes finished his pages in a prison. Roger Bacon wrought out his "Principles" in a dungeon. Locke was banished and wrote his "Treatise On The Mind" while shivering in a Dutch prison. "Ours is a world that pays Christ with a cross; Socrates with a cup of poison."

The greatest poets are not always the most quoted or quotable. In a Dictionary of Quotations, Pope fills twenty-four volumes; Moore, eight; Burns, six; Keats, two, and the Brownings but half a page.

Poe once wrote:—"Bryant is not all fool, Willis not quite an ass, Longfellow will be a thief."

Margeret Fuller once said of Lowell:—"Posterity will not remember him."

Coleridge once remarked of Scott:—"Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity, it has relation to nothing."

We would hardly agree with some of these harsh criticisms.

It is a noteworthy fact that quite a few of our prominent literary men reside in some foreign country. This is due,to a certain extent, to the neglect of the American people, and to the popularity of any foreign trash that may land on our shores. The last time Mark Twain appeared in New York, although Whitcomb Riley "doubled" with him, he hardly made expenses. The only time Eugene Field, one of America's greatest poets, appeared publicly in New York, the management supplemented the attraction by a college glee club, and then the small hall was only half filled. On the other hand, "Ian MacLaren" made two lecture tours in the United States, and twice he carried home with him $100,000, and he is coming again. Kipling was offered $1000 a night for one hundred readings. Is it at all surprising that some of our literary men live abroad? If a poet like Field is no attraction, is it not about time our tastes are cultivated?

Vol. XVII

No. 4

THE MUHLENBERG

December, 1899

E. A. WRIGHT
PHILA.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., DECEMBER, 1899. No. 4.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

Mr. Albert Thomas, a freshman at Muhlenberg, sat in his room one Thursday evening with his head—so weighty with knowledge—clasped between both hands and supported by his forearms as props resting upon the table. Before him lay Blaisdell's Physiology. It seemed as if the digestive apparatus of his mind were suffering from dyspepsia, for it refused to digest the mental food given it. His thoughts were a mixture of Physiology and Christmas vacation too complicated to describe. Day after to-morrow he would be speeding toward home.

Flip! a letter came through the doorway. Mr. Thomas rose instantly, his chair tipping over backward, and the Physiology falling to the floor. His chum also showed great agitation, but Mr. Thomas was first. No Physiology, no Roman Life, no German should take precedence over a letter from home. The longed-or check had doubtless arrived. Tearing the letter open, he read:

Dear Uncle Allie:—

I thought I would write to you to let you know I am well and hope you are the same, and I wish you would come home soon and see the big yellow cat which came in one day when we were out and ate up the canary. It will soon be Christmas, and school will be out to-morrow; and I'm so glad. I don't know what to do and I can think of nothing to say, so I will say good-by. Write soon. From your loving niece,

MINNIE.

There was another letter enclosed of which he was able to read only the signature, "Ida."

Mr. Thomas put the letter in his pocket while his conscience began to assert itself. He must remember those little girls. Last year they had saved up their pennies and had given him little tokens of their esteem and love at Christmas, and he in return had forgotten them entirely, making him feel ashamed of himself for twelve long months. It must not happen again. Now, what to get was the question.

Yesterday he had a conversation regarding Christmas presents with a Mr. Jones, of the city. Mr. Jones said the matter of presents should be given some thought. Many people would uselessly and extravagantly spend their money by buying children candy, books of nonsensical tales, or dolls and what not. He did not believe in this. A Christmas present should be something useful and lasting, something to remind the recipient of the giver. For instance, a pair of new shoes is better than a book of fairy tales, or a new dress for the little girl is better than candy or dolls. He followed this rule in giving to his own family. In time the little ones would grow up to appreciate the better things.

Afterward he had conversed with Mr. Brown on the same subject. Mr. Brown evidently did not follow Mr. Jones' rule, for he said he always studied his children's desire to know what they would like best, and if it was right and good, he gave it to them on Christmas,whether it was useful or not, for he believed in making their hearts glad on this most joyous time of all the year.

Now, which was right? Minnie would enjoy a book of fairy tales, he knew, and little Ida would appreciate a doll more than anything else, but he was rather inclined to Mr. Jones' opinion. Were not people, by giving such gifts, fostering the idea of pleasure in the child's mind until it grew up to regard the pleasures of life of chief consequence? And were not children taught self-denial and many other good qualities by causing them to curb their desire for frivolities in youth and to accept more substantial gifts? Mr. Jones was certainly right, but what to get still remained the question.

He picked up Blaisdell's Physiology and went to work. Mental dyspepsia was again the result. Long into the night he pondered until his chum retired. At last the weary student leaned back in his chair. His head dropped to one side, his eyes closed, and—

Such things are wonderful to relate, but he found himself walking along the top of a backyard fence, following a large yellow

cat, which now and then, with arched back and swollen tail, gave warning of danger to prowling dogs. Whither he was going he knew not, nor did it disturb his equilibrium in the least to know his footpath was but an inch wide. Now and then his strange guide caused him to climb a telegraph pole or to walk over the ridge of a house roof. At last, after getting over a high wall and creeping through a cellar window, the cat led him up a back stairway and began to sharpen its nails on a door. It was now morning. A servant girl opened the door, and in walked the cat with Mr. Thomas following. The girl did not faint, scream, nor in any way notice his presence. He spoke but she gave no heed. Mr. Thomas felt rather out of place, and wished himself back in his room pondering over the subject of Christmas presents.

As the cat lay down behind the stove, he sat down in a large armchair to await developments. Reaching to take off his hat, to his great surprise he found he had worn his eyeshade instead. Thoughts of fear troubled him. No doubt when the master of the house saw him he would be turned out as an intruder and given to the police.

Then, indeed, the master of the house did enter, and Mr. Thomas started with surprise. It was Mr. Jones. He walked forward, taking no notice of the stranger's presence, and sat right through him on the chair. Our student was too amazed and embarrassed to speak. Extricating himself, he lay down on the sofa, while Mr. Jones addressed the servant:

"Have the children been down yet, Mary?"

"Not yet, but I hear them coming now."

Mr. Thomas listened. Yes, there was the sound of little feet on the stairs, a rustle, bustle, and bang as they burst into the room. Two girls and a boy had come to see their presents, for Thomas understood by this time that it was Christmas morning.

There was a pair of boots for Willie. What disappointment at once overshadowed his expectant face! The sled he wished for was not there. He would much rather wear his old boots than these, for new ones always hurt his feet. Of course, he did not say this, but his face told the story.

Clara unfolded her package and found a nice new dress. She had written to Santa Claus the day before, asking for a doll like Nellie Star's, with a blue dress and yellow hair. But she did not quite lose hope. Christmas was not yet over, and he might bring it yet.

Cora had a new hat. She was quite well pleased with it, bu elt sorry for her sister and brother, who were disappointed.

Mrs. Jones came in and found herself presented with ten pounds of sugar and a pound of tea, Mary had a brand new broom, and Mr. Jones a box of cigars which might have been quite useful, had they been of better quality.

Our student was not altogether pleased with this scene. There was too much disappointment visible on every face, which did not seem proper on Christmas morning, but was it not the fault of the recipients? Ought they not to be pleased? Was not this a noble man, after all, who bravely bore the evident dissatisfaction of his family, in the consciousness of doing right?

And now, to his amazement, the large yellow cat, which had hitherto lain peaceably behind the stove, sprang upon a chair, and directing its gaze to Mr. Jones spoke these scornful words:

"You old flinty-hearted wretch! You knew that Willie wanted a new sled. You knew that Clara wanted a new doll and that your wife and Mary would be pleased with something less useful, but in your miserly economy you wish to make Christmas a general supply time for purchasing necessities that you could well afford to get when needed. Don't you know that a Christmas gift should be prompted by love and good-will, and should make glad another's heart? Are you so afraid of harmless pleasure, that you would take every bit from our lives? Do you practice this wonderful self-denial yourself? And if not, then Christmas is the time of all the year when joy should be on earth, when we can make others rejoice and be glad in memory of that first great Christmas long ago."

Then, as no one gave attention to this indignant speech, the cat in great disgust jumped from the chair and walked out with Thomas following. No one forcibly removed him to an insane asylum or molested him in any way, though, hatless, he walked on backyard fences and crept over high walls as before. They at last entered another home through an open window.

Here were Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their children. Each had received just the presents wanted, and what a jolly time these folks were having! There was scarcely anything useful, but what did it matter so long as all were enjoying a "Merry Christmas?" Excited little voices were telling of the beautiful presents received, of the good times they could now have—but the pen of

the writer fails to adequately describe their enjoyment. More over, the large cat,which our student had begun to regard as deep in wisdom and understanding, had climbed upon a book case near the canary's cage, and was reaching out its paw for the fluttering little creature within. Chester looked up.

"There is that big yellow cat again after our canary. I'll fix it this time!" and seizing it, he called to his brother to get a sack.

"What are you going to do with it?" cried one.

"I'm going to put it in a sack with a big stone and drop it into the Lehigh."

Our student was horrified. He tried to remonstrate with Chester, and tell him to overlook the cat's faults for its virtues,but no one heard or even saw him. The sack was brought, already containing the stone, Tabby was placed therein, and the top was tied. What a tearing, scratching, and meowing there was in that march to the river. The Lehigh bridge was reached and our student could hear the ripple of the water. As the sack was thrown over, Thomas saw a yellow streak shoot from it and stretch across the bridge.

* * * * * * * * *

His chum had poured water into the wash-bowl and had blown out the light.

"Well of all the things I ever heard," he said, "I believe you sat up all night."

Thomas arose and stretched himself.

He had a lame neck as he went home for Christmas, but he comforted himself in the thought that his trunk contained a book of fairy tales, and a doll with a blue dress and yellow hair.

ABUSE.

ERB, '00.

Of all the many nations which to-day compose this busy world of ours, the universal strife and ambition of the inhabitants seems to be concentrated in the word "advance." This we can easily discern, if we examine into the state of affairs existing in every individual state, city, or town, and note the many plausible ways and means with which men strive to compete with or out-do one another.

It is almost an established fact, strongly impressed on the minds of all, that success, in any undertaking, can only be obtained by an effort which will disclose a new and advanced method of transacting the same. But, how frequently it happens and is plainly evident to all, that men in striving to advance, or in any transaction into which their ambition may lead them, clothe themselves in the scanty garb of one little maxim, namely; "The end justifies the means."

Throughout this world we are constantly brought in contact with boundless sources of wealth hidden in almost every element surrounding us. These the Creator of all has revealed to the world at large,employing as his instruments, in order to change and fashion them into the comforts and conveniences of life, the mind and strength of man. And, although we acknowledge that man's education is limited, all have been endowed with such a degree of intelligence and with such moral faculties as to enable them to distinguish between the use and the abuse of these privileges and bounties. But, here the question arises: Has man, in his desire for worldly emolument, always made the best and proper use of them? We need not consider long to answer this question with a decided negative.

It too often happens that the wealth of a nation or individual is alone the standard of man's ambition; and, in order to accomplish this, desperation no longer meditates on the bank but plunges into the roaring torrent, justice is no longer a means of vindication, but rather one of corruption, men heedlessly throw aside all law of God and nature and, without regard for the feelings of their fellow men, most shamefully abuse their privileges—merely to gratify their own sensual lusts and advance their own capital.

Is not this most strikingly portrayed in our present system of monopolies and trusts? The rich harvest fields, waving majestically as the waves of the ocean, manifesting to the inhabitants of the country God's bountiful kindness and providence, are eventually, as it were, snatched away from before the eyes of the many, and thus made to subserve a purpose which, instead of blessing a poor family with needed comforts, often renders the procurement of the necessary means of subsistence a daily burden

The very idea of the word "trust," implying something in which confidence is placed, is sadly abused when used, as it is, in this sense.

However, the abuse of these privileges must not be limited to a certain select few, but every individual reasoning from the facts of his or her own experience must acknowledge that, as human beings, they have in more than one way, although perhaps unintentionally, erred in this respect.

The opportunities which are presented to all are often sadly abused either by neglecting them or by not making the proper use of them, and thus flinging them away like chaff to the wind and in the end allowing them to swell the rubbish of a wasted life.

The abuse of these precious privileges is a fault only too prevalent among young people; and, when at last the duties and responsibilities of manhood are thrust upon them, they naturally perceive their error, but it is too late. Time, more relentless than the grave, will never give up the past. There is no resurrection for an abused privilege.

Such considerations then should forbid every man to abuse these God-given privileges and bounties. Man is so constituted by his Maker that everything finds its highest use and value in serving Him; and thus the responsibility rests upon every man to make the proper use of these privileges. Thus, a little divergence from the right use of things may seem to many to be a trifling matter, but, if all the vital energy which is devoted to the abuse of these privileges would be devoted to the proper use they would prove to be a mine of inestimable value from which to draw the treasures of culture, virtue and integrity.

A THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

YERGER, '00.

There is a young man whose home is in Reading,
A beautiful city! A beautiful city!
His hair would have served for excellent bedding.
It was such a pity! It was such a pity!
That while holding a bird for decapitation,
The struggling gobbler with swift oscillation,
Caused the youth to fall from his pedal foundation.
He fell to the block—the bird's destination—
And his hair was
Cut
O(r)ff
Short.

"HE WHO LAUGHS LAST, LAUGHS BEST."

FISCHER, '03.

It was no wonder that the recitations had been very poor that Wednesday in both classes, Freshman and Sophomore. Excitement and anxiety were plainly written on each and every brow. Time and again they would turn to look at the clock, to become even more restless than they had been. Time and again, the Prof., as he called upon them to recite, found their minds wandering from the text, so that at last, losing patience, he dismissed both classes from the room, fully twenty minutes before schedule time. From all this, therefore, it was evident that something decidedly out of the natural order of affairs was about to happen. What it was could only be conjectured by those who were not closely implicated in it.

On the preceding Monday the Sophs had held a class meeting. By some means they had ascertained the date of the Freshman Banquet, and, as this affair had come and passed for quite a number of years without any marked incident attached to it, they had decided to break this spell of tranquillity, in order to renew their superiority over the Freshman class, and also to make a name for themselves among their fellow-students. This, then, was to be their plan: The President of the Freshman class on the night of the banquet, was to be seized, taken out of town, and thus prohibited from attending. For accomplishing this, the twelve strongest men in the class were selected; for as the President lived in the town, they expected that he would have quite a large body-guard to escort him to the banquet hall.

At last, Wednesday night, the time for the banquet, came. It was a cold and chilly night; fresh snow had fallen during the day and the sky was yet overcast with thick slate-colored clouds With teeth chattering, and with feet half frozen in the snow, a band of students, Sophomores, were standing on the corner of the street awaiting the appearance of the Freshman President, who lived but a few doors below. It was already becoming late, and as they had been standing there since the early part of the evening their patience was fast leaving them; a few among them even proposing to return to the college. But a speedy end was made to all noise whatsoever, as they saw the door which they had been so closely watching, slowly opened, and first a head protrude, then a pair of shoulders, then the entire form of a human being. For

two or three minutes he stood upon the steps, cautiously looking in every direction. He was clad in a heavy ulster, with the collar turned up above his ears. On his head, he wore a fur cap, which, together with the coat collar, so completely concealed his face, that it could scarcely be recognized in the dim light of the street lamp Not a person did he preceive along the whole street, for the ever watchful Sophs, as soon as the door opened, and they recognized that well-known coat and head-covering, had concealed themselves in the shadow of some trees nearby.

The time was now drawing near for action, since, having observed that the coast was seemingly clear, he descended the steps, and approached them with rapid pace, though his foot-steps made no audible sound in the soft snow. He had not proceeded more than one hundred paces before a circle had been formed about him and he was brought to a sudden halt. "Mr. President" Harvey Ellis,the spokesman, began: "We have come here this evening wholly for your good and for your welfare. Being a class further advanced than you, and hence better versed in the cruel temptations of this world, we have decided that it is our urgent duty to lead you, as the representative of your class from this narrow path of evil to the wide avenue of righteousness, thus giving a better example to your class-mates. Furthermore we have decided, that if we should not be able to persuade you by kind and faithful words, it would then become our unpleasant task to retain you by force." Their prisoner did not answer a word or rather had not time to, for he was seized almost before Ellis had finished speaking. Three Sophs formed a van guard, three a rear guard, and two walked on either side. No resistance was offered ; on the contrary, he walked with them as if this was the natural course of affairs—as if he had expected this very thing to happen. Silently the march continued, until they reached a point about three miles from the city. It was a desolate looking spot, not a house was visible far and wide. Nothing but the wide expause of snow, broken here and there by a tall pine tree, which only added to the gloomy aspect of the whole.

Now the Sophomores had not anticipated anything of this sort, in fact they were somewhat disappointed that the whole affair passed over as lightly as it did. They had expected that the President would be accompanied by some members of his class, and that, therefore, some resistance would be offered. But now that they had him in their power, how should they proceed ? At

last, after a lengthy discussion of the subject, it was decided to force their prisoner to remove his outer garments, and to throw them as high as possible into the branches of the pine tree, which stood close by, and to leave him there to regain possession of his clothes by whatever means he should think expedient. Without the least hesitation the captive proceeded to comply with their demands, but no sooner were his coat and hat removed, then the Sophs. burst forth in groans of disgust—for whom had they here? —was this not a Junior, instead of the President of the Freshman class? Sure enough. No explanation was needed. Their evil intentions had been found out early enough to turn the joke.

A disgusted lot they looked, wending their way silently homeward, on that cold wintry night, while at the same time in a certain banquet hall in the city, the health of a Junior, who had offered his services to the Freshman Class, was being drunk with great joy, and a toast was being given in his honor with many shouts of praise.

WORTH OF AN IDEA.

BARTHOLOMEW, '02.

Ideas govern the world. Machines do much of the world's work, but machines are born of ideas. A human worker without ideas is only a machine. He is content to serve all his life, doing the same work over and over again, making the same thing year after year without progress, ambition, or purpose. It is the thinking man who becomes the master workman. Ideas become to him an inspiration and force. They stir up his intellectual powers; and these control and develop his physical ability. Stupidity becomes a machine in the workshop of life but ideas only can make a man. Young people should take in the worth of an idea, for they will exert great influence upon the occupation they choose, the methods they adopt, and the books they read.

Roger Sherman was apprentice to a shoemaker for his board and clothes. But early in life, the idea took possession of him that he could become a lawyer. That idea was the making of him; it rallied his faculties, and bent them to that one end. To become a lawyer was the dream of his youth. Every leisure moment became a self-improving moment. A book was his constant companion. Spare time was the most valuable time of all, for

it was used to improve his intellect, and fit him for the duties of a noble manhood. His occupation became a teacher to him and the world a school. He learned from everything around him, and at thirty-three years of age he was admitted to the bar.

The worth of an idea is illustrated in the ordinary walks of life; in every place and at all times, we are reminded that a single thought is the most valuable legacy given to us. In articles of furniture that make our homes comfortable and the utensils of the kitchen that lighten labor and administer to human wants we find much to magnify the worth of a thought. Once they were only ideas in the brain of the inventor.

So small an article as the watch which we carry in our vest pocket involves principles of construction, the discovery and development of which have brought the race out of ages of mental gloom. Yet how few note their indebtedness to ideas when they consult their watches. They keep time and that is enough, and they would be just as good for that if they grew like acorns.

One man has said: What a miracle of art that a man can teach a few brass wheels and a little piece of elastic steel, to outcalculate himself, to give him a rational answer to one of the most important questions which a being travelling toward eternity can ask! What a miracle that a man can put within this little machine a spirit that measures the flight of time with greater accuracy than the unassisted intellect of the most profound philosopher, which watches and moves the hand of the maker and the mind of the contriver!

f Despise not an idea, for the smallest is better than none. A man of one idea is sometimes ridiculed. Garrison was persecuted for his anti-slavery idea; but it wrought a revolution. It made him a public benefactor; his idea was worth all that liberty was worth. The young man who is rich in ideas will never be poor in reputation. Many authors of good ideas have failed to put them to practice. They lacked the practical talent necessary to reap the profits of valuable conceptions. Hence many inventors have derived no particular advantage from their inventions; other parties have stepped in and taken the profits. They were able to beat the bush but others caught the bird. Almost without exception the successful men of the day who have made the best practical use of their ideas have made men of marked courage, application, tact,and determination. Ordinary difficulties did not cause them to hesitate for a moment, and extraordinary ones

seemed to arouse their whole being to greater efforts. Some of the best and noblest of men are wanting in tact. They will n either make allowance for nor adapt themselves to circumstances.

Thousands of young people, with older ones, are daily throwing away their chances of success. They value money, which they can see and handle, more than ideas which they can not see. They make such great preparations and use such great precautions that they often defeat their own object,like the "Dutchman," mentioned by Washington Irving, who, having to leap a ditch, went so far back to have a good run at it that when he came up he was completely winded and had to sit down on the wrong side of the bank to recover his breath.

The contrast is this: we see men go to work in the straightest and shortest way to accomplish their purpose. They were not only competent to conceive; but, having cultivated these manly qualities that one must possess in order to win, they were equally well prepared to execute.

TURNED ROUND.

YERGER, '00.

I saw the moon float
Like a silver boat,
As I wended my homeward way.
But I gazed about;
My mind was in doubt
As to what was the time of day.
The moon in the west
As I went to rest,
Was a memory of boyhood days;
Now it hung in the east,
And seemed like a beast
That was turned from his rightful way.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

"A Merry Christmas."

All are looking forward to the Christmas vacation and to Christmas itself. This rest of a few days will afford to the students great benefit and pleasure; they cannot fail to enjoy it. All should have a proper regard for the meaning of Christmas, and should observe the day in a befitting manner. To all our students and other friends alike, THE MUHLENBERG extends its best wishes for a very pleasant vacation, and a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year."

* * * * * *

A Change of Schedule.

We learn that the Christmas vacation of this year will differ somewhat from those of former years. This year the vacation will begin on Friday preceding Christmas instead of Wednesday; and will end on Monday, January 8, instead of Thursday, January 4. The reason for this change of schedule is, that many of the professors wish to attend the extra meeting of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, which is to meet in the first week in January at Philadelphia; and that they hope, by means of this change, to avoid annoying interruptions of the New Year's work.

A Word of Commendation.

In this issue of our paper there will be found a very interesting story written by Mr. Arthur L. Smith, '03. Here we should like to say a few words with regard to a small book, entitled "The Calendar of Centuries," which Mr. Smith has arranged and published. Dominical Letter, Golden Number, Epact, Solar Cycle, Roman Indiction, and Julian Period—terms which often appear in almanacs—are explained; rules are given for finding these. This book shows also how to find Easter and "the day of the week for any given date in the Christian era, according to the Julian and Gregorian calendars." Other valuable information is given. THE MUHLENBERG congratulates Mr. Smith on his work, and wishes him much benefit from it and further suceess.

* * * * * *

A Word to the Freshmen.

As a part of their work in history, the Freshmen have drawn maps of Ancient Greece. All of these are well done, but some are exceedingly good. Many of the class have worked long and hard at drawing these, and it is only just that some notice should be taken of them. It is our pleasant duty to congratulate the members of the Freshman class upon their splendid success.

Personals and Locals.

The newly elected officers of Euterpean Literary Society are President, Boyer '00; Vice President, Sieger '01; Recording Secre-: tary, Uhrich '02; Corresponding Secretary, Raudenbush, '03; Pianist, Walborn '03; Critics, Erb '00 and Flexer '00.

At the last meeting of the Missionary Society the following officers were elected: President, Erb '00; Secretary, Beck, W. C., '02; Treasurer, Gable, '02; Organist, Fischer, '03.

Krutzky regularly takes a walk in the direction of the Grape Capsule Company. He delights in flirting with some of those girls and has invented a system of gestures for that purpose, but they do not work to perfection yet.

During Thanksgiving vacation most of the students had left college and the halls were very quiet. On Monday, Dec. 4th, they resumed their busy work again, to be continued for three more weeks for this term.

Boyer says he would like to get married as soon as he graduates from college so as to have somebody to take care of his education.

Turkeys were presented as Thanksgiving gifts by the four classes in college to the teachers of the different departments. Members of the respective classes gave presentation speeches, to which the professors responded in pleasant words expressing their hearty thanks to the students for their kindness.

On such occasions it is not merely the gift that is presented but also the feeling of the students showing the appreciation of the work of their teachers, which, undoubtedly, their teachers value much more than any gift the students can present.

Boyer attributes the waters of the Lehigh to the many weeping willows along its banks.

Why does Drumheller, '01, always prefer the company of little girls to grown girls?

An extract from Nagle's diary: Bought two glasses of beer for five cents.

Sophronia recently elected the following term officers: President, Kuntz; Vice President, Nagle; Recording Secretary, Kuehner; Corresponding Secretary, Bartholomew; Critics, Ruhe and Reagle; Treasurer, Lindenstruth; Pianist, Fischer.

The college foot-ball team suffered a crushing defeat on November 8 at the hands of the Moravian Seminary of Bethlehem. The game was played on the Linden street grounds and in two twenty minute halves the score stood 22–0. Although the defeat was a stunning blow, consolation can bc taken from the fact that the game was played by the college team with but very little preliminary practice.

At last—Orff has had his hair cut.

Dr. W. to Kline '01, who was holding Rubrecht on his lap, "Mr. Kline, do you have experience in that line?"

At the November meeting of the Young People's Society of St. John's Lutheran Church, held at the home of Dr. Repass, the following Muhlenberg men were present: Bousch '00, Fegley '00, Horn '00, Kuntz '00, Drumheller '01, Kline '01, Kressler '01, Reagle '01, Shimer '01, Fegely '02, Ink '02, Kline '02, Miller '02, Uhrich '02.

Kline, '01, was presented with a piano as a Thanksgiving gift from his father.

Bousch—Let us throw Krutzky out of the window. Boyer—No, we dare not throw any refuse matter out of the windows.

Fegley, '00, and Drumheller, '01, spent their Thanksgiving vacation at Hokendauqua.

Kuntz, '00; Lentz, '00, and Drumheller, '01, attended the "Musical Reception," Nov. 28, given by the students of the Female Seminary.

Kistler, '02, and Fetherolf, '01, spent a few days at Mauch Chunk.

Shimer '01, Geiger '02 and Yerger '00 took in the Lehigh-Lafayette foot ball game on Nov. 4.

Quite a few of the Juniors have shown a particular interest in the study of trees of Lehigh county and vicinity. Weekly trips are made by this band of wood seekers and in their herbaria sixty or seventy specimens of wood of different trees may be seen. Among the hunters are Drumheller, Fetherolf J. M., Hamm, Nagle, Reagle, Ruhe, and Schofer.

Worth '01 and Miller '02 attended the Pennsylvania-Harvard game in Philadelphia on Nov. 4.

Kressler: "What do you think of a teacher who chews tobacco in school?"

Dr. W: "He ought to swallow it."

Quite a number of the students took in the final foot ball game of the Lehigh-Lafayette series in South Bethlehem on Nov. 25.

Quite a number of the students attended the lecture "The Harp of the Senses" by Prof. DeMotte on Nov. 21.

Prof. Everett, of the Academic Department, who was sick for some time, is at his post of duty again.

Frank Dennis, of Nazareth, has entered Prep.

Many of the students attended the Luther League Convention held in Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Nov. 10.

The monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society was held Nov. 14. Beck W. C., '02, and Fischer, '03, read interesting

articles on missionary work. Raudenbush gave a report of the Luther League Convention.

In Dr. W.'s class-room: Bousch pointing at a fellow.student: "Herr Dr. er ist der Schatten von einem Esel." Dr. W.: "Ja wohl, denn muessen Sie aber der Esel sein."

MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL UNION.

The tenth annual meeting of the Oratorical Union comprising the colleges of Pennsylvania was held in the parlor of the Lafayette Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day. Each college was represented by two delegates, except Gettysburg, whose interests were looked after by one delegate. Business of a routine nature was transacted. Arrangements were also made for the next annual contest to be held at Ursinus College on March 9th. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Frank S. Kuntz, '00, Muhlenberg; Vice President, Paul Kieffer, '01, Franklin and Marshall; Secretary, W. L. Hess, '01, Swarthmore; Treasurer Carl G. Petri, '00, Ursinus.

The various colleges were represented by the following men Lehigh, J. W. Fletcher, '00, and E. M. Huggins, '00; Lafayette: O. J. Oswald, '00, and S. N. Hutchinson, '01; Swarthmore, J. C, Haines, '00, and W. L. Hess. '01; Gettysburg, S. H. Van Orner '01; Franklin and Marshall, Eugene L. Herr, '00, and Paul Kieffer, '01, Ursinus, Carl G. Petri, '00, and John Alexander, '01; Muhlenberg, Frank S. Kuntz, '00, and G. Keller Rubrecht, '01. The union is in a flourishing condition; and, judging from the interest displayed our next contest bids fair to be a decided success.

COLLEGE HAT ADOPTED.

Early in the term a committee of men from the four college classes was appointed to take steps toward obtaining a uniform hat or cap for use by our students. This committee at its first meeting organized by electing Fegley, 1900, chairman, and Rubrecht, 1901, secretary. The form of hat or cap was discussed; and it was finally decided to procure a sample hat, with the college

colors. Miller, 1902, and Fegley, 1900, were appointed a sub-committee to procure said sample. After much delay the hat was procured from Spalding Bros. through their Allentown agency, and the committee adopted as official a hat made in what is known as the "University Style," of gray cloth, with an Old English *M. C.* monogram on the crown. A large order for hats was delivered within one day after the sample arrived, and in a few weeks the men were proudly wearing the colors of their college. The hat meets with such universal satisfaction that several alumni have placed orders. Since the arrival of the hats in bulk several circumstances have arisen which necessitated the adoption of the following resolutions by the student body:

Resolved, That on and after the first day of December, 1899, no one but a fully matriculated college student, or alumnus, be allowed to wear the official monogram hat, and

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in THE MUHLENBERG *and that copies of them be posted in the dormitory halls, on the bulletin boards, and in the storeroom of the duly appointed salesman.*

Our Alumni.

'69. *The Lutheran Cyclopedia*, edited by Rev. H. E. Jacobs, D. D., and Rev. John A. W. Haas, B. D., is a volume of 572 pages that has just left the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. Among its contributors Muhlenberg College is ably represented by its Trustees, its Faculty and its Alumni. In addition to Drs. Repass and Spieker of the Board of Trustees, and Drs. Seip and Wackernagel of the Faculty, the list of contributors contains the names of Dr. Weidner, '69; Prof. Frick, '70; Dr. Ohl, '71; Dr. Gerberding, '73; Dr. Nicum, '73; Rev. Charles L. Fry, '78; Rev. James L. Beates, '80; Rev. W. A. Sadtler, '83; Rev. C. W. Hoppe' '85; Rev. P. A. Laury, '89, and Rev. J. W. Horine, '89.

'73. A recent number of the New York *Independent* contained an interesting account of the last meeting of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America from the pen of Rev. Prof. G. H. Gerberding, D. D., of the Chicago Seminary.

'75. Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr., has removed to Milwaukee, to begin his new mission.

'78. Rev. Charles L. Fry addressed the teachers of the Lancaster County Institute, in the interests of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua.

'80. After a faithful pastorate of nearly nine years, Rev. Wilson Yeisley has resigned as pastor of the Bethlehem parish, to accept a call to Derry, Pa. After December 13 his address will be changed from Scenery Hill, Pa., to Derry Station, Pa.

'82. Prof. S. C. Schmucker, Ph. D., of the West Chester Normal School, has prepared a "Syllabus of a Series of Lessons on Biology in its Relations to the Food-Supply." The eleven topics treated are Cells and Tissues, The Physiology of Plant Life, Roots and Underground Stems, The Flower, The Fruit, The Seed, The Oyster, The Lobster, The Fish, The Pigeon, The Development of

the Chick. The Syllabus has been printed for the pupils of the Philadelphia Cooking School, of which Mrs. Rorer is the Principal.

'82. We have received a very neatly printed copy of the 36th Annual Report of Bethany Orphans' Home, Womelsdorf, Pa., of which institution Rev. Thomas M. Yundt is the very efficient Superintendent. From the very interesting pages of the Report we learn that the Home at present has one hundred and nineteen children under its care and that during the year ending July, 1899, the receipts had been over $12,000.

Rev. Yundt has been the successful Superintendent of the Home since April 1, 1886.

'83. Rev. John J. Kline, of New Hanover, Pa., has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for work done under the supervision of the University of Wooster. We congratulate him upon his new title.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Binghamton, N. Y., has sent THE MUHLENBFRG a copy of a very excellent paper on "Church Entertainments," read before the Luther League of New York in convention at Cobleskill, N. Y., May, 1899. The address is reprinted from the *Luther League Review* of October, 1899, and in its line of argument is decidedly orthodox and Lutheran. If the League practices what this pamphlet preaches, it can not err on the question of "Church Entertainments."

The topics discussed are—

1. Church entertainments are unscriptural.
2. Chureh entertainments in church breed irreverence for the house of God.
3. Church entertainments are unchristian.
4. Church entertainments are no benefit but a detriment to the Church.
5. Church entertainments are parasitic.
6. Church entertainments are unfair to the business world.

'93. From the *Lutheran Standard* we clip the following information concerning the mission work of Prof. C. E. Roos, of New Orleans:

Several months ago the present pastor of the German-English Immanuel congregation, Rev. A. O. Swinehart, sent a detailed report together with an appeal to the Mission Board. Arrangements have been made for supplying the field, and the matter is now in shape to bear publication.

Two years before the former pastor, Rev. C. B. Gohdes, removed to San Antonio, Texas, he, with the assistance of Prof. C. E. Roos and other members of Immanuel congregation, began mission work on Pierce street. Prof. Roos has with great devotion and diligence been promoting the interests of the mission. He has been the faithful superintendent of the Sunday school from the start.

The mission is located in a section of the city that has been built up during the last four or five years and is still growing. There is no other Protestant church in that locality, and the Lutheran leaven may find a sphere of work and influence even among the religiously indifferent Roman Catholic population. As soon as a pastor comes and can give his entire attention to the work, he will find plenty of material to work on and large room for legitimate and urgently needed mission work.

'94. Number one of the second volume of *The Adams Street Record* has reached us. This is an illustrated sixteen-page monthly published by the Adams Street United Evangelical Church of Chicago, of which Rev. E. S. Woodring is the active and capable pastor. It is full of good things spiritual; and we congratulate the editor upon the contents and the neat appearance of the *Record.* From all accounts Mr. Woodring is very successful in his Western field.

'95. Rev. Frederick C. Krapf, of Elizabeth, N. J., has been elected President of the Luther League of New Jersey.

'95. Joseph Stopp, a son of John Stopp, of this city, and a grandson of Mrs. Joseph Stopp, of North Fifth street, was admitted to the bar at Philadelphia after completing a course of legal study with Messrs. Ward & Biddle, of Philadelphia.

'96. Rev. Marvin H. Stettler, of Allentown, has been appointed by the mission board of the Lutheran Ministerium to do mission work in Reading and vicinity. He will organize congregations in Reading, Oakland and Mohnsville.

'97. G. Frederick Kuhl, son of the late George Kuhl, the well known confectioner, was married to Miss Kate A. Dresher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Dresher, of No. 28 North Ninth street. The ceremony took place in St. John's Lutheran Church, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass officiating. Prof. C. A. Marks presided at the organ, and as the bridal couple marched up the

aisle he rendered the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." For the recessional he played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

Mr. Kuhl is a member of the firm of Kuhl, Bernheim & Co., the furniture dealers, No. 610 Hamilton street, and is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of '97. His bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, class of '96, and is also a member of the King's Daughters of St. John's Lutheran Church, which organization attended her wedding in a body.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

Among Our Exchanges.

"Idle Talk of Men and Maidens" in the October number of the *Sibyl* is very interesting, and reflects naught but credit on the writer and journal.

The November number of the *College Folio* is interesting and meritorious. The best productions are "The Gilded Dragon" and "Epic Poetry."

"Charles Kingsley as a Social Reformer" and "The Character of Lowell as Seen in His Letters" are two very good productions in the October *Pharetra.*

The *Lafayette*, *Knox Student* and *Gettysburgian* are among our earliest arrivals and always give us authentic accounts of the foot-ball games.

"The German Guard," an article in *The Midland*, gave us a very clear insight into the spirit of patriotism and fidelity of the German soldier to his army. "Literary Notes" in the same issue is one of the most interesting departments.

A very pretty story, admirably planned, and faithfully carried out, may be found in "A Tale of '62" of the *Mount Holyoke.* We are unable to fathom why the short story in the same number should have such a peculiar title. "Overheard" seems to us not a very fitting one.

"No. 1313," a story in the *Touchstone*, is worthy of praise and commendation. The title in itself does not seem attractive, but the story is well planned and very interesting. "An Incident," in the same issue, is also a very good production.

In the *Black and Red* we notice a readable German essay, "Die Aufgabe der Deutschen in den Vereinigten Staaten"—something that occurs very rarely in our exchanges.

The *Dickinsonian* comes to us in a new garb and is full of good material. Besides the "Reminiscences of '47-'49" it contains several good stories and a few good poems.

"A Game of Chance" is an excellent article in the *Buff and Blue*. The board of editors are to be congratulated on their work in managing the magazine.

The Minnesota Magazine made its first appearance on our table with the October number. The magazine contains good articles and poems. It has the all around appearance of an ideal college journal.

"A Fancy from Blowing Rock," a production in the *Elizabeth Chronicle*, is wierd and interesting and keeps one guessing as to its outcome from the very beginning. "A Poet of the Palmetto State" gives us an interesting sketch of Henry Timrod and a clear insight into the nature of his poetry.

"The Gilded Dragon" and "Epic Poetry" are two very good productions in *The College Folio*.

We were much interested in the "Historical Address" in *The Mirror*. In it we found many facts with which we were not acquainted, although having heard, as we thought, nearly everything of interest concerning the Whitfield House at Nazareth and the different boarding schools for boys and girls among the early Moravians.

Literary Notes.

It is reported that Oxford University men who are devoting themselves to studies in English literature have been advised to follow Mary E. Wilkins, author of "Pembroke," as a model of English style. We knew Miss Wilkins wrote stories that were "like live coals," but not that style was her strong point. Lately she was visited by a friend who thought she could get along all right in her writings if it were not for the punctuation. Miss Wilkins when asked her method replied: "Well, I start out and I go on till I come to a stop. Then I make a period, and just begin all over again."

What's in a name? Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was granted permission by the terms of her divorce to resume her maiden name. Yet the publishers of her late work, "In connection with the DeWilloughby claim," have persuaded her to have on the title page the name by which she is known to the reading public, as the other would be commercially disadvantageous.

England has always been the paradise for book lovers, on account of the great variety and cheapness of the editions. Booksellers of London are becoming popular by issuing six-penny editions of popular fiction. They pay a royalty to the different authors, and 'tis said one author received in royalties twenty-five hundred for one of his stories. The publications seem to pay booksellers, and besides serve as an advertisement. The only attempt at cheap editions in this section of our country was the two cent Munsey edition, which seemed to be unsuccessful and was discontinued.

The death of the French Canadian naturalist, Grant Allen, essayist, novelist, scientific writer, author of innumerable volumes on a variety of subjects, revealed the fact that in addition to his voluminous and varied literary work under his own name, he was the author of two novels, "The Typewriter Girl," and "Rosalba," under the pseudonym, Olive Pratt Rayner. It is seldom that a writer is able to establish an independent reputation under an assumed name. The style and manner of these two novels is such that even professional critics never thought of attributing their inspiration to Grant Allen.

Zola's new novel, "Fecondite," is very harshly criticised, and he has some little trouble in having it translated. The book is an outspoken treatment of a crying evil. The translator gave up the work, claiming that an adequate translation was impossible. He furthermore states that the translation of it will be followed by unpleasant controversy and that prosecution might well ensue. Zola's publication of "La Terre" caused universal censure for its outspokenness. We have outgrown to some extent our antipathy for directness and plainness in dealing with evils, yet "Fecondite" in its outspokenness is still far in advance of us. However, should it be translated, it will no doubt be condemned by many, which condemnation will impel the many others to read it.

A prophet may be honored in his own country, but possibly not for those qualities which have won him world-wide recognition. Two strangers in Concord once asked six men in succession for the site of Thoreau's hut, and none of them had the slightest idea where the place could be, or who Thoreau was. Longfellow once dined at a fashionable place and was asked by a society woman whether he had ever published a book. This was after two-thirds of his life-work was done.

Where once the novel of the year was applauded, we can now scarcely do more than herald the novel of the week. One sensation drives out another; one style of work supersedes another. If however a writer is fortunate enough to hit upon something new and popular, he wins as many imitators as dollars. Since Anthony Hope's novels were published, there is hardly a writer who has not a dethroned monarch up his sleeve. Nor is imitation a modern development in writing. Franklin imitated Swift, Thackeray, Balzac, as to-day Stanley Weyman imitates Alexander Dumas. In the general idea of plot, characters, etc., there are two cut and dried subjects that hold the public's attention—detectives and theology. Novels with these subjects seem to be ever successful.

"Mr. Dooley" advises those doctoring a man with "col' on the chist," to "get Casey's mixture f'r man an' baist, put him in bed, slap a musthard plasther on him that'll keep his mind employed, and lave thim fight it out. May th' best man win. If the patient's alive in th' mornin', he'll not have strength to cough."

Count Tolstoi once said, "There are three requisites which go to make a perfect writer. First, he must have something worth saying. Second, he must have a proper way of saying it. Third, he must have sincerity. Dickens had all three of these qualities. Thackeray had not much to say; he had a great deal of art in saying it; but he had not enough sincerity." This reminds one of the rules formulated by Julius Hare:—

"One's first business in writing is to say what one has to say."

"An epithet is an addition; but an addition may be an incumbrance; as even a dog finds out, when a kettle is tied to his tail."

"Most people seem to think the coat makes the gentleman; almost all fancy the diction makes the poet."

"Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so."

"Perhaps it is when the imagination flies the lowest, that we see the hues of her plumage."

"The best training for style is speech; not monologues, or lectures, but conversation, whence the French, and women, generally, derive the graces of their style. The agonistic oratory of the bar, and the senate, which make people speak to the point. The pulpit, too, would be a like discipline, if they who mount it would oftener think as much of the persons they are preaching to as of the preacher.

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E. A. WRIGHT HALL

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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A STUDY OF WORDS.

FRITCH '00.

One of the characteristics of man, who in his present state is a dual or two-fold creature, spiritual and physical, is that he is gregarious—wants to hold converse with his fellow-men. This may be done in various ways, first, by signs made with his muscles, which produce a certain expression on his face peculiar to the emotion which he feels and which prompts it. The expression of a person 'holding up his hands in horror' is familiar to everyone, while a dog yelping at our heels invariably attracts our shoes in his direction. The second and most important method of communication is by word of mouth; for if this faculty were suspended, man would be but half alive. For a creature is alive, according to Spencer, in proportion to the amount of Nature round about him with which he is in correspondence, and surely man without the faculty of speech would be out of correspondence with even more than half of Nature with Man himself who is the crowning-point of Nature. Then, thirdly, there is writing, of hardly less importance than speech itself, including inscriptions on rocks and parchments of former days whereby men of former ages yet speak with those of to-day, printing and letter-writing. One thought I wish to introduce here is that just as certain emotions produce certain physical reproductions thereof and as a man's character is partially stamped upon his body, so may a man's temperament and character to some extent be recognized in his hand-writing, giving rise to the science, if so we may call it, of Graphology.

In this article I wish to prove the same thing concerning 'speech,' and for that reason to develop it to a greater extent. For as a man's physical expression and his hand-writing may be

and often are the reproduction of what man spiritual is, infinitely more so will a man's speech betray him; for of what the heart is full the mouth overfloweth.

I desire then to treat of words; that, however, not in an ethical sense but what may more accurately be termed scientific.

About a year ago, how or under what circumstances I cannot recollect, the following question presented itself to me: Why do so many words suggesting 'light' or 'brilliancy' contain the letter 'l'? It struck me in such a forcible manner that I at once decided, for pastime, to investigate the subject, and so I proceeded to gather as many words as I could that would illustrate this peculiarity. Some of these words are as follows:

The word light (the same as the German licht) itself begins with that letter. The Greek word for 'sun' the terrestrial source of light contains an 'l' while the Latin word 'sol' contains one and the French word 'soleil' two 'l's.' On investigating further I found that the Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Gothic, Lithuanian, Welsh and Irish words for 'sun' contain that letter. The Greek, Latin, French and Italian word for 'moon,' which gives us light by night, each contains it, which word (luna) is derived from the Latin 'lucere'—noun lux—meaning light, itself beginning with an 'l.' The Welsh word for light (goleuni) also contains that letter. Not to go too much into detail, I shall simply jot down a few of the words, such as "clear, brilliant, lamp, luster, flare, glitter, splendent, blaze, glare, gleam, glow, effulgent, etc., omitting words of other languages, such as German hell, klar, Latin illustris, etc., which all show the same characteristic.

My curiosity was aroused by this time, and so I started along, another line, wondering why so many words denoting intensity of action contain an 'f or v' sound, which seems to denote strong expression. Such words as "violent, fierce, firm, vitality furious, effort, ferocious, active, in English, vis, fortis, velox, ferox, furiosus in Latin, forte in Italian, etc.," are examples.

Then again, does not the 'b and p' sound seem to denote suddenness of action? Such words as "bump, blow, burst, break, buck, bomb, boom, bound and bounce," are examples.

The sound expressing the contrary idea to that last mentioned seems to be the 'r' sound, denoting continuity of action, such as "roll, run, reel, reach, rise, rock (verb), durable, roam," in English, erro and the preposition per (seen in English words such as persist, perpetual, etc.) in Latin.

Let us take the word knock for example. Before entering a house we 'knock' at the door, that is, make a sharp quick blow against it. This action seems to be perfectly represented by the sudden and quick pronunciation peculiar to the letter 'k.' Then you 'rap' at the door which expresses a continued (denoted by the letter 'r') knocking (denoted by the letter 'k') the action being accurately represented by the word itself.

Neither do these seem to be fanciful distinctions, but may have a cause. Now this is an age of theories, an age in which a cause must be assigned to everything. So if I am too original, or try to explain the above mentioned peculiarities by a theory which may seem improbable and rash, I can but ask to be forgiven.

Now surely the above words having a similarity of sound cannot be explained on the principle of being derived from the same root anymore than a toad-stool and a sweet potato can be cultivated from the same root, for as Max Muller quaintly states it, "Sound etymology has nothing to do with sound." Hence let us look for another explanation aside from etymology.

At the beginning of this article reference was made to the fact that man spiritual was expressed through man physical e. g. his character is to some extent impressed upon his physical constitution and his emotions are expressed by certain muscles. As when a person is angry or joyful, sad or pensive, certain muscles which come into play produce unconsciously an expression on his face peculiar to the emotion which causes it. So I believe when one wishes to express himself by means of his vocal organs, he will unconsciously, according to the thought, use certain muscles controlling certain vocal organs, so as to produce a sound somehow connected with the thought he may wish to convey.

As a proof of this statement I desire to refer to the interjections, principally of the English language. What explains the fact that almost all interjections are pure vowel sounds, with the addition of the breathing 'h.' This is, I believe, due to the comparatively greater ease with which the vocal organs utter the vowel sounds. Under the stress of sudden emotion there is hardly time for the arrangement of the vocal organs to utter compound polysyllables, but before one knows it, out comes a pure vowel sound at times modified, as before stated, by the breathing 'h' or by a single consonant. O !, oh !, ho !, ah !, ha !, and lo !, il-

lustrate this point. By way of digression I wish to copy the prettiest thought on the two interjections ah! and ha! referring to the interchanging or metathesis of the breathing and which I have never seen or heard equaled. It is unfortunate that I do not know to whom to ascribe the honor of having written it. "Ha! is the interjection of laughter; ah! is an interjection of sorrow. The difference between them is very small, as consisting only in the transposition of what is no substantial letter, but a bare aspiration. How quickly, in the age of a minute, in the very turning of our breath, is our mirth changed to mourning!" From the preceding facts it is plain that many words take on their form, that is, their spelling, from purely natural causes and not as if by accident or caprice.

Another example of words formed because of their ease of pronunciation is that of 'Papa' and 'Mamma.' These are mere repetitions of the same syllables, which are perhaps the first sounds uttered by an infant. Even before it has much of an idea of a Father or a Mother, it lies in the cradle, perchance sucking its thumb and uttering sounds expressed by the syllables 'pa-pa-pa' or 'ma-ma-ma.' So it is quite probable that these sounds were united into words which are represented in English by 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' which words are very easily pronounced by the young infant. It is interesting to note that in Hebrew 'ab' means 'father' and 'abba' means the same in Syraic, while 'mother' in Hebrew is 'am.' Interesting further it is to note that in almost all languages the word for 'father' contains the letter 'b' in its modified sounds p, v, or f, e. g. Greek, pater; Latin, pater; German, vater; French, pere; Dutch, vader; English, father, all from the original Sanskrit 'pitr;' while the word for mother contains the letter 'm,' French, mere; Greek, meter; Latin, mater; German, mutter; Russian, mate; English, mother, all from the Sanskfit 'matr.'

I desire to take up another line of thought, or better, the same line of thought on another question. Why is it that the languages of the northern countries have harsher sounds and more gutturals than those of the countries lying farther south nearer the tropics? Take the German for example with its 'g' and 'ch' sounds, and the Russian language, coarse and rough as the physique of the speakers themselves. Now contrast them with the speech of sunny Italy, overflowing with the liquids 'l, m, n and r,' with almost all words ending not in a hard con-

sonant but in a vowel. Whence arises this difference? The rough wintry blasts roaring through the German hills and forests seem to be heard in the very pronunciation of the German language, while the sunny sky and mild climate of Italy seems to soften every word in the language, and to melt every tendency to harsh sound into liquid harmony. No wonder every German is a fighter and every Italian a singer. His language declares it, his physique shows it, his environment is the cause of it. Thus again we see natural causes producing effects in language perhaps not so often thought of.

Further, what is it that determines the varieties of a language, that is, its dialects? This can be most intelligently explained by examining the names of dialects. The main divisions of the German language are 'Hoch Deutsch' and 'Platt Deutsch.' What is the meaning of the terms 'Hoch' and 'Platt?' Merely a difference of geographical position. The same thing holds true of Scotch spoken in the highlands and in the lowlands. So that we arrive at the same conclusion viz.: that the peculiarities and differences between languages and dialects are due to natural causes, one of which is the difference in the location of the people using them.

From the preceding observation we have come to the conclusion that pronunciation is modified by the vocal organs as controlled by the person under the influence, whether of emotions or environment. Thus the same person when angry has a different accent than when he is joyful and glad. We should then be careful how we speak, for our feelings and thoughts will always be betrayed by our speech.

The science of Pedagogy also receives some hints from the conclusions reached from the above facts. If one desires to teach a spoken language, the first requisite is to teach the sounds so as to develop the vocal organs. Especially is this true of sounds which are peculiar to the language taught. For instance if an Englishman desires to learn the German language, the first object of his study must be to acquire the 'ch' sound, peculiar to German, Greek and Hebrew, but unknown in English. The Englishman cannot produce this sound. Not long ago I asked a person from Massachusetts to pronounce the German word licht and invariably would she pronounce it as if it were spelled 'lickt.' Then the German must learn to pronounce the 'th' sound, which is unknown in German. Hence the Pennsylvania Germans of

our locality when they speak English do not say 'the' but 'de' not 'this' but 'dis,' the German words having the 'd' for 'th' in such words. He will need to distinguish between the two sounds of s, the sibilant and z sound. The latter sound of s is not used in German, while their z is equivalent to 'ts.' Hence the ludicrous pronunciation of the German in speaking English. Such words like Moses (Mozes) being pronounced Mosses, 'zeal' becoming 'seal,' etc. So that, seriously we should not laugh at him when making these mistakes for he can not make use of these sounds until they are fixed in his consciousness by constant reminders. So in studying French, the difficult part is to acquire the correct sound of the letter 'u,' as well as of that nasal 'twang' so peculiar to French pronunciation. The Japanese, moreover, cannot pronounce 'l' but use 'r' instead, while with the Chinese the case is the reverse, giving rise to the ludicrous 'Amelican' for 'American.'

To my great delight a book has just fallen into my hands which contains several pages touching on some of the points which I have tried to work out independently. I refer to Anthon's Greek Prosody PP. 189, seq. As a fitting conclusion I cannot refrain from putting down some sentences quoted from this learned Professor of Languages. "The earliest spoken idiom of our race was necessarily analogous to the sensations which gave it birth. Melodious sounds were employed to express soft and gentle emotions, sounds of a rough or harsh nature served to indicate what was painful or unpleasing; beauty, activity and strength were each depicted as it were by different intonations and thus each syllable became a kind of musical note, the peculiar force of which we are still, as in many cases, able to perceive, though so many ages have intervened." Again, Anthon as well as many other notable philologists assert truthfully that it is proved scientifically that all languages can be traced back to a single parent language and that so-called languages are but dialects arising from one original language. This is aptly stated by a Spaniard Zaneacola, as follows: "Si se comparan hoy las muchas lenguas que hay esparcidas por la superficie del glovo, se veraque todas ellas descienden de una sola, [y que guardan tal hermanda y analogia en su estructura, que no seran otra cosaque la misma lengua primitiva variada, cambiada, enriquecida." And this is what Anthon says on the subject: "The farther comparative philology carries back its researches into the earlier periods of the history of language, the more convinced do we become

that all the spoken idioms of the globe have originated from one common source, and, consequently, that all the members of our race may trace their descent from one common parentage. What this primitive language may have been is, of course, all uncertainty, and each investigator is here left to the conclusions of his own judgment. It would seem, however, that a very large portion of this early vocabulary consisted of terms which sought to imitate by their sounds, the various movements of the natural world, such as the noise of thunder, the roaring of the tempest, the gentle or rapid flow of waters, and the different cries of the animal creation."

These are but a few thoughts drawn from the study of languages, one of the most interesting faculties of the human being, which in conversation unites him with man and in prayer with God.

A NEW PAGE.

YERGER, '00.

Saturday evening again. The week's work at Fayet College was done, and books had been put away until Monday. Some of the students were out to spend the evening, some had gone to bed early, some were reading, and some were chatting in a friend's room. In a week all would be scattered, for during the next week the term examinations would be held, and then college would close for Christmas vacation. In his room on the top floor, John Clarke, senior, was stretched out on the couch in his laziest attitude. After careful and thorough work during the term, examinations had no terrors for him, and it was a positive luxury to be lazy occasionally. From time to time he repeated in a low, musical voice some favorite poem. Then his eyes would wander around his room, which displayed his tastes and peculiarities, and was the favorite haunt of his intimate friends, and the wonder and delight of the men of the lower classes. On top of the book-case was a large jar filled with autumn leaves, dried golden-rod, cat-tails and dried grasses, tokens which carried field and forest throughout the year. In the corner above the couch the walls were hung with festoons of pine cones, through which was twined a stuffed black snake, six feet long; above this was hung a skull and cross-bones. One end of the couch was piled high with cushions filled with pine needles. Canoe paddles served as poles for the hangings at doors and win-

dows; on the blades of the paddles were carved the names of companions on various summer jaunts. In another corner a small canoe, fitted with shelves, served as a cabinet for various curios and momentoes, and shining skulls of numerous birds and animals. On the prow of the canoe a large crow stood guard with becoming solemnity. On the walls were grouped many pictures; some were copies of masterpieces, picked up during occasional visits to the city; others were the gifts of artist friends, and doubly valuable on that account.

Clarke was aroused from his reverie by a rush of footsteps along the hall; then his door was flung open and four of his classmates, Herbert Stephens, Charles Ward, Frank Lyons and Carroll Davis, entered. They were in gay spirits over the approaching vacation, and were busy making plans that they might secure the greatest possible pleasure and benefit from it. The five were fast friends, despite differences of disposition and temperament. Stephens, who was the son of wealthy parents, had invited his friends to spend the holidays with him in his city home, and concerts, evening parties, and many places of interest in the city offered recreation and pleasure in abundance.

"Well, Clarke, have you decided to go with us?" said Stephens, when they were all seated.

"I am sorry, Stephens," answered Clarke, "but after carefully considering your invitation and another which I received, I decided to accept the other, and will spend the holidays with Shaw."

"Shaw, the freshman?" demanded Stephens in an angry voice.

"With Shaw?" howled Ward, springing from his chair.

"With Shaw?" groaned Davis, from his seat on the table.

"Why Shaw was drunk last Tuesday night," said Lyons in a sneering manner; "we surely ought to feel honored by being thrown over for him!"

"Let me explain, friends." said Clarke, rising and pacing to and fro, as was his custon when he was disturbed in mind. "It was not because I thought more of Shaw than of you that I decided to go with him, but because I want to help him." "A freshman;" "a drunkard;" "a swelled head;" groaned the others in chorus. "He has only been drunk once," said Clarke, not appearing to notice the interruption, "and you can never help a man by pushing him down. He seems to have taken a liking to me, and only one whom he respects can help him up; yet it must be one

who will reach down to him. You all know that his is not a coarse and rough nature, and that he never would have drunk had he not gotten in with the wrong class of fellows, and been led into it by taunts and jeers. I am sure that he comes from a good family, for he bears the stamp of it in his face. I feel that if he is to be helped, it must be *now*. Another term may see him too far down for help, for after the start, the journey along the downward course is swift. He does not wish to go home, for country life will be too dull for him. Woe to the boy of seventeen who finds the companionship in his home too dull for him! I feel that all my instincts of manhood are urging me to act in this matter, and at least to try to help him, even though I may not succeed."

"Bravo!" cried Lyons; "I'll have you for my guardian!"

"Shut up, youngster!" said Davis. "Forgive us," he said, turning to Clarke; "we all honor you for what you are doing, and it was only because we were so disappointed in losing you that we spoke as we did. Doubtless you will have a more joyous vacation than if you were with us. Come, boys, let us away to bed." Down the hall they went, singing at the top of their voices:

"Then what will we do with Ehi—poor Ehi—
We can beat them as we know—
For surely Ned Bray will oblige us—oblige us—
With another touchdown or so."

* * * * * *

The examinations were past, and on Saturday morning the students left for their vacation. Shaw, with Clarke and his four classmates travelled together to Philadelphia, which was Stephens' home. There was only time for a hasty good-by, and the two were on their way again. "Our last change," said Shaw; "I hope the folks will come to meet us." Then he spoke of his home and family. His father and mother had lived in the city, but on account of continued ill health, his father had given up his banking business about ten years before, and moved into the country. The charm and simplicity of country life had restored his health, and he then turned his attention to farming, no more to be walled in by block after block of brick and stone. The family were well pleased with his decision, the mother and two daughters sharing in the father's growing enthusiasm for the country year after year. But as the son grew older, as boys will, he began to chafe over the quietness of the home and its surroundings. He longed for the excitement and activity of life.

It was interesting to watch these two boys, and wonder what ties drew them into friendship's bond. Clarke was heavy and massive like an ox, yet quick and graceful, over six feet tall, his massive head covered with dark, curly hair falling over a high, white forehead; great, grey eyes which could be stern, or full of love and sympathy; a fine mouth and full chin which showed great firmness. Shaw lacked three inches of being six feet tall, was supple as a willow switch, had black hair, large, brown eyes like a timid fawn, delicate nostrils and a beautifully arched mouth, showing a highly nervous temperament and character which lacked strength in itself, but might become beautiful and useful through proper training.

About four o'clock they reached Valley Forge, where Shaw's father met them with his team and a warm welcome, and they were soon on their way home, three miles distant. Passing by Washington's headquarters, which are in a good state of preservation, the road winds along the Valley creek through the cut in the hills, on which Washington and his soldiers suffered during the memorable winter of 1777-78. Already the sun, scarcely peeping into the cut during the short winter day, had passed behind the hills; the beat of the horses' hoofs on the frozen road rang out sharply in the frosty air, the wind moaned and sighed through the trees, the creek was frozen from shore to shore, and in the midst of these scenes, in the same kind of weather, the sufferings and heroism of our forefathers became more realistic. At the end of the cut stands a great, knob-shaped mountain like a grim sentinel, on whose summit one of the earthwork forts of the revolutionary army may still be seen. Passing by this our friends rolled out into the Chester valley, and the sun, rapidly nearing the horizon, smiled a cordial welcome. The valley ranges from two to three miles in width, and is dotted with roomy farm-houses, surrounded by broad fields, well watered and fertile.

In the gathering twilight they reached the home where mother and sisters awaited their "baby," as the youngest child ever remains. The girls were very enthusiastic over his return. The mother took him in her arms, and gazed into his face. He was not able to meet her eyes, and looked away, but not before she had seen that there had been a change during his absence, and her eyes were dim as she turned away, but what the effect on her heart! Who can measure the depth of a mother's love and a mother's suffering for those she loves! Clarke's quick eye had seen the mother's

greeting, and his heart went out in sympathy to her in her grief. He was welcomed as one of the family, and soon felt quite at ease. The large rooms, low ceilings, and wide fireplaces marked a house built in the last century. The rooms showed refined, artistic taste, and were those of a city rather than of a country home. Small cedar trees, laurel and holly from the historic hills added a fragrant beauty to the home. A wide porch on the south side of the house had been enclosed with double windows, and did service as a conservatory, opening into the dining-room. Soon after supper the boys went to bed, worn out by their journey, and the examinations of the week.

Ten hours' sleep works wonders, and our friends felt strengthened and renewed the next morning, which was the Sabbath. Across the valley and over the ridge on the east stands the village of Wynber. The villagers are business men from Philadelphia—in fact, it is a suburb of that city, with dwellings and conveniences of the city, and beautiful country surroundings. Hither came the family to church that Sabbath morning, and as the choir in melodious strains sang the "glad tidings," and the minister told again the old, old story which is ever new, their hearts were quickened, and filled with joy and peace. The day was spent in reading, conversation, music, and church again in the evening.

The next day was Christmas, and after the gifts had been distributed, and the tenants on the farm remembered, the young people went over to the creek to enjoy the skating. They seemed to fly over the polished surface, and their merry shouts and happy songs echoed from hill to hill in the cut. Just above the dam where the creek was wider they cut their initials, skated in circles, played games, and then went home to dinner with ravenous appetites which were only exceeded by the dinner which was spread before them. And such a dinner! My pen can not do it justice, but the boys did, and many a day after they returned to college it appeared to them whenever they sat down to dinner at their boarding-house, and the contrast was—not pleasant. Shaw declared that he was having a tiptop vacation, and his mother gave Clarke a grateful look.

The weather remained clear and cold, the thermometer sometimes falling to zero. The mornings were spent in reading, playing indoor games, and sometimes skating. In the afternoon the boys would go out for a walk, returning in time for supper. Clad in their golf suits, heavy shoes, sweaters and gloves, they braved

any weather and any road, however rough. Across the valley, over the mountains, through the woods, always finding something to interest. The oak leaves clung to the trees despite the efforts of the fierce wind and the bitter cold to loose them. But when the warm sun and gentle showers of spring bring new life into the trees, then, and then only, under its gentle influence, will they fall away. Even so cling evil habits to man, and only as the Spirit of Grace enters and works silently and powerfully can he be freed from sin. Clarke wondered when this change would take place in Shaw. He prayed for him daily, and tried to drop a word now and then to help him. The death-like appearance of tree and grass and shrub, the beauty of the sky and sun, showed forth the might and power of the Creator, and Shaw seemed to grow more thoughtful as they walked and talked.

As they ascended the ridge, the sun shone like shimmering gold through the network of trees, and played hide-and-seek from hilltop to hilltop. Later it sank to rest like a ball of fire into a seething furnace. Then the glow of departing day softened to pink, delicate pearl, and deepened into intense blue. In the west the new moon and the evening star glowed with a soft golden light reflected from the departing sun. Fainter and fainter grew the light, and one by one the beacon lights of heaven were hung out, glistening like gems of the first water. In the east the grim sentinel was outlined against the sky, and forms of long ago seemed to flit to and fro. But home is reached, and the imaginary gives place to the real.

Each day was a repetition of the one before it, with very little change. Music furnished entertainment for the evenings, always closing with hymns and family worship. The vigorous exercise and long night's sleep were invaluable to the boys in preparing them for the work of the next term.

Sabbath came again, the last in the old year, and again the family journeyed over the hill to church. In the evening a Moody memorial service was held. Very impressive and helpful were the lessons learned from the life of the evangelist, and sweet were his favorite hymns as sung by the choir. Clarke hoped that his young friend would be influenced by the meeting, especially as the minister urged the young people to follow the noble example set before them by taking Jesus Christ as their guide in life; to open the page of the new year with Him at the head, and then there would be no black and awful stains to mar its purity.

The next morning Clarke was aroused by the sound of a horse galloping, and from his window he saw Shaw ride swiftly across the valley and over the ridge toward Wynber, just as the sun came up from the other side. At first he was much surprised, but finally concluded that the boy had gone to seek help from the minister. He had watched him closely, and felt sure that there was a change taking place in him. Then, too, he had great faith in prayer, and not only had he supplicated at the throne of grace, but more than once after he had gone to bed, had he heard a low, pleading voice, which he knew to be the mother's She knew well the balm for trouble, and came thither with her great desire, for she loved her only son with all the strength of her warm nature. Clarke was glad that the boy had gone to the minister to be guided, for he was not like some ministers, who seem to live so high above the earth in such a holy place, that they are far removed from the people, who sigh in vain to reach across the wide gulf which separates them for help; he stood with one hand in his Master's, and reaching down he put his arm around the sinner and drew him up.

Shaw returned even swifter than he had departed. Throwing himself from his horse he rushed into the house. One look at his happy face and the glad, subdued light in his eyes, and his mother caught him in her arms, knowing that her prayer had been answered. The change which she had seen in his face on the day of his return had almost broken her heart, and it was only by help from above that she was able to appear bright and cheerful. Her keen eyes had also noticed the other change during his vacation, and now that he was safe she wept for very joy. On his arrival, Shaw had been left with his parents. Later Clarke was called in, and they silently pressed his hand. They felt that any words which they could utter would be too weak to express their gratitude; knowing that he was not a classmate nor intimate companion of their son, and that he was wanted by his classmates in the city for the holidays, it was evident to them that it was with the hope of helping the boy that he had come home with him. Shaw, as Clarke embraced him, said: "A new page, Clarke, but not in my own strength."

OUR AIMS.

WENRICH, '01.

We all have desires and hopes, aims and ambitions, the fulfillment of which we eagerly long to see either soon or in the distant future. Whether or not we are to realize these, depends much upon our efforts. But too often we forget the aims for which we started out, and the ends we intended to pursue.

A young man enters college, having many ideas and aims. Soon he finds himself a wiser man, every one (?), but many of the ideas and aims are a disappointment to him. Perhaps he expects "to acquire in his four years's course mental discipline, strength of will, wisdom, judgement, power, manliness." After a while other things attract his attention, of which he knew nothing, or in which he could see no pleasure or benefit at first. Some of these coincide with his work, others do not. The degree to which they hinder him in his work, or are hurtful or beneficial to his success in life, depends upon the power to resist, and the influence of these attractions upon his character and life work.

The most profitable study is that which is conducted with a definite aim and object, if these are noble and proper. But to work for honors, and not care for the benefit derived, or not do anything in a certain line of work because one cannot be at the head, are low and selfish aims, but found too often among students.

It is right and proper that we should aim to excel, to get all the benefit we can. But to aim simply to excel others, or do a thing simply to get rid of a task, performing the work solely on account of compulsion, are low and selfish aims.

Perhaps, in no other profession in which there should be one aim, is there such a difference in aims as in teaching. Some enter this profession with an aim of becoming more prominent, with an idea of having easy work and a good financial position. The last two are very wrong ideas, but not of a few. Another begins his work with a high conception of its purpose. He aims at discipline, development of power, and latent energy, and the increase of knowledge. After a while, on account of criticism of the public, or some individuals, the teacher often forgets the true aim, and works for results, results that are to show immediately, regardless of natural development. The aim for such results is sometimes caused from the desire to obtain a higher position or better salary, or to be sure to retain the same position. A large amount

of work may also cause a change from the first aim. He may be unable to do the work intended in the beginning, and is willing to make the work as easy as possible.

While we should always aim to do our work as well as possible, the object often is to do it just as cheaply and quickly as possible, and get the money. A good illustration of this is the contract builder. Many of them pay no attention to the beauty and perfection of the work.

One of the great aims of to-day, that is to be deplored, is the aim of a large class of working people, to work only a few hours a day, and yet get the usual wages. This desire is often granted. But how? The same amount of work is done in less time. The workmen are satisfied. They think it is much better for them. But when we see how much more energy is expended in this short time than there ought to be expended, we must say that this continual desire to have short hours is a great evil. We desire repose, but the longer rest obtained by over-exertion is not desirable.

A man starting in business, aims at success and earning a livelihood. Soon he may see things in a different light, and have new desires. The first aims are forgotten.

No one ought to be so determined never to yield to the first aims, but we should never give way to inferior ones.

The great tendency of entering upon a work or profession without the proper preparation, causes undesirable results. The desire is to make the preparation just as short as possible, and enter upon life's work. This is the aim of too many. It is often due to a lack of understanding the importance of the work, or the amount of the preparation necessary. Nearly every profession has many men of this class. For almost any other profession, or work, they would willingly take a preparatory course, or serve as apprentice. Once entered upon the work, they expect to continue. This aim is caused sometimes on account of deficient financial affairs and disadvantages in youth. Those of the last class do not always receive the proper encouragement, especially when they show conscientiousness and an effort to do the best in their power for the work they have chosen, and ability to do the practical work. They are often unjustly criticised for not getting out of the course what they might, when on account of age and former disadvantages they are unable to keep on a parallel with the younger men, as far as *text book work is concerned.*

In the preparation, at work, in all occupations we find too many men like a certain class of travelers, who can hardly wait at the depot until the train arrives, and when they are traveling toward their destination, they are always impatient, and wishing to get to the end. The beauty of scenery, the interesting and valuable lessons that might be learned from nature, are not taken into consideration. How much interest and benefit is thus lost and neglected, because the end is the only aim !

Let us stop sometimes, and inquire what are our aims. It should be the highest aim of every one to give to the best of his power the highest degree of perfection possible. In study, " it is not how much a man knows, that is of importance, but the end and purpose for which he knows it." The object of knowledge should be to increase in wisdom, " improve character, to render us happier, better, more useful; more benevolent. energetic and more efficient in the pursuit of every purpose in life."

HOPE.

YERGER, '00.

Softly gliding, floating, sliding,
Gentle as a breath of air,
Come the leaves from ev'ry tree top,
Scatt'ring shadows here and there ;
Lightly dancing, dipping, prancing,
Sporting through the purple haze ;
Soon the grass is under cover—
Pleasant are the autumn days.

Straight and bony, naked, lonely,
Stand the trees, bare and forlorn ;
Gone the dress of verdant beauty
That was donn'd in Spring's fair morn.
Whisp'ring, moaning, weeping, groaning,
Through the tree tops comes the wind ;
Raging, sighing, wildly trying
Paths to greater mischief find.

Let storm and tempest rage and rave,
Let Winter in its fury
Sweep over hill and over dale
In never-ceasing hurry.
But some fair day, from far away
Will come Spring's gentle shower ;
And life and light—gone Winter's night—
Shall bloom in ev'ry bower.

E'en so is life. A constant strife
Seems whirling round us ever,
Till friends, joy, wealth, ay! even health,
Are torn from us forever.
Yet now rejoice! A still, small voice,
In accents sweet is pleading :
" Lo! I am with you all the way,
And for you interceding."

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Vacation.

The Christmas vacation has passed. For several days every passenger train which came into the Allentown stations brought some precious human freight destined for Muhlenberg College. For several days there were hand-shakings and greetings, cries of "Happy New Year" and "I'm glad to see you back," questionings and answers. Several evenings were spent in relating to room-mate and friends how the time was spent at home, how this one went skating, or how that one went to visit his friends, whom this one called upon, or how that one spent most of his time enjoying the pleasures of his home (which, it appears, were increased in some instances by the visits of a sister's college friends). This one told how he had been out every night; and that one, how he always came in early (laying stress upon the early). One related how much turkey and other good things he could and did eat on Christmas and New Year's Day; another, how he "did nothing but eat" all the time that he was at home. We believe it to be a very good thing for such men that they have once more returned to bread and water: such food is better for their health, even if not as pleasing to their palates.

But all the students seem to have had a very good time for two weeks; and, although some do look somewhat the "worse for wear," these will nevertheless soon recover their usual good health and equanimity in consequence of the kind and gentle treatment which they here receive.

The "glorious times" of vacation have passed away; but the sweet memories still remain.

* * * * * *

A New Year's Resolution.

We have entered upon another year. To all of its friends THE MUHLENBERG wishes a very happy year, that they may be successful in all their good undertakings, and that they may make and keep many excellent resolutions.

This is the time when resolutions are made—and broken. But it is not necessary to break these; a man should have enough strength to carry out his intentions. One of our resolutions for this year should be to make the most of our time and opportunities. If all the time and energy wasted were only used profitably, how greatly would our powers and efficiency be increased!

* * * * * *

A Retirement.

With this issue of THE MUHLENBERG the present staff will close its work; and a new staff will immediately step into its place. The staff which is about to retire desires to thank heartily all who have helped it and co-operated with it in any way. Even small favors are thankfully accepted. This staff wishes its successor a very prosperous term of administration, and bids farewell to the many readers and supporters of THE MUHLENBERG.

Personals and Locals.

At the Christmas festival of the First Ward Mission Sunday School held December 19, Beck, '00, and Fegley, '00, delivered the addresses.

Telford, '03, spent Christmas vacation in Allentown.

Boyer, '00, Fetherolf, J. M., '01, Fetherolf, W. P., '01, Schofer, '01, Shalter, '03, and Walborn, '03, attended the anniversary of the Philomathean Literary Society of the Normal School at Kutztown, Friday evening, December 22.

The Junior Class presented Dr. Ochsenford with a Christmas turkey. The Dr. forfeited it at Thanksgiving by his going away from home. The Junior Class believes in: "Better late than never."

A good many of the boys have come back with rather blank brains after having poured forth all the lore, assimilated during the past year, in one gigantic effort to reproclaim the "Glad Tidings."

Bickel, '01, is the latest addition to the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

Landis, '01, was unable to attend recitations and examinations the last week of the first term on account of sickness.

Coming—Telford's mustache.

A large number of the Seminary students visited their Alma Mater just before and after vacation.

Sophronia elected the following officers: President, Fegley, '00; Vice President, Hamm, '01; Clerk, Bartholomew, '02; Treasurer, Shimer, '01; Critics, Krutzky, '00 and Nagle, '01; Editor of Budget, Appel, '02; Corresponding Secretary, J. Scholl, '02; Pianist, Schell, '01; Chaplain, Lindenstruth, '02.

A Sixth Ward tragedy in Dr. B.'s Astronomy Class, Bousch leaning back on his chair fell over with his heels towards the zenith, when Dr. B. remarked; "Mr. Bousch are you hunting the nadir."

Raker, '99, Bilheimer, '98, Sullenberger, '98, Lenker, '98, Beck, '99, Klick, '99, Berg, '99, lately visited their Alma Mater.

Dr. Seip attended the meeting of the College Presidents at Harrisburg, on the 12th of January.

The following were elected as officers of the Senior Class: President, Kuntz; Vice President, Deisher; Secretary, Krutzky; Treasurer, R. Horn; Historian, W. Horn; Monitor, Boyer.

Weisley, '02: "Dr., is it wrong to play cards. Dr.: "Yes for you." Balliett: "Then it is wrong, too, to play with old maids."

Sieger's '01 New Year resolution: "To be late for recitation and miss chapel."

Bartholomew, '02, spent his vacation at Allentown on account of his friendly relations.

Euterpea elected the following term officers: Treasurer, Uhrich, '02; Librarian, Rubrecht, '01; Assistant Librarians, Freed, 02, and Beck, '02; Curator, Raudenbusch, '03.

The newly elected members of THE MUHLENBERG staff are: Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Woerth, '01; Business Manager, Fetherolf, J. M., '01; Literary Editor, Bickel, '01; Social Editor, Benner, '01; Personal Editor, Schell, '01; Exchange Editor, Horn, Wm., '00.

Paul Neff, of Spring City, entered the Freshman class.

Dr. W. to Hamm (coming late for recitation): "Auf welchem Tag der Woche sind sie geboren?" Hamm: "Weis nicht mehr,"

Section A of the Junior German Society elected as its officers for the next term of eight weeks: Secretary, Schell; Treasurer, Shimer.

Dr. B. (in Astronomy class) to Mr. Koch: "What is the horizon?" Koch: "The horizon is all the further you can see." Dr. B.: "Mr. Koch, that is not very scientific."

The Sophomore class elected the following term officers: President, Miller; Vice President, Beck; Treasurer, Freed; Secretary, Zerwick; Corresponding Secretary, Sieger; Monitor, Scholl.

Boyer: "Why is a pig's brain larger than any other animal's?"
Bousch: Why?
Boyer: "Because he has a hogshead full.

Miller, '02 was confined to his home before Christmas by an attack of tonsilitis.

Trexler must have imagined that he grew suddenly, when he tried to squeeze into an overcoat belonging to a man half his size, which he took by mistake from a place where he had been visiting.

Kuntz: "Why did Noah not play cards?"
Fritch: "Because he sat on the deck."

Boyer, '00, addressed the Junior German Society in an interesting and instructive manner, on December 16.

Misses Clara Sieger and Adell Levan, of Coplay, visited Rubrecht, '01, at college during the Christmas vacation.

Gernerd and Lutz, ex-1901 men, were visitors at College during the vacation. The former is at present attending Roanoke, and the latter Franklin and Marshall.

The class of 1901 gave a farewell banquet to its members at the Duck Farm Hotel on December 21. The class sat down to an excellent dinner which reflected credit on the proprietor, and which they dealt with with credit. After the supper impromptu toasts were responded to, and the evening was passed very enjoyably.

This little story is related of a certain student. It is said to have happened during the late vacation:

"She stood beneath the mistle-toe
A picture of content,
He little dreamed a missile-toe
To him would soon be sent.

She stood beneath the mistle toe.
He little dreamed of plot,
Or thought of parental muscle toe
Till the missile-toe he got."

When a student who was entirely averse to profanity was asked by a professor what it was to swear, he replied:

"If the recording angel's pen
Would take down the common talk of men,
Pretty sure of this I am
He'd keep a rubber stamp for ———."

Sophronia's newly elected library officers are: Librarian, Wenrich, '01; Assistants, Fischer, '03 and Mayer, '03.

Bickel and Fetherolf, J., are limping around the halls, each with a sprained ankle.

The Delta Thete Fraternity gave a smoker to its members in the rooms on North Sixth Street on the evening of January 8. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

The annual first term concert for the benefit of the College Missionary Society was held in the College Chapel on the evening of December 15. A fair sized audience of student and friends was present. Several members of the faculty added dignity to the occasion by their presence. The new glee club appeared and introduced two selections in a very acceptable manner. The collection lifted was devoted to the work of the society.

Our Alumni.

'71. A recent number of *The Lutheran* contains an interesting article on " The Conditions that Confront the Church" from a report made to the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, by Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. D., of Philadelphia, Pa.

'72. Grace Congregation of Macungie, Pa., Rev. M. O. Rath, pastor, will soon be a self-sustaining parish.

'73, Rev. George G. Kunkle, of Slatington, Pa., has received a call to Trinity Lutheran Church, Freemansburg, Pa., formerly served by Rev. C. E. Sandt, '81.

75. On Sunday, December 31st, Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., was installed as rector of the motherhouse and pastor of the congregation, in the chapel of the Passavant Memorial Hospital, of Milwaukee. Rev. Prof. G. H. Gerberding, D. D., '73, of the Chicago Seminary, preached the sermon.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., has been nominated by the Democrats for Select Council in the new Eleventh Ward of Allentown.

'77. Rev. M. Luther Zweizig has left Portland, Ore. He intends, we understand, to remain in the East.

'78. Dr. H. H. Herbst has been elected Prison Physician by the Prison Board of Lehigh County.

'80. Benjamin Sadtler, of Denver, Col., is interested in a large corporation started to utilize his patent smelting system.

'84. Rev. Elmer F. Krauss, of Leechburg, Pa., has received a call to a professorship in the Chicago Seminary.

'85. At the 50th anniversary of Trinity Lutheran Church, Norristown, Pa., Rev. Frank F. Fry, of Bethlehem, spoke on "What Makes a Lutheran."

'90. Dr. Albert J. Bittner is one of the physicians at the Lehigh County Alms House.

'90. After serving two terms as Coroner of Lehigh County, Dr. Alfred J. Yost retired from office on December 31st. The press of both political parties is unanimous in its praises of Dr. Yost as the best and most sensible coroner that Lehigh County has ever had. Unlike other office holders he did not run his office for revenue only, but for the good of all concerned, and above all to his own credit as a conscientious and fair-minded man.

'91. On Christmas the Towamensing, Pa., charge, served by Rev. H. E. Moyer, kindly remembered its pastor with a fine couch, quilt, sewing maching, lamp and other useful articles.

'93. Trinity Congregation, of Lansford, Pa., is in a very flourishing condition and will soon be self-sustaining. The pastor, Rev. Charles J. Gable, and his family recently moved into a handsome new parsonage built by his people.

'93. The present address of Rev. Eugene Stetler is Virgil, City, Vernon Co., Mo.

'94. Malcoln W. Gross, Esq., has been appointed deputy to one of the Court House offlcials of Lehigh County, Pa.

'94. George S. Opp is Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Alumni Association of Muhlenberg College. He is also one of the rising organists of Philadelphia.

'96. Rev. W. Penn Barr is meeting with great success as pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, of Mt. Joy, Pa. On Christmas day the congregation remembered him with a valuable couch and a purse of $30.

'97. Gomer B. Matthews, of the Mt. Airy Seminary, recently preached a very good sermon in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown.

'97. John F. Stine has entered upon his duties as Prothonotary of Lehigh County, Pa.

'98. We are to learn that George F. Erdman, of the *Allentown Morning Call*, has recovered from a long and serious sickness.

'98. Marvin L. Kleppinger, now clerk of the "Montgomery," stationed at Cape Colony, South Africa, remembered his Alma Mater by sending her a beautiful collection of insectivora.

'98. On the roster of the second class of Princeton Theological Seminary appears the name of Will. E. Steckel, of Allentown.

'99. Edgar J. Heilman has resigned his position as teacher of the Male Secondary School, in the Second Ward of Allentown, to enter the Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy.

Among Our Exchanges.

The exchange department of the MUHLENBERG this month is replete with many good college journals and magazines. We have at present thirty-six different periodicals on our table, and we find it a very pleasant task to look over their contents. We welcome the *Western University Current*, the *Georgetown College Journal*, the *Columbia University Quarterly* and the *Vidette* as the latest visitors to our department. They present a very neat appearance and attract no small amount of attention. The *Vidette* contains several very good halftones and a very interesting description of "Crystal Cave" near Virginsville. "Manlo" in the *Georgetown College Journal* gives us a very beautiful description of the rise and fall of that town which the author styles the "Relic of the Ozorks." Nearly all of our exchanges contain very good half tones of their respective foot ball teams, and we think it very appropriate as it gives a College Journal the neat and attractive appearance that is so necessary to its being appreciated.

The *Dickinsonian* and the *Sorosis* come to us in very appropriate garbs. "Because she loved him so" in the *Dickinsonian* is a very pleasing story. The scene is carefully laid and the plot faithfully carried out. "Reflections," an article in the *Sorosis* tends to bring out the soliloquy of an old-fashioned mirror. The author has succeeded admirably well in (her?) undertaking and brings out several well planned reminiscences.

The *College Student* contains an excellent article entitled "A Possible Solution." We agree with the author that the production is not of a pessimistic order, and that a possible solution could perhaps be arrived at, which would advance the moral character, and standing of some students. The writer's idea of obtaining a solution is very commendable and the article is well worth a careful perusal.

In reading the contents of the *Free Lance*, we cannot help but admire "Within the Ellipse," a charming piece of fiction written in true twentieth century style, with all the feeling and sentiment of a modern college student of an exceptional type.

The *Mount Holyoke*, as usual, has several very pretty stories with a college setting with its literary matter. "A Mistake at Central" is a very interesting story, and deserves special mention. The Poetry is excellent, and is interspersed at intervals so as to make it a truly up-to-date journal.

"A Soldier's Christmas" and the "Traveler's Story" are two very well planned stories in the *Thielsenian*. The former has the true style of army life, with all the surroundings to make it realistic, and does not need an introduction to be perfectly understood.

The *College Folio* is always among our first arrivals. The Christmas number contains several good productions of which "Christmas Customs and Legends" and "Her Lost Opportunity" rank among the best. Some clever verses of a humerous vein are found in the "Mistletoe."

We find two productions of note in the *Maniton Messenger*—"Homeward Bound" and "Bringing in the Yule Log." The scene in the former is beautifully laid, and throughout the whole production there is a peculiar strain that seems to beckon on and on, until the conclusion brings the desired effect. A more beautiful subject for the latter could not be chosen.

A very good article in the *Buff and Blue* is "The College Fraternity." The production tends to bring out some of the historical facts and its benefits to the college student. As space does not permit us to publish the whole article, we quote the following:

"Their *secrecy* has frequently been a subject for public criticism, but it is yet to be proven, that a secret society with such high aims, and sincerity of purpose as the College Fraternity is harmful to either the college or outside communities.

Again, the Fraternities are accused of being the center of all the wickedness in the college world and of many times causing the ruin of their members. A student, however, who is ruined by Fraternity life would doubtless fare but little better in any other environments.

In looking over the alumni membership of the various secret societies we find that about fifteen percent are clergymen, while many others prominent in business life and the professions are proud to be numbered in the membership of some Fraternity. James A. Garfield, Benjamen Harrison and many of our Senators and Representatives have responded to the roll-call of some chapter.

Fraternities have doubtless in many cases driven out and superseded literary societies, as they have a literary side this does not appear, after all, to be a dangerous tendency. The knowledge of public speaking and debate gained by many students has proved very useful to them in after life, and these very things are emphasized very strongly by many of the Fraternities. I cannot begin to count the number of men I have seen enter upon Fraternity life, naturally diffident and lacking confidence in themselves, yet when they reached their senior year, they became leaders in the college community.

The social value of the Fraternity cannot be overestimated. A band of men intimately related with each other and meeting together frequently, certainly derive a great amount of pleasure and mutual enjoyment from such association. Fraternity men look back upon their Fraternity life as one of the pleasantest features of their college course, and all seem to agree that a student, who graduates without having had this experience, has sustained a severe loss."

An Idyl.

"She stood one summer evening
A creature wondrous fair,
And his eager eyes grew misty
As he gazed on the picture there.

Her eyes, so soft in the twilight,
Seemed to look unutterable love,
Her form, so nearly angelic,
As fit for realms above.

Her hands she stretched out toward him,
Sweetly she whispered, "come,"
Yet never a word he answered,
But turned on his lone way home.

O why this departure relentless
From one so young and dear,
So seemingly cruel and heartless
To his sweetheart standing near?

'Tis a question easily answered,
For in that twilight dim
He saw the old man's bull dog
Lying in wait for him."

—*Touchstone.*

The Song.

"A song lay silent in my pen
Where yesterday I found it,
Right cozy in its gloomy den,
With a melody wrapped 'round it.
Through all the years 'twas waiting so,
To hear the summons of that minute;
I thought I loved the pen; but no!
It was the song within it!"

"To-day my lady sang to me
My song in sweetest fashion;
Unwrapped it from the melody
In the radiance of its passion.
As one might see a blossom grow,
Yet never see the sun above it,
I thought I loved the song; but no!
It was her singing of it!"

—*The Freehance.*

Literary Notes.

Byron was always a poser, and nowhere more so than at table. A friend of his, Rogers, invited him to meet Moore at dinner, and Campbell "dropped in" for the same meal. When they sat down to the repast the host asked Byron if he would take soup? "No; he never took soup." Would he take some fish? "No; he never ate fish." Would he take some mutton? "No; he never ate mutton." The perplexed host then inquired tentatively if his guest would take a glass of wine?" "No; he never tasted wine." It therefore became necessary to ask the noble poet what he did eat and drink and the answer was "Nothing but hard biscuits and soda water." Unfortunately neither hard biscuits nor soda water could be found in his friend's house, and Byron was compelled to dine on potatoes drenched with vinegar. After leaving the house, however, he went to the club and had a hearty meal.

"Mr. Dooley" happened in on the Donahues on Archey Road and immediately joined the family discussion as to whether Mr. Donahue should buy a piano for his daughter. "H'm," said Mr. Dooley, "I'm no musician, an' th' 'eight iv me enjyment is f'r to hear a German band, consistin' iv a pickle-oo an' a bass drum, playin' 'Listen to th' Mockin'-Bur-rd." But, as Mary here says, whin it comes to decidin' quistions iv etiket, I'm the boy to do it again' the wurruld. F'r forty year I've ladled it out be th' pint an' quart to th' fash'nable society iv this ward, an' Dooley's etiket f'r man an' baist is known fr'm wan end iv th' counthry to th' other. An' I say this to ye, Malachi, that it's not on'y th' proper an' rale thing to have a pianny, but seein' that Tim Clancy, th' assistant foreman on th' North Side, an' Mortimer Casey, the assistant foreman at South Chicago, both has wan, it ain't anny sure thing that whin th' news gits out that ye're scrapin' 'long without wan ye won't lose yer job. Git a pianny, Malachi, an' thank Heaven they didn't ask f'r a steam calliope."—Author of "Mr. Dooley."

A first folio Shakespeare sold in London recently for $8500, the highest price ever paid for an immortal work which many collectors regard as the most important of all English books. A second folio brought $500, and a Romeo and Juliet of 1637, $400. Quaritch, the prince of London booksellers, is offering another first folio for $2500. A great opportunity for future Muhlenberg ministers to start a library.

The professor of English in a western university searches among the dead masters and living novelists for the quality that preserves their works and gives them permanency. He says that good novel making technically viewed, rests four-square upon invention (plot), construction, characterization and description. These may be called the fundamentals of fiction. The quality ministering most to the successful result and reputation in later novels is character creation.

Men's thoughts are undoubtedly influenced by their communion with nature. Certain men of incalculable influence over ideas have been constant lovers of country walks, and it would be difficult to estimate the effect of country rambles on habits of thought. It is thought that Wordsworth in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of a hundred and eighty thousand miles. Dickens was a confirmed tramp and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds he met in country highways. John Stuart Mill, Southey and Lamb believed in "sweeping cobwebs from the brain" by brisk and continuous walking.

Literature cannot be successfully cultivated on a little oatmeal. A poet needs to be nourished in body or else his mind can produce only starveling verse. Many of our great writers experienced stages of extreme poverty, yet never a single great poem was ever produced, by a poet while he was starving in a garret. Some of our poets were epicures, some intemperate in eating and drinking. Coleridge says: "Some men are like the musical glasses—to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet." Pope, physically delicate, was an epicure. He was in the habit of lying in bed for days at a time, but always got up when dinner was announced. Dryden once wrote to a lady, declining an elaborate supper and remarked: "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite better than all the marrow-puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach." Goldsmith has celebrated the haunch of venison in a delightful epistle, which deserves a place beside Lamb's joyous essay on roast pig. Johnson had an inordinate fondness for tea, and had at all times a voracious appetite. Richard Porson, the greatest master of Greek literature in the century was most intemperate. He drank pot after pot of porter for breakfast, and 'twas said of him, that he'd rather drink ink than not drink at all. The feat of Dr. Fordyce, the greatest

authority on anatomy in the eighteenth century, was astounding. He ate usually on one meal, a pound and a half of steak, half a broiled chicken, a plate of fish, a bottle of port, a half pint brandy and a tankard of ale.

Whittier, the Quaker poet, shared in all respects the quiet tastes of the sect into which he was born, and shared them no less by temperament than breeding, being naturally one of the simplest, most retiring and least showy of men.

His friends were, therefore, naturally astonished when he made his appearance one day with his usually sombre garb, enlivened by a flowing necktie of a flaming scarlet hue. They wondered for a time in silence; then a very old friend ventured to inquire: "Thee's never worn a necktie like that before, Greenleaf; does thee think it is becoming?" A little surprised, Whittier appealed to the company for their verdict, when, the color of the offending decoration being mentioned, he expressed both amusement and dismay, and volunteered a promise to discard it at once and forever. He had purchased it under the impression that it was of a dull and decorous green. He was color blind, and as in many cases, his color blindness was only partial, limited to an inability to distinguish green from its complementary color, red.

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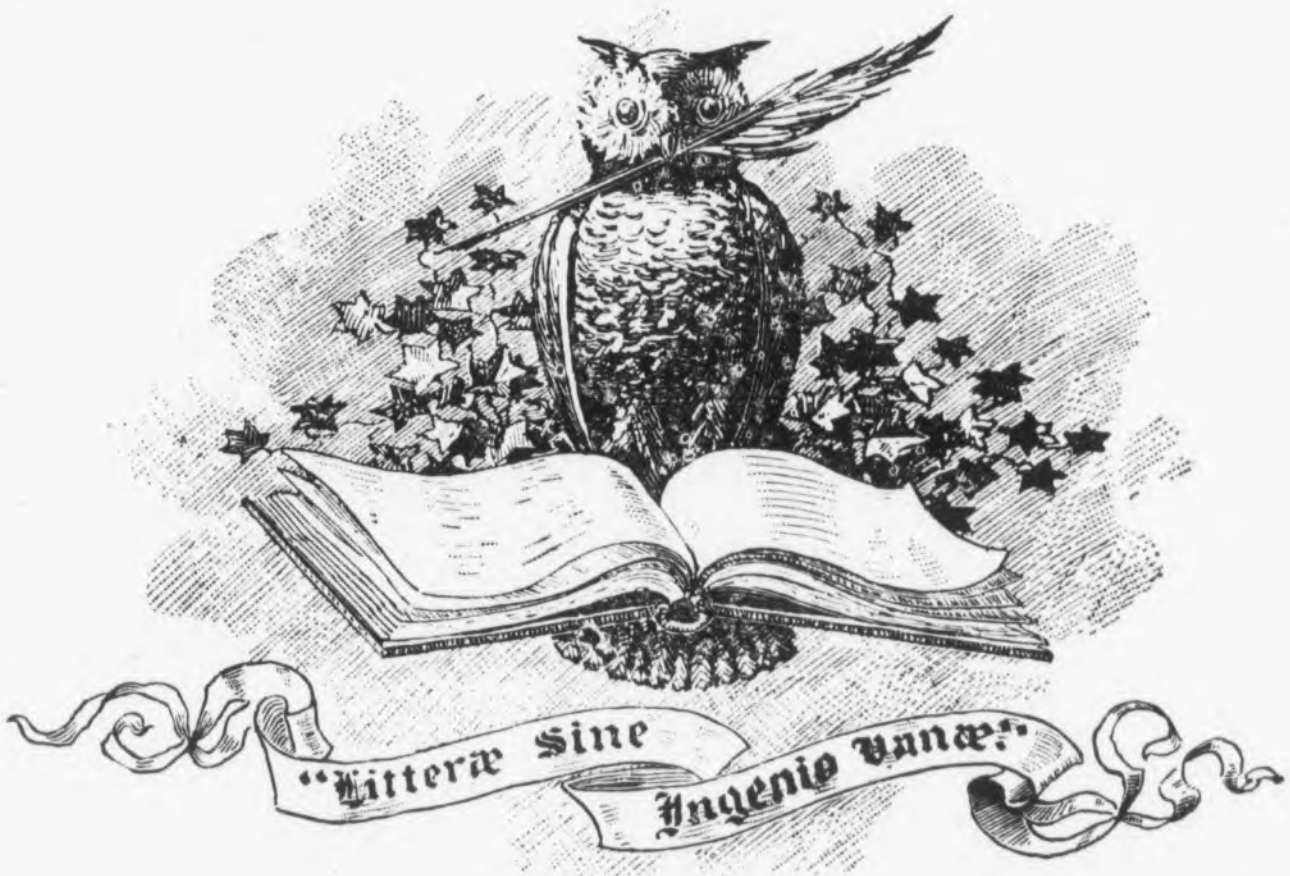

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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ATHLETIC EXERCISES OF THE GREEKS.

We desire in this article to make only a few remarks upon the exercises and sports of the ancient Greeks, together with a few words concerning their public games; by no means do we intend this to be a lengthy or thorough dissertation.

The old Greeks were very fond of athletic exercises; in fact these exercises were often a part of their religious worship. There were five principal kinds, to which the name of Pentathlon was given; these were running, throwing the discus or quoit, leaping, boxing, and wrestling.

Running was held in high esteem; to the victor was given the prize, which usually consisted of a crown or garland of olive. Of these matters we shall have occasion to speak again a little later. The discus was a round and somewhat thick plate of metal, often iron, with a hole in the center; this hole was intended for a leathern strap, by means of which the discus was hurled. This was quite similar to our quoit; but the object was not to hit a given mark, as in our quoit throwing, but to throw as far as possible and especially farther than the opponents. Boxing was done at first with only the fists. Then the cestus came into use. This was originally a thong of leather which was tied upon the arm; later it was loaded with iron and other heavy material. The boxer then carried a veritable battering-ram upon his arm, and woe to the antagonist who received a full and heavy blow! It was not a rare occurrence for boxers to be carried from the field dead or badly wounded. Boxing is not an institution of the present day; the ancients practiced and enjoyed it as a sport. Readers of the Aeneid will remember a famous boxing scene given in that charming epic.

We come now to the Grecian games. There were four of these: the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian; of which the Olympic were the most important. These were celebrated every four years at Olympia, in Elis. Hence arose the method of reckoning time by means of Olympiads, each Olympiad being the four years between two consecutive games, and the first one beginning in 776 B. C. These exercises were "sacred," because they were celebrated in honor of gods and heroes. They were closely connected with the religion of the Greeks; sacrifices opened and closed these games. Upon the day after the sacrifices were offered, the men (for women were not allowed to be present) repaired to the theatre. Those intending to contest for the prizes had to swear that they had trained themselves for a certain number of months for the exercises into which they were about to enter, and that they would not act dishonorably in order to gain the victory. Their characters were inquired into. Before the exercises began, the contestants were led before the spectators (who had come from every part of Greece); if any one of these had any objection against a contestant, he had only to make that known. If it was proved, that man, intending to contest, was debarred.

The foot-race, the chariot-race and the other gymnastic exercises were engaged in. The foot-race was the most honorable; the victor in this gave his name to that Olympiad. These festivals were for intellectual as well as gymnastic exercises. Poets, historians, and orators read their productions to this mass of men assembled from every nook and corner of their native land. Such men as Herodotus, Pindar, and Euripides did this, and received prizes. These were of very little intrinsic value, being only wreaths of olive. Would these men take all this trouble for a paltry wreath of olive leaves? It was not only for this visible reward that these men strove; this brought fame and glory with it. The victors returned to their homes in triumphal chariots, and parts of the walls of their cities were thrown down in order to give them a triumphal entry. Not only to themselves, but also to their families and to their native towns did they bring glory. In those days great historians, poets, and orators received such triumphs as we now accord only to great military men!

Were these games of benefit to the Greeks? As these formed a part of their religious celebrations, the Greeks were by this means brought into closer contact, we might say, with their religion: they

were brought to think of the gods in whose honor these games had been established; they were made to remember the benefits of these gods to themselves, and their providence. To these games men came from every part of the country. These men learned to know one another, and to esteem one another; sectional feeling, which is a great evil, was destroyed to a great extent, and union and harmony tended to prevail. The best thoughts of men from various sections were exchanged; and in days of no newspapers, the benefit of such a mutual exchange of thought cannot be overestimated. In the days when there was no printing, and books could not be spread very widely, since there was so much labor and expense in copying them with ink on parchment, these festivals furnished a splendid opportunity for a vast number of men to hear the reading of great books, and to carry away noble thoughts and lessons from these. In those days men had to depend more upon their memories; and they were attentive to every detail of those works which were read before them. They took home with them in their minds almost the whole book. This is better than our method—of keeping a book upon the shelf and referring to it when necessary. We should try to make our minds capacious storehouses of good things, as the Greeks did. Authors were incited by hopes of fame and glory to produce worthy books and to surpass their rivals. This had a great effect upon the excellence of literature.

These games had an influence also upon the soldiery. The men who trained for the exercises had to forego bodily pleasures, and harden themselves in a rigorous and systematic manner. Such men would think nothing of the hardships of the camp. Such men were also brave, for the dangers of the games were often as great as those of battle. Warriors accustomed to running were very useful; for speed is often a great factor in a fight, either for attack or retreat. In Homer's *Iliad*, we read of the "swift-footed" Achilles. Those who have read Herodotus remember that the Greek foot-soldiers advanced at a run at the battle of Marathon—and this over a long distance.

We must now say a few words with regard to the other games. The Pythian were held at Delphi, in honor of Apollo, who slew the serpent Python. Originally these games were celebrated every nine years, later every five years. At first there were musical contests only, but afterwards the athletic exercises were introduced. The prizes were wreaths of laurel. The Nemean games were held every second year at Nemea, in Argolis; the prize at these games was at

first a wreath of olive, later of parsley. The Isthmian games were celebrated on the Isthmus of Corinth every two years; the prize was a crown of pine. Much of what has been said concerning the Olympic games is true of these also. However, the Olympic were the most famous of all. Such were the athletic pursuits of the Greeks, such their purpose, and such their results.

"STIFF."

THOS. McH. YODER, '01.

It was the last week in September and Dick had just entered the house, having completed his day's work on the farm. After washing off the dirt that had accumulated on his cuticle during the day, he sat down at once, to eat his evening meal. At the table with him, were his parents and sister, these being the only ones that composed the family circle, and very seldom was any one of them absent from the table.

As they were eating, Dick's mother broke the silence by saying, "Well, my dear boy, you have put in your last day's work on the farm, at least for this vacation." "Yes, mother," said Dick, "a week hence I shall begin my studies at the Medical College." In a few days Dick was to leave the homestead and go to one of the large cities te study medicine.

He had just turned twenty, and had been educated at the country school, and had spent two years at an academy in a nearby town, preparatory to beginning his medical studies.

It had always been Dick's ambition to be a professional man, and after thinking carefully over the various professions, and discussing them with his parents, he decided that he was best fitted for the medical profession. Although his parents were delighted with the idea that some day their only boy would be a physician, yet it brought tears to their eyes, when the thought entered their minds, that Dick had spent his last days at the old homestead. They kney that he would be sheltered by their roof only during vacations, and probably when he gave them an occasional visit, after he had hung out his shingle.

Still they did not want Dick to know their thoughts in this matter, so they tried as best they could to conceal their sorrows, and appear as cheerful as they could.

The few days remaining before Dick's departure were spent in gathering his things together, packing his trunk, and fitting him out for his life at college. At last the day came when he was to leave, and his parents and sister accompanied him to the station to see him off. They did not wait long for the train; and, after kissing them good-bye, and a generous shedding of tears, Dick boarded the train. While his loved ones were driving home, Dick was speeding over the beautiful country, as fast as the train could take him. This was a new experience for him, because he never had been away from home over night.

Dick enjoyed the ride immensely, and soon reached his destination. His former preceptor had made all arrangements for him; so he needed only to report to the dean, and then find his previously engaged room. One could easily see that he was not acquainted with the proceedings, because there was such a look of astonishment and uncertainty on his face. It was the first time he had been so far from home, and the first time he had been at so large a college. To be alone in a strange place naturally caused him to look like a lost sheep. What beautiful buildings, and what fine surroundings, he thought, as he wended his way to the dean's office to which he had been directed.

After reporting to the dean, he was assigned his room in the dormitory, to which he was taken by the "squire," as the boys called the janitor. It did not take him long to "size up" the room, so he immediately proceeded to put things in order, as he was taught to do at home. Dick was a neat and tidy fellow, and he could make a bed as nicely as most girls. Things were soon where they belonged, and according to his inner man, he thought it must be time for supper. As Dick had eaten only a few sandwiches on the train, he had an appetite such as all hardy and healthy country boys have. The dean directed him to a private eating-house, where many of the students took meals. When he arrived there, he found only a small number of students, so he concluded that only a few had returned. Dick paid little attention to them, although he noticed that these young men, whom he judged were higher classmen, "took him in" from head to foot.

After eating a hearty meal, he hurried back to his room. Here he sat down to think over the activities of the day. This day had been the most eventful in Dick's life, because he had gone through so many experiences which were entirely new to him, and there was

plenty of food for thought for this rustic lad. As the shades of night gradually came on, his eyes became heavy, and he resolved to go to bed; for the first time he was to jump into a bed whose covers had not been smoothed down by his mother's hands. As he was tired from the day's experiences, it did not take him long to enter that land where sweet repose and dreams predominate.

Dick woke up early, feeling greatly refreshed. He made his toilet and his bed, and then went to breakfast. When he returned, he found that the students were returning in large numbers. There was a constant walking through the halls, a generous shaking of hands, and all the noise that one hears on the opening of college.

During the day, a young man was brought to Dick's room, and introduced as George Randolph. He was to be Dick's chum. Dick was very glad to have a chum, as he was not accustomed to be alone, so he tried to make it as pleasant for Randolph as he could. Randolph returned the pleasantness to Dick. Both were to enter the same class. Dick helped his chum put his things in order, took him to the boarding-house, and after returning, they talked about the first lecture for the morrow.

Dick and George soon became fast friends; and both were put in the same section in the laboratory. Thus the days passed along swiftly, and Dick wrote home how delighted he was with college life, and what fine companions he had. Although one could tell that Dick was not bred in the city, he was a mannerly and well-behaved boy, which showed that his mother had not neglected his training in that direction. But Dick was of a nervous and easily excitable disposition, which shows itself later on. He and his chum made many friends among the students, because they were jolly, good-natured fellows, and George was ever ready to play petty tricks on the boys.

After the boys had their studies prepared for the following day, they would often collect in the boys' rooms, and would have a jolly good time, such as students have when they come together. Often in their conversations, Dick heard the boys use the word "stiff." The manner in which they used this word puzzled him, and he did not have courage to ask them what they meant by the way they used the word, for fear they would taunt him about it. It did not take long till he found out what "stiff" meant, after he had been in the laboratory a few times, and he soon used the word as freely as the others.

Only a few months had passed since he entered college, but he had enjoyed them very much, and especially the work in the dissecting room. These few months told on Dick, as his awkwardness was not so noticeable as when he came, and many of the rough corners in his nature had been worn off. Dick was not the brightest in his class, nor was he by any means the poorest, but was doing very well, considering the meager preparation he had in comparison with most of his classmates.

Dick loved his hours of recreation, but this did not hinder him from giving considerable time to his studies. Dick had learned one evil habit since he became a student, and that was the use of the "filthy weed." He thought he could stand the work in the laboratory better, if he had a little quid concealed in the corner of his mouth.

Dick and his chum continued their friendly relations toward one another, and in this short time had become as brothers, and indeed they treated each other as such. They had human dissection every afternoon, and Dick would work at his "stiff," like an old experienced surgeon, but the first few times it was very different. He abhorred this rough treatment of some poor fellow's anatomy, and very serious thoughts entered his cranium, when he was compelled to examine the viscera of this unfortunate being. These thoughts did not remain with him long, for the boys always joked with each other in their work, and told tales, peculiar to a medical college, of how students had been frightened by artificial "stiffs," when they entered the dissecting room at night. Dick laughed at all this, and declared that no one could scare him, should he ever enter this room at night.

This remark fell on his chum's ears, and he decided to play the joke on Dick, the first opportunity he had. At the usual time the boys left the dissecting room, and went to their boarding houses for supper. Soon after returning from his evening meal, George went to the dissecting room, to finish his work of the afternoon, for this privilege was allowed them. Dick had returned to his room, to ponder over the following day's work, and was ignorant of the whereabouts of his chum.

Dick was soon lost in his studies, and presently wished to refer to his notebook, but it could not be found, so he concluded it must be in his drawer in the dissecting room. Immediately he started after it, whistling as he went. His chum recognized his approaching footsteps in the hall, and quickly turned out the

lights. When Dick entered the room, everything was dark, and a peculiar feeling passed over him, for he had never been in the presence of "stiffs" in the darkness of night. He was hunting the switch to turn on the lights, but some faint noise to his left, caused him to pause and look in that direction. A faint glimmer from the street light entered the window, and reflected to his eyes a ghastly sight. The shivers went over him, and cold perspiration rolled from his forehead. What was it that he saw? Could his eyes have betrayed him? There on the dissecting table, he supposed, was the "stiff" he had been working at in the afternoon, and in a half lying posture; its gaze was centered upon him. He could not understand this, as he remembered that he had been the last one to leave the room in the afternoon, and that he had carefully covered the "stiff" before he left it. Could it be the dead man's spirit, seeking revenge on him for having mutilated his body? Was he in "Faust," or had he been transferred suddenly to the Lower Regions? All sorts of imaginations entered his troubled mind, but he never dreamed that he was the victim of a huge joke.

Nevertheless Dick still gazed at the creature, and was trying to summon enough courage to turn on the lights. He took one step nearer, but the horrible gaze was so repulsive, that he was compelled to remain still. He felt his blood grow colder every instant; indeed he was nearly as stiff as the "stiff" at which he was looking. He stood as if fastened to the floor, his eyes were like saucers, and his mouth was wide open. He could not utter a sound, and he thought he would soon faint. Everything was as quiet as death. He felt the "quid" roll out of his mouth, and heard it thud on the floor. This was followed by his false teeth, and when they reached the floor, every tooth seemed to seek a different corner. The "stiff" winked its eyes at these proceedings, and the old skeleton in the corner rattled its bones. This only added more to Dick's fright. Now he felt that his right arm was about to desert him, and he made one great effort to catch it. While stepping forward to reach it, he stumbled head first into a huge receptacle, in which was an abundance of refuse and gore. Dick gave one loud shriek, when suddenly the lights were turned on. It was too late, as Dick saw nothing, nor did he hear anything. Dick's chum, who had been the supposed "stiff," leaped from the dissecting table, and came to his aid. He wished to be as sober as possible, but he had to smile, when he saw what a beautiful blood red Dick's hair had been dyed. If he had not

known that Dick had fallen into the refuse receptacle, he might have thought he had been seriously wounded. With the help of the other boys who had enjoyed the joke, George removed Dick to his room. They applied stimulants, and washed him as best they could, and waited for Dick to regain his consciousness. This did not take long, but when Dick awoke, he could not imagine why his companions had surrounded him, as if to haze him. Matters were soon explained, and none enjoyed the joke, or laughed more heartily than Dick. He certainly was acquainted with the word "stiff" better than ever before. From now on till the end of his college career, all the boys called him "Stiff;" and after he had become an M. D., he always enjoyed hearing the jokes played on the students, similar to the one which had been played on him.

SELF-HELP.

CLARENCE D. HECKENBERGER, '02.

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law, or in love, it's ever the same:
In the struggle for power, or scramble for pelf,
Let this be your motto: Rely on yourself."—*Saxe.*

Self-Help, in our century, is one of the most important factors. It is one of the most disgusting sights in this world to see a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help. Men who have been helped all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as a capsized turtle, or as unhorsed men in armor. Many a frontier boy has succeeded beyond all expectations simply because all props were knocked out from under him and he was obliged to stand upon his own feet. Some parents think it a kindness to deprive themselves in order that their son or daughter may begin where they leave off. They think it spares them the drudgery, the hardships, the deprivations, the lack of opportunities, and the meagre education they had. But they do not know that they have not given their children the experience in all these things. Therefore, I say, they have put a crutch into their hands instead of a staff

If a man does everything for his son, and fights his battles for him, he will have a weakling at twenty-one.

There is no manhood mill which takes in boys and turns out men. What you call "no chance" may be your "only chance." Don't wait for your place to be made for you; make it yourself. Don't wait for somebody to lift you; lift yourself. Of all the elements of success in life, none is more vital than self-reliance, a determination to be, under God, the maker of your own reputation and advancement. Many a lad has good stuff in him that never comes to anything because he slips too easily into some groove of life; it is commonly those who have a tough battle to begin with that make their mark upon their age.

"Poverty is uncomfortable," but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. "Physiologists tell us that it takes twenty-eight years for the brain to attain its full development." If this is so, why should not one be able, by his own efforts, to give this long-growing organ a particular bent, a peculiar character? Why should the will not be brought to bear upon the formation of the brain as well as of the back-bone? The will is merely the steam power, and we may put it to any work we please. It will do our bidding whether it be building up a character, or tearing it down. It may be applied to building up a habit of truthfulness and honesty, or of falsehood and dishonor. It will brace up resolutions until one may almost perform miracles, or it may be dissipated in irresolution and inaction until life is a wreck.

The grandest fortunes ever accumulated or possessed on earth were and are the fruits of endeavor that had no capital to begin with, save energy, intellect and will. "Man is not merely the architect of his own fortunes, but he must lay the bricks himself." Circumstances have rarely favored great men. They have fought their way to triumph over the road of difficulty and through all sorts of opposition. To-day farmers' boys fill many of the greatest places in syndicates, at the bar, in pulpits, and in Congress. Boys of lowly origin have made many of the greatest discoveries; and many are presidents of our banks, of our colleges, of our universities. Our poor boys and girls have written many of the greatest books. "'Tis better to be lowly born." Self-help has accomplished almost all of the great things of the world.

How many young men falter, faint, and dally with their purpose because they have no capital to start with, and wait and wait

for some good luck to give them a lift. Success may be called the child of drudgery and perseverance. It cannot be coaxed or bribed; pay the price and it is yours. The lazier the man, the more he will have to say about great things done by genius. The greatest works in literature have been elaborated and elaborated, line by line, paragraph by paragraph, and often rewritten a dozen times. The labor which literary men have put upon the productions which have stood the test of the time, is almost incredible. It is said, Bryant rewrote "Phanatopsis" a hundred times, and even then was not satisfied with it.

A liberal education is a true regeneration. When a man is once liberally educated, he will generally remain a man, not shrink to a manikin, not dwindle to a brute. But if he is not properly educated, if he has merely been crammed and stuffed through college, if he has merely a memory broken down from trying to hold crammed facts enough to pass the examination, he will continue to sink and dwindle, often below his original proportions; for he will lose both his confidence and respect, as his crammed facts, which never become a part of himself, evaporate from his distended memory. True teaching will create a thirst for knowledge, and the desire to quench this thirst will lead the eager student to the right place in life. Every bit of education, or culture, is of great advantage in the struggle for existence. Be careful to avoid the over-intellectual culture, which is purchased at the expense of moral vigor. "All learning is self-teaching." It is upon the working of a pupil's own mind that his progress in knowledge depends. The great business of a master is to teach the pupil to teach himself. Accustom yourself to thinking. Understand what you see, and read; and if all these things are done in time, a man can never fail.

DUTY.

W. S. RAUDENBUSH.

February, the shortest of the twelve months, and coming in the middle of winter, is not the least of them, because it is in this month that America's greatest man, George Washington, known as the father of our country, was born, the mention of whose name fills even the little schoolboy with patriotism and pride. Why should I speak of Washington when the subject is duty? Because Washington was an example of duty. This is nicely expressed by M. L. Weems in the following words:

"O Washington! thrice glorious name,
What due rewards can man decree?
Empires are far below thy aim,
And sceptres have no charms for thee;
Duty alone has thy regard,
In her thou seek'st thy great reward."

Duty is that which one individual owes to another. It is the duty of the child to be obedient to its parents, of the servant to perform faithfully the commands of the master, of the husband and father and of the wife and mother to attend to the needs of one another and to those of their children, of the ruler to see to the welfare of his country; and all owe a duty to their Creator.

How pleasant a place this world would be if all would take this word into their hearts and use it! But how often do we see it neglected, and others take its place, such as selfishness, pride and honor. These may flourish for a time but will not give the lasting pleasures which that little word "duty" will give in a slow but steady growth. To prove this, let us take our model, George Washington, and briefly trace his career through life. He was born on Pope's Creek, Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22nd, 1732. He was of English descent, his grandfather having come from England, in 1657. On account of not having the advantages in those days that we have now, he received only a limited education, but was instructed by his fond father to lead a truthful, unselfish and dutiful life.

When George was but six years old, his father presented him with a little hatchet, of which he was very proud, going about cutting whatever he came across; when one day as he passed a beautiful young cherry tree, he cut around its stem, injuring the tree so badly that it died. On being asked by his father what happened to the little tree, he replied: "I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet." This story is often regarded as a fable, it being said that he cut down a cherry tree with his little hatchet; but it is claimed by many writers to be true as first related above, and it brings out the fact that George Washington was a dutiful son, telling the truth as his father wished him to do.

At the youthful age of fourteen, the love for that which afterward became his greatest work in life seemed to seize him, and also the feeling of duty to his mother country. When the French and Spanish were threatening England, he was ready to leave America

His trunk was already on board, but his mother begged of him not to go, and for her sake he gave up his greatest ambition. Another example of obedience. Several years later when Governor Dinwiddie wished to send letters to the French, who were building fortifications on the Ohio, Washington offered his services and in mid-winter started out on his perilous journey, through a wilderness inhabited only by wild beasts and Indians. He returned safely, but not without encountering dangers and enduring hardships. Being faithful to his masters and superiors, he was soon promoted and made colonel, but was often shamefully treated by the haughty English commanders, who looked down on all Americans. But in spite of all this, he performed the duties required by his position.

When the time came for the Americans to shake off the burden which England had placed upon them, Washington was chosen as their leader. In the long and awful struggle which ensued, he met with many disappointments and discouragements; but as he had been in youth, so he was now, when the fate of a nation rested in his hands, devoted to his work, true to his country, performing his duty. He met with many victories, but also with defeats, but never did his soldiers or his countrymen lose faith in their leader, because it was evident that his life was given to his work. This accounts for the success of Washington, and is a fit example for all to follow. No matter what we are engaged in, if we do our duty we shall meet with success.

The fame of Washington had spread over the whole civilized world. It is said that Bonaparte, on asking an American about the condition of Washington, and being told that he was well, replied: "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of his fame is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great Empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions."

On the other hand we have Benedict Arnold, a brave and able commander who might have risen high in station and in the opinion of the people had he but observed this one little word "duty," but on account of not doing this he was forced to flee from his country, forever afterward to be despised by all people and therefore living a miserable life. Compare these two men, who worked together in the beginning of the struggle for America's liberty with probably equal chances of gaining fame, and look at the results, but look also at the motives which prompted them to engage in it. Washington, not seeking glory and honor, but being humble and doing simply

what he thought he owed to his country, was exalted to the presidency of the country for which he had so faithfully and bravely fought; had he desired it, he might even have become king of our country, but he fought for liberty, the war was ended, liberty was theirs, and he wished to retain it. Arnold, who tried to effect the capture of Washington,--but the plot was discovered before it was carried out,—fled to England, by which country he had been employed for the awful deed. Even the English spoke of him as a traitor and did not wish to associate with him. Look at the condition of these two men in the latter half of their lives. Does it not pay to do our duty, even to our fellow-man?

After serving his country eight years as president, Washington retired to his large farm at Mount Vernon, where he, no doubt, would have been long before this time, enjoying its peace and quiet instead of seeing the horrors of war and sharing the cares of an indebted and partly devastated nation, had he been thinking of his person only. The greater part of the time of his remaining life was spent on his plantation, not in idleness; but, being the head of it, he performed the duty of such. He arose early every morning and exercised—a good example to follow—by taking a harseback ride. His work he had all mapped out systematically—another feature worthy of being imitated. His slaves he treated kindly so that they became attached to him. He never despised the poor, but did all in his power for them. Is it a wonder then that the whole nation loved him, that his name is even yet dear to us, and will remain so to future generations? It is all due to the love and sympathy which he bore to all, and because of performing his duty toward God and man. Who is there in this world who is not ambitious? Who does not wish to become successful in life? And yet every day we see and hear of such who are on the downward path. Why? Because generally such have little regard for duty, seeking only self-gratification; instead of helping others, they take from them, making themselves hateful to all honest men and causing their own downfall.

Duty then is something worthy of being considered, and which should be applied at all times.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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FOUNDED BY CLASS OF '83.

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Editorials.

New Buildings.

The Board of Trustees of the College met on Tuesday afternoon, January 23d, at one-thirty o'clock. The most important action was that with regard to new buildings. The Board decided that the time had come for obtaining modern buildings, with the latest appliances and improvements, in the place of our present accommodations. All those who have any interest in the College, we have no doubt, will be glad to do their part in this work. The executive committee is to draw up plans for these new buildings and submit the same to the Board, at its next meeting, in June.

Such news as this is of great interest to faculty, alumni, students, and friends of the institution. Long have we needed and desired improvements, such as are necessary and such as are provided at other institutions of the size and importance of our own. The news is joyfully received by all; and we hope and believe that this action marks the beginning of a new era of prosperity for Muhlenberg College.

Books and Reading.

We are glad to say that many new books have been added to our College Library. A few of these are Scientific works; among them are several works on Pedagogy and Literature; but the greater part are of a Classical nature. These latter we are particularly glad to see added to the Library; for there is a need of such books. While the two society libraries are fairly well supplied with scientific, and even with pedagogical works, yet one of their great deficiencies is a lack of classical works. Therefore such are all the more necessary for the College Library; and these additions are gladly welcomed. It gives us great pleasure to name a few of these. One of the foremost is August Mau's "Pompeii,' translated by Kelsey, Fowler's "Roman Festivals of the Republic,' Hill's "Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins," Crutwell's "History of Roman Literature," Inge's "Society in Rome under the Cæsars," Hatch's "Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Christian Church," and many others, varying in importance and interest.

It may be well at this point to say a word concerning reading to our young men. Every one here should read several, if not all, of these books. Of course every man has his own taste with regard to books as well as with regard to any other thing. No man's taste for books should be such that he cares only for novels and books of a light character. He should read, and enjoy, such books as will instruct and benefit him, such books as will fit in with and amplify his course in Classics or Science. These new books, and indeed many of the old ones too, are interesting and profitable, and worthy of the attention of every one. By "read," we do not mean to "skim over" a book, but to read thoroughly, almost study, one might say. The following way is excellent: "If I read at all, I make it a duty to read truly and faithfully. I profess allegiance for the time to the man whom I undertake to study; and I am as loyal to all the engagements involved in such a contract, as if I had come under a "sacramentum militare.'"

Another matter, of which we wish to say a few words, is that our College Library is not as well patronized as it might be. The objection is raised that the contents of the books are "dry" or "solid," and that there are no novels, and the like. But these "dry" and "solid" books are those which we should read for our perfection. The students are urged to make use of the Library, which is here for their benefit. This is an opportunity which some of the students will not have after their college course. Will you take advantage of your opportunity, or will you neglect it?

Our Sick Men.

It gives us great pleasure to report that Mr. Wm. Miller is once more at college, engaged in his regular work. He had been at the City Hospital for several weeks, troubled with tonsilitis. We have missed him, and are glad to welcome him back again.

Another of our students is still at the Hospital, where he has been for some time and promises to remain for several weeks longer. Mr. Barndt, of the Freshman Class, as will be remembered, broke his ankle, and was in consequence incapacitated. We hope that we may soon see him among us once again.

* * * * * *

The Birds.

'Tis sad, but nevertheless only too true, that our most beautiful birds are being gradually exterminated. Yes, our beautiful songsters about whom the poets have so often sung, and whom the naturalist loves, are going, slowly but surely, to sing for us no more. Some species are already exterminated. The reason is very apparent, if while walking our streets on a beautiful afternoon, or in going to Church on a bright Sunday morning, you open your eyes to the conditions around you. They appear in quarters, halves and wholes; and are of all species and colors. You are at once convinced that the savage instinct has not as yet all gone, and you are forced to mutter, "How like the Indian!"

Much has been written and said about this evil, but the fever seems not to be abating. The laws of the land do not prohibit it; therefore we as students should take the initiative. Is it not natural that we should do so, being searchers in science and learning of all kinds, and wielding as a whole a great influence? Experienced searchers tell us what the end will be, if this war is kept up. We should then, as followers of them, support them. Each one of us can wield some influence. Some may say, "Oh, my little won't help," but that one should be reminded of the old saying, "The drops make the bucketful."

Personals and Locals.

The Seniors, under the guidance of Prof. Dowell, made a geological trip to Helfrich's Springs on Monday, January 22nd.

The Euterpean Literary Society lately elected the following officers: President, Flexer, '00; Vice President, Fetherolf, W. P., '01; Recording Secretary, Heilig, '02; Corresponding Secretary, Miller, '03; Chaplain, Croman, '03; Pianist, Walborn, '03; Critics, Yerger, '00 and Koch, '00.

Neff, '03, and Heckenberger, '02, attended a reception at Catasauqua, on January 31st, given by Rev. James Lambert to his catechetical class.

Shimer, '01, visited his parents on Sunday, January 14th, and delivered a speech at the Missionary Society connected with Zion's Lutheran Church.

Applegate, ex-'02, left February 1st, to enter a dramatic school at New York preparatory to going on the stage.

The Board of Trustees held its meeting on January 23rd, and in consequence silence reigned supreme about the College.

The Junior Class elected the following officers for the ensuing term; President, Schell; Vice President, Serfass; Secretary, Fetherolf, J. M.; Treasurer, Nagle; Monitor, Kline.

Dr. W.: "How did Solomon die?"
Serfass: "By request."

Paul Neff, '03, of Spring City, was initiated into Sophronia Literary Society, on Wednesday, January 31st.

Dr. W.: "When did Louis XVI. become king of France?"
Bickel: "When he was crowned."

At the regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society, Wenrich, '01, read an essay on "Power of Missions in India." A. Smith read an essay on "Our Porto Rico Correspondents." Dr. Wackernagel gave an interesting talk on "News from the Field."

Slinger, Serfass, '01.

New Scrapper, Wenrich, '01.

Miller, '02, who was laid up with tonsilitis at the Hospital, has sufficiently recovered to resume his studies.

Heckenberger, '02, was elected president of the Young People's Association connected with St. Paul's Lutheran Church, at Catasauqua.

Barndt, '03, who broke his ankle in a wrestling match sevcral weeks ago, is reported better.

Heilig, '02, spent Sunday, January 28th, at New Tripoli.

On the evening of Thursday, February 1st, "The Little Minister" was played in the Lyric Theatre. Very many of the students spent a most profitable evening in enjoying this delightful play. There were many representatives of every class present. When a really good play is produced, an evening spent thus may be very beneficial, and certainly is enjoyed.

Prof. Dowell was unable to meet his classes from Thursday, February 1st, to Monday, February 12th, on account of sickness.

THE SOPHOMORE BANQUET.

After several weeks of expectation, the Sophomores finally, on February 2nd, went to banquet at Harrisburg. The class left Allentown at 5.35 on a special car. At nine o'clock the party arrived at Harrisburg, proceeded to the Bolton House, and after registering, went out to see the town. The firt place visited was the State Capitol. A very jolly time was spent in having photographs of the class taken on the Capitol steps, in the Senate Chamber, and in the House of Representatives. After wandering about from one building to the other and seeing all that was to be seen the party entered the reception room of Governor Stone. An interview with the Governor was granted them and each man was officially introduced by the Vice-President of the class, Walter Beck, After all were introduced and had shaken hands with the Governor, we were invited to take seats. A half hour was spent in chatting with Mr. Stone, and after he had entertained us with some funny stories, he again shook hands with us and we went away carrying with us a pleasing recollection of the Governor's hearty laugh and kindly personality. Some of the party then went back to the hotel, while others went to take a glimpse of the Susquehanna River. Finally all returned to the hotel for dinner.

The committee which had made the arrangements for the banquet was congratulated for their success in securing the finest and

best hotel in Harrisburg. The class will always remember the kindly treatment which they met with everywhere.

After dinner, the afternoon was again spent in seeing the sights of the city ; and in the evening when the students had returned to the hotel, they all had some amusing incident to relate as to how the afternoon had been spent.

At exactly nine o'clock, to the strains of the hotel string band, the class sat down to their banquet. President Wm. M. D. Miller acted as toast master, and after the members of the class had presented their interesting and sometimes amusing toasts, the guests of the class, who were Wm. F. Goersch, W. G. Sykes, W. F. Pascoe, of F. and M., Fred. Steward and Frank Singiser, of B. U., were invited to speak to their former class-mates. After further jollification and after listening to the songs of a negro quartette, the party retired.

The next day was spent in visiting the many historical places for which Harrisburg is noted, and after dinner the class proceeded to the railroad station and shortly after one o'clock started for Allentown. At Reading a number of the class stopped off to take in as many of the sights there as was possible in the short time between trains. Finally all returned home feeling very tired, but all were satisfied that they had spent two days of their lives in such a manner that they shall always think of them with the fond hope that this may not be the last banquet for the class of "1902." When we entered the halls of old Muhlenberg, with all the energy left, we gave our class yells, and separated, feeling that the prosperity of our class was the dearest wish in our hearts.

MENU.

Blue Points.

Celery. Pickles. Olives.

St. Julian.

Bouillon in Cups.

Oyster Patties. Stewed Terrapin in Cases.

Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.

Mashed Potatoes. Asparagus. "1902" Punch.

Broiled Quail. French Peas.

Lobster Salad. Mum's Extra Dry.

Bisque Ice Cream.

Cakes. Nuts. Raisins. Fruit.

Roquefort Cheese. Crackers.

Coffee.

Cigars. Cigarettes. Pale Dry Sherry.

TOASTS.

Toastmaster,..... .....Wm. M. D. Miller.

President of Class.

"Our Class," .....Samuel E. Moyer.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity!"—*Psalms.*

"The Faculty,"..... .....Wm. H. Gable.

"Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please."—*Pope.*

"The Freshmen," .....Walter C. Beck.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.—*Pope.*

"Our Doctors,".....Russell B. Lynn.

"A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal."—*Homer.*

"Demon of the Desert,".....Lawrence H. Rupp.

"All the world is a stage."—*Shakespeare.*

"Our Ministers,".....George S. Fegely.

"A man he was to all the country dear.
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."—*Goldsmith.*

"Class Athletics,".....Warren Geiger.

"Ye who by skill or manly force may claim,
Your rivals to surpass and merit fame."—*Iliad.*

"Our Alma Mater,"..... .....J. Ralphus Freed.

"To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes."—*Gray.*

"Fond Recollections,"..... .....Lewis A. Ink·

"When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone."—*Scott.*

"Our Future,"..... .....Matthias R. Heilig.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

"The Ladies," ....Efenger A. Bartholomew.

"All spread their charms, but charm not all alike."—*Pope.*

"Our Banquet,"..... .....Frank M. Uhrich.

"Give us wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda water—the day after."—*Byron.*

Our Alumni.

'71. *The Lutheran* of January 18th, contains a very interesting biographical sketch of Theodore Fliedner, the famous German philanthropist and founder of the first Deaconess Motherhouse in Germany, from the pen of Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. D.

'71. Rev. Henry Strodach, a well known Lutheran clergyman, was found in a dying condition in City Park, Reading, about four o'clock on Saturday morning, February 3rd, and died a short time later in the City Hall. He was sitting on a bench, his arms were outstreched and he appeared to be at ease. He was unconscious.

He was attired in a light overcoat and sat with his head thrown back. At first it was supposed that he was dead, and when life was found to exist the station house was communicated with. He was still in a comatose condition when brought to City Hall.

It was seen that he was suffering from the effects of the extreme cold, and Dr. Howard S. Reeser was summoned. He did all in his power to restore respiration, but to no avail, and Rev. Strodach remained unconscious until he died.

Dr. Reeser found a confused wound on the right side of the head, above the eye and there were abrasions on the right arm and knee. These injuries have evidently been sustained in a fall, due, some suppose, to a slight stroke of apoplexy. His gold watch was in his pocket and also a memorandum book containing a picture of his son, Paul.

Dr. Reeser gave it as his opinion that the bruise on the head caused concussion of the brain, which was the direct cause of death. The exposure to the extreme cold no doubt hastened the end. Dr. Reeser said that from his appearance Rev. Strodach might have been in the park three or four hours.

It was learned that he had been ill recently, and he was at St. Joseph's Hospital twice within a short time for treatment. He left the hospital late Friday afternoon, and it is supposed that he was on his way back to the institution when he was overcome by the cold in the park and sitting down, fell asleep.

Dr. E. C. Kiefer, resident physician at the hospital, stated that Rev. Strodach came there the first time on Saturday, January 13th. He was delirious and remained until Saturday,

January 20th, when he was much improved. On Thursday last he came there for the second time. He was very ill and was placed in a private room, where he was told to remain four days. Late Friday afternoon, when the doctor made the rounds, he found that Rev. Strodach had left on his own responsibility. He had not been discharged.

Sketch of his career: Deceased was 53 years of age and was born in Germany. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Strodach, of Reading. His parents are far advanced in years, his father being 85 and his mother 76 years of age.

Rev. Strodach came to this country with them when he was six years of age and all his early life was spent in Reading. He grew up in St. John's German Lutheran Church and the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. J. Kuendig, always took a great interest in him. As a result he was sent to Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, after he had been confirmed by Rev. Dr. Kuendig. He remained at the institution for almost two years, when he entered Muhlenberg College, which had just been founded in Allentown.

Rev. Strodach graduated from the college in 1871, with high honors after taking a four year's course. He afterwards became a student at Mt. Airy Lutheran Seminary. He took a full course at the institution and after graduating was ordained to the ministry by the Pennsylvania Lutherrn Ministerium.

He spoke both English and German fluently and so highly was he regarded that he was made a member of many important committees appointed at Synod meetings. Once he was elected superintendent of Home Mission work, but he declined to accept the office.

He had charge of many important churches. Later he went to Reading and supplied several pulpits thereabouts, and during the past year he had charge of congregations at Pinegrove and vicinity. Owing to illness be became a patient at St. Joseph's Hospital, Reading.

As an orator in either English or German he had no difficulty to hold the attention and interest of his listeners. His sermons were said to possess just enough emotion to make them soul-inspiring and powerful. He was admired by many for his intellectual qualities and natural abilities.

Rev. Strodach was married to Mary Zeller, a former teacher in the parochial school attached to St. John's German Luther-

an Church, Reading. Mrs. Strodach survives, together with a son, Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, who has charge of a Lutheran mission in Trenton, N. J.

An inquest into the cause of Rev. Strodach's demise by Coroner Rothermel and a jury brought out that death was caused by paralysis of the heart, superinduced by exposure to the cold.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'72. Rev. J. A. Scheffer, of Allentown, is acting as a supply for St. Stephen's Church, North Bethlehem, Pa.

'75. Rev. Charles H. Hemsath has resigned the Conyngham charge, in Luzerne County, Pa.

'78. Rev. C. L. Fry, Lancaster, Pa., has been elected one of the officers of the Lancaster County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At a recent meeting of the Cliosophic Society of Lancaster he also read a paper on "A Century's Change in the Municipal Problem."

'80. Rev. S. B. Stupp, Greenville, Pa., has been elected Treasurer of the Sunday School Convention, of the Northern Conference of the Pittsburg Synod, and Rev. Frank C. Oberly, '89, Greenville, Pa., has been chosen Secretary of the same organization.

'83. Rev. Wm. F. Schoener, pastor of St. Peter's Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., made 2126 visits to his people in the year 1899.

'83. We have received a twenty-eight page pamphlet containing the thesis on "Palpable Discrepancies in the Ethics of the Stoics," presented to the University of Wooster for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, by Rev. John J. Kline, Ph. D., of New Hanover, Pa. It is a clear and comprehensive discussion of the subject and is well worth reading.

'83. At the thirteenth annual meeting of the Theological Faculties of Chicago, recently held at the Chicago Club, it fell to the lot of Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., of the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Chicago to bear witness to the conservative attitude of the Lutheran Church towards the Higher Criticism.

'85. Salem's Alliance, an organization of the various societies of Salem's Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. W. Hoppe, pastor, is conducting a course of lectures and concerts.

'85. The annual report of Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. Frank F. Fry, pastor, shows a membership of 627, 1912 pastoral calls and visits made during the year, and the handsome sum of $6,898.22 expended, with a balance of $239.61.

'89. Rev. Ernest M. Grahn, of Easton, Pa., contributes a very timely and sensible article on "Filling a Pastoral Vacancy," to *The Lutheran* of February 1st.

'89. Those Christians (?) that are weak in their faith in the cause of missions should read the very interesting anecdotal articles contributed from time to time to *The Lutheran*, by Rev. Preston A. Laury, who is making a specialty of this particular phase of Church work.

'91. The eighty-third annual meeting of the Broome County Bible Society was held February , at the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer. The annual reports of the depositary and of the treasurer were presented. An address of welcome was delivered by the Rev. M. J. Bieber, who said among other things:

"The American Bible society was organized in 1816 in New York city. The first society of its kind, however, began in 1804, when a few Baptists in New York city organized to purchase and lend Bibles to others for a month at a time. Four years afterwards was organized the Philadelphia Bible Society, which for some years was the only organization that distributed the sacred Scriptures gratuitously.

The receipts of the American Bible society the first year were $37,779.35 and 6,410 Bibles and Testaments were circulated. The receipts of monies from all sources during the past year were $370,064.33.

There are twelve foreign agents in as many different countries, who devote their whole time to the society's intetest, and besides 243 persons have been employed for a longer or shorter time to make distribution of Bibles in foreign lands. The work of the American Bible society is purely benevolent in its character, selling its books not for profit, but at mere cost and in many cases at a lower rate still, and giving thousands gratuitously. Its Bibles contain no notes or comments. The strength and safety of the society no doubt lies in a riged adherence to this principle. The simple word of God is printed and circulated and allowed to do its own leavening. The Bible society

furnished to the poor man his Bible. There is no other organization in this country stretching out through its system of affiliated societies, which not only heeps the Bible ready for call at some convenient place of deposit, but through its local auxiliaries seeks men out in their humble homes and persuades them to accept it without money and without price, if they are too poor to pay for it."

The Rev. Dr. Edward Taylor and the Rev. Dr. John McVey spoke interestingly. All the addresses were of much interest and received a vote of thanks from the appreciative audience.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, the Rev. A. D. Stowell; Secretary, Dr. J. M. Farrington; Treasurer, William M. McLean; Corresponding Secretary, Frederick A. Garrett; Depositary, F. H. Perkins.—*Binghampton N. Y. Republican.*

'91. Rev. H. F. Seneker, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., has declined a call to Butler, Pa.

'92. Rev. E H. Trafford, pastor of St. Peter's Church, West Pikeland, Pa., has received a call to the Lutheran Church at Freemansburg, Pa., formerly served by Rev. C. E. Sandt, '81.

'93. At the Monroe County Farmers' Institute, held in Kresgeville, Pa., January 3rd and 4th, 1900, Prof. E. T. Kunkle delivered an address on "The Country Home a Generation Ago and To-day."

'95. We are glad to learn that Rev. Victor J. Bauer pastor of St. Paul's Church, Summit Hill, Pa., is recovering from a serious illness that prevented him from attending to his pastoral duties during the Christmas season.

'96. Grace Lutheran Church, of East Bangor, Pa., Rev. John F. Snyder, pastor, is growing rapidly. At the last Communion fourteen new members were received.

'96. Since June Rev. Wm. A. Steinbicker, of Rockville Centre, N. Y., has added fourteen members to his congregation.

Among Our Exchanges.

The articles "Bradley" and "Over Painted Hills and Plains," in the *Georgetown College Journal*, are very creditable. Both show originality of production, which is very essential to make a story interesting. The story "Bob Wehrle's Wireless Telegraphy" does not show as much talent, and we criticise it in a friendly manner, hoping that where no offense is meant none will be taken. It fails to convey to the mind of the reader the vividness of description and action, which are necessary to a good story. It may be ideal to have circumstances fit into one's life, but it is not true to fact. Then, too, it is best not to tell everything, but to leave some things for the reader to think out for himself. We hope this criticism will be taken as it is meant: in a kindly manner.

The story, "The Experiment of Helen Craig," in the *Minnesota Magazine*, appeals to us strongly for recognition, an appeal which we shall not resist. We shall say for the author that the characters are real and true, and that the story is one that *makes itself readable*, and which holds the reader's attention throughout. *If only those who call themselves our friends would show each other his faults in a kindly spirit, then would they be our friends indeed. But, alas, too often our friends are virtually our enemies, and our enemies our best friends.*

In the *Roanoke Collegian* we read with pleasure the article "Cruelty to Adjectives," a timely and well-worded one. The article is indeed too true, for we hear adjectives of the kind he describes every day, and it would be beneficial to us in this matter, as in all others, to learn from others' mistakes. To use superfluous and hyperbolic adjectives shows a lack of vocabulary and ignorance. Use your adjectives at the right time, in the right place, and sparingly.

"Did you hear about Dr——'s hens?"
"No."
"He's afraid of them."
"Why?"
"They're laying for him."—*Midland.*

The *Mount Holyoke* is always welcome. In the last number appeared a splendid story, by E. T. O., 1901, entitled "Sea Gulls." The story is in a light vein, and is very interesting. The characters are excellent, and true.

"When Sally's arms her dog imprison,
I always wish my neck was his'n;
How often would I stop and turn
To get a pat from a hand like her'n;
And when she kisses Towser's nose;
Oh, don't I wish that I were those!"

—*Roanoke Collegian.*

"Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was silent, he would not be ignorant."—*The Susquehanna.*

An old farmer was in a store, and some one asked him to listen to a phonograph that was on exhibition there. The operator handed him the ear tubes, placed them in proper position, and immediately started the machine. The farmer dropped the tube, saying: "Gosh! there comes a brass band, and I left them mules untied."—*F. and M. College Student.*

Sometimes an excitable young lady forgets, and gathers up her rainy day skirts at a crossing.—*Ex.*

"He held her hand in his,
And she was passing fair;
She did not say him nay,
And no one else was there.

He said some words to her
That made her sigh, and they
Had never met before—
She did not draw away!

He looked into her eyes,
Her blushes went and came;
He talked to her of love,
Yet did not know her name.

He told her she was born
To shatter hearts, to rule;
He was a palmist, she
Was just a little fool."—*Ex.*

When a man asks a woman for a kiss, and she refuses it is generally because he has asked her.—*Ex.*

We welcome a new Exchange, the *College of Charleston Magazine*, and from it quote the following:

TO A STRAY CAT.

" Thou little wanderer on a homeless earth
That, from thy very birth,
Hast known all want on this inhuman shore,
Who the dark alleys o'er,
Dost seek for the small mercy of a bite
To give some small respite
From all the cruelties of hunger's gnaw,
To shield thy little maw!
Is there then none compassionate to thee
In thy great misery?

Where is the soft-furred mother, once so bent
To toil for thy content?
Alas, some cruel man has slaughtered her,
And thy once shiny fur,
Smoothed by her rosy tongue, is dark and dull.
Seldom soft sleep can lull,
Thee tired, for the world is full of fear
And enemies are near.

Thou gazest at me with beseeching eyes,
And in them lies
Such prayer as never human words express.
From the cold wilderness
Of dangerous city streets thou askest rest,
And at thy soft behest
I put the little milk pail at my door:
Thou shalt not hunger more.
And when the winter nights are cold and drear,
Come to the blazing cheer
Of my warm fire, and softly purr to me
Gently, contentedly."

Literary Notes.

It is reported that Hall Caine has made enough money in writing to keep him in luxury all his life without writing another word. He was rich before the dramatized version of "The Christian" brought him in so many American dollars; but he is still working away as hard as ever, and investing his money in property. He has lately added another estate to his already large one on the Isle of Man, and has offered $20,000 for another close by.

John Ruskin, the famous author and critic, died at London, January 20th. He graduated from Christ College, Oxford, in 1837, and almost immediately became noted as a critic. While yet at college he showed his literary ability in a poem entitled "Salsette and Elephanta," which won him the prize offered for the best poem. His first book was "Modern Painters." In this he passionately claimed the superiority of the new masters of painting over the old, and set forth Turner as his example. Believing that the industrial basis of modern society is vicious and un-christian in its make-up, he founded a semi-socialistic society called "The Guild of St. George," and afterward distributed $85,000 among his poorer relatives. He was married to Miss Euphemia Gray, but was afterward separated from her. The latter years of his life were spent in sadness and seclusion, and he was subject to fits of melancholia. He was a very prolific writer. Some of his best works are, "Sesame and the Lilies," "The Queen of the Air," "The Lord's Prayer and the Church," "Political Economy of Art," "The Crown of Wild Olive," "Mornings in Florence," and "St. Mark's Rest."

Several books relating to the Scriptures and textual criticism have recently appeared, and require some notice. One is Prof. Richard G. Moulton's "Literary History of the Bible," revised and partly rewritten. Another is "History of the Textual Criticisms of the New Testament," by Professor Matthews of the Chicago University. This is an excellent discussion of the subject and is prepared in a scholarly manner, but yet simple enough for every one to understand it.

Many good stories are told of how prominent articles have been written under peculiar circumstances. A certain leading

writer on the staff of a prominent daily newspaper, in one of the provinces of England, was directed by the editor to write an article on a certain subject. This article was to be finished before midnight of the same day. Before beginning the article he met some of his intimate acquaintances, and fun and frolic followed. The following morning he arose with all the feelings of one who had been carousing the night before. On glancing over the paper, he saw the subject assigned to him ably discussed. When he apologized for his neglect in not having written the article, and asked the author's name, the editor said: "Why, you wrote it yourself." "Did I? Why yes, to be sure I did," he rejoined in a dazed way. He afterward learned that after leaving his companions he sat down at his desk and wrote the article in his usual style.

The man most talked about in literary circles today, Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright, and poet of the Jews, was once in extreme poverty and has won his present high position in English letters by a fierce fight with opposing circumstances. He was born in London and received his early schooling at the free parish school in the Ghetto, which he has since made famous with his "Children of the Ghetto." At the age of sixteen he became author and publisher, going into partnership with another youth to publish a story written by him. At seventeen he became a parish school teacher, and at the same time continued his studies. His first notable success was "The Bachelor's Club," and later "The Children of the Ghetto." This work is severely criticized by some English as well as American publications. The play is especially severely criticised and declared to be a failure. On the other hand it is warmly praised by some.

Zangwill is not favorably received by all the Jews. Secretive, intensely and deeply reverent, they regard with amazement the writings which reveal their inmost dreams and sacred ceremonials. The more progressive understand him better and regard him in the light of one who would do his people good rather than harm, who describes their virtues as well as their follies. He lives modestly in one of the suburbs of London with his family, and is a singular personage in every way.

As he is only thirty-five years of age, his best work is yet before him. It is safe to predict for him a bright future, and that he will be the intellectual leader of his people.

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Vol. XVII

No. 7

THE MUHLENBERG

March, 1900.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., MARCH, 1900. No. 7.

A MINISTER INDEED!

F. M. UHRICH, '02.

PART I.

Gerald Newton sat alone in his study, deep in thought. At times his brow clouded, as with an impatient toss of his well-shaped head he gave vent to the thoughts that occasioned his deep abstraction.

The interior of the room showed every sign of wealth and luxury; for no pains had been spared to make Maeraten, the summer residence of the Newtons, an enviable home.

Outside everything was quiet. The soft perfume of flowers stole through the open windows of the room in showers of fragrance. The cool evening air, following one of the warmest of August days, imparted a delightful freshness that would have been irresistible save to one so absorbed as Gerald.

As he sat thus oblivious to his surroundings, a summons at the bell suddenly startled him, and with an effort he shook off the signs of gathering gloom. The door of the room opened and the servant announced: "Mr. Arthur Amesworth!" A moment afterward Gerald and Arthur, after hearty salutations, were engaged in animated conversation. They had not seen each other since parting the day after graduation, and in consequence each had much to ask and answer to satisfy the other's curiosity.

At a slight break in the conversation Arthur asked what after all he was most anxious to hear from the lips of his former chum and classmate. Both had graduated in June, and the opening of the Seminary was fast approaching; so Arthur, who lived in New York curtailed his vacation at home in order to ascertain whether Gerald had at last made up his mind to enter the Seminary with him. "I wish I could decide finally, my dear fellow, but I rather think you'll have to count me out," said Gerald.

"Why so?" replied Arthur, in tones that plainly betrayed his disappointment. "Your father still insists on your going and I know that it has been the dream of your mother for a long time. Come now, give your reasons."

"Sorry to disappoint you and my parents too for that matter," said Gerald, "but how can I take so important a step if I cannot do it conscientiously. My present convictions do not impel me to do it, and though it is much against the will of my parents and some of my friends, I cannot persuade myself that I am doing wrong, even though you claim I would be eminently qualified as a student and orator. You will agree that there are other qualifications essential to the successful minister" "But," continued Gerald, "there are two reasons, primarily, which make me so undecided. The first is, that I am in love, with as beautiful and charming a woman as ever touched a man's heart. I adore her. To be in her presence is very joy itself, but alas,"—and with a sigh he swept his hand over his forehead as if to erase a disagreeable memory from his mind,—"I have discovered that she does not sympathize with me in the work in which you would have me engage. When I told her that I contemplated entering the ministry she seemed greatly surprised and not at all pleased. 'What induces you to enter the ministry?' she asked piquantly. 'A young man of your talents, wealth, and social position will only be cramped and narrowed by such a life; and besides did you not say that were it not for your father's importunity in the matter you would not seriously think of entering the ministry?'

"The last words were spoken in a manner almost indicative of disdain. Seeing that what she said was only too true, and being much disconcerted by her words, I attempted no reply. As I wended my way slowly homeward after this unhappy meeting I resolved that despite what she said, I would decide for myself what seemed to me best to do." As Gerald spoke the last words he arose involuntarily and with an emphatic gesture he exclaimed; "And, furthermore, I have come to this conclusion in the matter: that I am being led by others to take a step in life which is far too momentous to be taken inconsiderately." The second reason which Gerald gave was his unfitness for the work, made still more prominent in his mind by the continued and persistent efforts of his father to induce him to choose the profession.

It was now getting late; so the two friends agreed to discuss matters in the morning.

Why J. F. Newton, the wealthiest and most influential citizen in Newville, endeavored to have his son become a minister was very enigmatical to his friends and associates. Some concluded that such a profession would not give the young man an opportunity to display his wealth and to use his social prestige to any great extent. Others conjectured that it was perhaps one of those whims or fancies which were characteristic of the elder Newton. Suffice it to say that nobody guessed the reason. No one knew save the wealthy banker himself.

* * * * * *

Adelaide Murren, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Newville's leading attorney, loved Gerald Newton exceedingly. Hardly had he left her on the evening referred to by Gerald in his talk with Arthur, before she felt some misgivings about her treatment of him. She chided herself severely for having spoken disparagingly of his intentions. As she recalled to mind how earnestly he spoke, she began to realize how deeply she had wounded his feelings.

"How could I speak so unfeelingly," she cried, burying her beautiful face in the soft cushions of the sofa on which she had flung herself. After remaining in this position for some time she arose, thinking to divert her mind with music. She began with a few soft, sweet strains, which changed presently to a more subdued and almost plaintive melody, full of tenderness and pathos. To her the piano never seemed so soulful before, and she played longer than she knew. Nor was she aware that she was having an audi or in the person of her cousin Beatrice, who, unperceived by Adelaide, had glided into the room, and had betrayed her presence by a slight cough.

"Why so sad, dear? I have never heard you play in that strain before," said Beatrice gayly, as Adelaide rose to greet her.

Adelaide did not try to conceal from Beatrice what was disturbing her peace of mind, but frankly told her cousin everything. The two were confidantes and each had learned how best to humor the other whenever occasion presented itself.

Beatrice Rinley was a graduate of Danton College, where, in addition to her regular college course, she had taken an extended course in painting. She had inherited much of her father's talent in the art, and took delight in it for its own sake.

* * * * * *

A week had passed since the conversation narrated above, between the two ladies, took place. Arthur Amesworth was still in Newville. Gerald did his best to make his friend's visit an enjoyable one Hardly a day passed by without having brought with it something to interest and entertain Arthur. Boating, fishing, carriage-riding and other amusements made the time pass rapidly. Gerald and Arthur called frequently at the Murren residence. Arthur was at once attracted by the winning grace and beauty of Beatrice. Her sweet smiles and unaffected ways completely captivated him. During the few remaining days of Arthur's stay in Newville they were much in each other's company.

It was Adelaide's intention to ask Gerald's forgiveness, but his seemingly forbidding aspect when they met for the first time after that evening, caused her to shrink from her purpose. Gerald on the other hand interpreted her unaccustomed reserve as being indifference to his attentions. In this way each misunderstood the other to such a degree that it was almost painful to Gerald to call at all. This feeling of reserve on the part of both had the effect of estranging them more and more, until it was only through Arthur that Gerald was persuaded to coutinue his acquaintance with Adelaide.

The time for Arthur's leave taking could no longer be extended. Gerald used every effort to induce Arthur to stay "just one week longer," but to no avail. Before Arthur left, Gerald's father contrived to have a private talk with his son. The topic under discussion can easily be imagined.

Adelaide and Beatrice surprised the young men by arriving at the station just in time to see Arthur off. The faces of all plainly showed the regret they felt at the departure of their friend. A week afterward, Arthur had begun active work at the Seminary. Gerald Newton was not there, however, because he had decided not to become a minister.

LITERARY FAME.

IRVIN M. SHALTERS.

Time has his Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually writing illustrious names; but as often as a new name is written, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men must just as entirely be forgotten as if they had never been.

To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore that they should soon make up their minds to this, knowing well that as ere long their bodies must be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, their most cherished thoughts, purposes and opinions have no longer an individual being among men, but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought.

If then the imagination can trace the noble dust of heroes, till we find it stopping a beer-barrel and know that,

> " Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> May stop a hole to keep the wind away,"

not less can it trace the noble thoughts of great men, till it finds them mouldered into the dust of conversation and used to stop men's mouths and patch up theories, to keep out the flaws of opinion. Such, for example, are all popular adages and wise proverbs which are now resolved into a common mass of thought; their authors forgotten, and having no longer an individual being among men.

It is better, therefore, that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive in what they do than approbation of men, which is fame,—namely, their duty; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself.

But this is not said that they, like the monks of old, must give themselves to silence and solitude. Besides, not all have given themselves to silence and solitude, not all to stillness and shadow, for many have lived in troubled times in rude and adverse fortunes of the state and age, and could say, with Wallenstein,

" Our life was but a battle and a march;
And like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convuls-d earth."

Many such examples has history recorded—Dante, Cervantes, Byron and others,—men of iron, men who have dared to breast the strong breath of public opinion, and like spe-tre ships have come sailing right against the wind. Others have been puffed out by the first adverse wind that blew, disgraced and sorrowful, because they could not please others. Had they been men, they would have made these disappointments their best friends, and learned from them the needful lesson of self reliance.

Difficult indeed must this seem, in our imper'ection; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly Yet the resolute will of man can achieve much, at times, even this victory over himself; being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it really is destiny.

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age. There is also something equally true, namely that these men of genius are in advance not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possib e future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever arrive when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast of these great minds so as fully to comprehend them.

And how majestically they walk in history! Some like the sun, " with all his traveling glories about him;" others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the vision of an earthly paradise.

And yet on earth, these men were not happy, not all happy in the outward circumstances of their lives. Some were in want and in pain, and were familiar with prison-bars and the damp weeping walls of dungeons; others toiling much, enduring much, fulfill ng much; and then, with shattered nerves and sinews all unstrung have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death, and the world talks of them while they sleep.

It would seem, indeed, as if all their sufferings had but sanctified them; as if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy; as if the hand of disease had been stretched over them only to make the sign of the

cross upon their souls; and as in the sun's eclipse we see great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of a great eternity burning solemnly and forever.

After all perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait! Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. Samuel Smiles, in his book entitled "Self Help," says: "We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a quiet city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd and with it rush onward. In the press of our lives it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, 'Come!' But the voices of the Past say, 'Wait!' With calm and solemn foot-teps, nor less certainly does a great mind bear up against public opinion and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling his work, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it." And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world whether we did such a deed or wrote such a boook, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of troublesome and indiscreet ambition to care too much about fame, about what the world says of us; to be looking to others for approval, to be anxious for the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voice. Often we see men wearing away life in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we hear of them is the funeral bell that calls them to an early grave. Unhappy and unsuccessful men! They go to their graves with their work unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled, because they did not bide their time, and their purpose was not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the trick of fame. Forgetting that the talent o suc ess is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame,—for fame if deserved, will not need to be sought after,—they meet with disappointments and feverish and hasty excitement.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Custom.

The custom, followed by the under-classmen in years past, of overturning the contents of each other's rooms has not been followed this year, and it is indeed very commendable. We only hope that it may be done away with for subsequent years. It always did seem to be a sort of heathenish trick to go into another's room and overturn his belongings, ruining and breaking many things which he prized most highly, and which there was no right, either by moral or civil laws, to disturb.

Then again, those who roomed in the building were always the victims, the others never being disturbed in their homes in the city or vicinity. It was also very noticeable that, in affairs of this kind, those who roomed outside or were safe inside seemed always to be the chief despoilers, the others seeming to go into it with a sort of reluctance. And why should they not? Can a person, used to home and used to being cared for in every way, appreciate the efforts of another coming here and making his home here? Can he imagine the feelings of one, upon finding some little trinket

broken, which may not have had much of intrinsic value, but which nevertheless was very dear to him, on account of the fond recollections which it brought up ?

The doing away with customs of this sort shows the spirit of the students, and it may be safe to enlarge it to the spirit of the age. We are only a very small part of the students of the country, yet we are reflectors of the spirit of them all. The bully is fast disappearing among us. The "Golden Rule" is better practiced among us to-day than ever before. Hazing is a thing of the past, some cases occurring as yet, but being only exceptions. A joke to be appreciated these days must be a practical one. The world is growing more and more practical each day. Even the pessimist is becoming practical, and no doubt some day will also be a thing of the past. But, as it is now, we can only help along, each one in his own way, the progress of the times and put our hope in the future.

* * * * * *

Where Reform Is Needed.

Lately much fault has been found with the reading-room and its management. At present there are scarcely a half dozen chairs in the room, only two of which are whole, the others having no back or a broken seat. Too many of the chairs are broken, and have to be thrown out. Some arrangements should be made by which the members can make themselves comfortable when they read their morning or evening papers. The order in the room has been very bad this year: there is too much noise, talking, and "cutting up;" and in addition to this the papers are either left lying on the table in confused masses or are hung up without any care. If a stranger should examine the papers, as they hang upon the walls, he would think that the man who put them on the file was either careless or cross-eyed. We feel it necessary to say that these matters should be remedied. Let the curators be somewhat more careful; exactness is a quality worth cultivating.

A reading-room is not the place for talking, laughing, or singing; there are some men there who enjoy reading in quiet. Of course, on certain occasions low talking is permissible and agreeable, provided that no one is disturbed; but more often the talking is loud enough to be heard next door. A reading-room is not the place for "cutting up;" if that must be done, do it in some place where you will not annoy any one. These matters

should be attended to. We can make the order of the room better; and we hope that the faculty can see fit to furnish the room with a few comfortable chairs, for the benefit of those who want to read of what is happening in this world of ours.

It is against the rules of the Franklin Literary Association, which has charge of the reading-room, for any one to carry papers away from the room or to take clippings from any of the papers. But almost every morning a student is apt to find something, which he would like to read, cut from a paper. Sometimes whole pages of a paper are taken away, and sometimes the whole papers. For several weeks *The Lutheran* has been missing; and *The Forum* and *Review of Reviews* often leave for a few days. Some of the members take away papers for a few hours or a day; yet those very men, when there is a meeting of the association, denounce all such paper smugglers. Let those who act thus amend their ways: such actions are not creditable to them; and there are other persons who are thus deprived of papers.

Personals and Locals.

The glee-club is busily engaged rehearsing for some concerts which they contemplate giving in the near future.

Nagle, '01, attended the funeral of his aunt, at Wind Gap, on Wednesday, February 16th.

Dr. W.: "Who was John Eck?"
Kistler: "He is our butcher up home."

At a regular monthly meeting of the College Missionary Society, held on February 20th, Ink, '02, read a paper on "Early Missions in North America;" Kuehner, '02, read a paper on "How the Student Volunteer Mission Union Impressed an Englishman." Dr. Wackernagel gave an interesting talk on "News from the Field."

Dr. B.: "Is there a black key between E and F, on the piano key-board?"
Kline (who is accustomed to a lady-teacher): "No, mam."

It has been reported that when Glase returned from the Sophomore banquet, to his home at Oley, all the people fled to the mountains.

At the regular monthly meeting of the St. Michael's Luther League, Boyer, '00, Fegley, '00, and Beck, '02, recited; Diefenderfer, ex-'01, sang a solo. Another interesting feature of the program was a quartette rendered by Messrs. Wackernagel, '01, Bickel, '01, Kline, '01, and Boyer, '00. The selection proved a howling success, even if the tenors did collide in their different strains and the basses forget the words.

On account of Washington's birthday, the following students visited their homes: Krutzky, '00; Drumheller, '01; Glase, '02 Kaufman, '03, Walborn, '03; and Orff, '03.

The monthly meeting of St. John's Luther League, held at the home of Miss Lizzie Weil, 1036 Linden Street, was attended by the following Muhlenberg students: Ink, '02, who delivered an address; Kressler, '01; Wackernagle, '01, Drumheller, '01; Horn, R. '00; Uhrich, '02; Bousch, '00; Fegley, '00.

Many of the students attended the Sunday School Convention held in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, on Washington's Birthday. On this occasion Brother Wenrich read an interesting paper entitled "How to Conduct a Model Primary Department."

Dr. W.: "That's not right."
Nagle: "I am just putting it into idiomatic English."
Dr. W.: "But that is idiomatic slang."
Nagle: "Well then it must be *idiotic* English.

When Yerger, '03, went to have his hair cut, the barber pronounced it to be an all-day job.

Fritch, '00, attended the oratorical contest at Lehigh University on Washington's Birthday, February 22nd.

Heckenberger, '02, entertained the Y. P. S. of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Catasauqua, on Tuesday evening, March 6th.

Prof. D.: "Mr. Lentz, give us the nebular theory and tell us what your impression of it is."
Lentz: "Dr., it is a large cloud."
Prof. D.: "Yes, it is very cloudy."

Fritch, '00, is anxiously looking forward to the publication of a new dictionary, as he has outgrown the Century and the Standard.

"Schockery" Schmoyer is reporting progress as to his investigation into the relation between large ear lobes and acute hearing.

Dr. Wackernagel preached in the German Lutheran Church, at Wilkesbarre, on February 4th.

Kuehner, '02, made an address at the South Allentown Luther League, on Friday evening, February 23rd.

Trump, '00, made an address at the anniversary of the Sunday School connected with the Lutheran Church at South Allentown, on Sunday, February 25th.

Dr. Ochsenford was one of the judges at a debate between the Diagnothian Literary Society, of Hellertown, and the Y. P. A. connected with Salem's Reformed Church, Catasauqua. Moyer, '02, was one of the Y. P. A. representatives and Schlotter, '03, one of the Diagnothian representatives.

Dr. B.: "Where is Mr. Trump this afternoon?"
Boyer: "When I saw him last he had skates on."

Dr. S.: "What is the pressure of the atmosphere?"

Schmoyer: "Fifteen tons per square inch."

Dr. S.: "Then you must have quite a weight on the top of your head?"

Schmoyer: "Yes sir."

Dr. S.: "But why is your skull not crushed in by this enormous weight?"

Schmoyer: "Because there is a pressure inside out equal to the pressure outside in."

Koch, '00, and Kistler, '02, spent Sunday, February 18th, at the latter's home.

Upon the night of the 10th of February, Messrs. W. Horn, '00 and Brunner, '02, took a sleigh ride. They had a beautiful sleigh and a horse which traveled like the wind—on a quiet night—and had legs like wash props These two men traveled down the Coopersburg pike. They disturbed the inhabitants with various horrible noises. Late in the night they returned; home and report a most delightful evening, spent in sleigh riding behind a rapid horse.

Boyer, after returning from St. Michael's Luther League meeting, seemed very happy, and began to weary his companions with verses such as these:

> At last Good Fortune has smiled upon me,
> And now I feel way out of sight;
> The girl I longed for many years to meet,
> I met at Luther League to-night.

Pres. Dr. Seip was a guest of honor at the dedication of the new law building of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. W.: "A Polander stabs when drunk, and a Russian kisses when drunk; so it's best to keep near the Russian."

Nagle: "But I wouldn't want a Russian *slobber* all over me either."

Fischer, '03, is laid up at his home in Elizabeth, N. J., with typhoid pneumonia.

Miller, '02, who was home to recuperate from an attack of tonsilitis, has again resumed his studies.

The College received a bequest of $3,000 from the Mrs. Koch estate, Reading.

A large delegation of students from every class "took in" Macbeth, at the Lyric, on February 22nd.

Shimer, '01, spent Sunday, February 25th, with his parents.

Glase reports that Shakspeare (of '03) is about to write another hymn.

"Why is Heilig like Sir Walter Raleigh?"
"He stood in with Elizabeth."

On February 28th, the following were elected as officers of Sophronia Literary Society: President, Deisher, '00; Vice President, Wackernagel, '01; Corresponding Secretary, Heckenberger, '02; Recording Secretary, Neff, '02; Treasurer, Moyer, '02; Critics, Shimer, '01, and Drumheller, '01; Pianist, Fritch, '00; Chaplain, Reagle, '01; Budget Editor, Fegley, '00.

As W. Horn, '00, was returning to college one night, he slipped upon the side walk, in the presence of some young ladies. One of them, Miss R——, said that it reminded her of "Just as the *Son* Went Down."

Erb, '00, went home on Sunday, February 25th, on account of sickness.

ALPHA TAU ENTERTAINS.

One of the most successful and undoubtedly one of the most delightful social events of the season, was the recital and dance given in Lehigh Valley Hall on the evening of February 21st, by the Pennsylvania Alpha Iota Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

Aside from an artistic point of view, the affair was noteworthy for the beauty and elegance of the toilettes displayed by the ladies, whose charming presence contributed inestimably to the success of the evening.

The spacious hall was beautifully decorated with sky-blue and old gold. The Fraternity Badge occupied a prominent position on the stage, around which were entwined the Fraternity colors. Japanese screens were used on the stage and palms were everywhere in evidence.

The guests were received as they entered the hall by the following committee: Howard E Shimer, Arthur G. Beck, R. Keelor Hartzell and Frank N D. Buchman.

The Misses Kieckhoefer and Milne were the artists of the evening, and rendered the following programme:

Trio—Selections from "Tannhauser,".....Wagner
Violin, Piano and 'Cello. The Misses Kieckhoefer.

Recitation—Selections from "David Harum,".....Westcott
Miss Milne.

Violin—"Fantasia Appassionata."..... .....Vieuxtemps
Anna Kieckhoefer.

Recitation—"Aunt Hitty,".....Kate Douglass Wiggin
Miss Milne.

Trios { a. "Liebesgarten,".....Schumann
b. "Serenade,".....Pache
c. "Finale,".....Mendelssohn
The Misses Kieckhoefer.

Recitation—"Lygia's Rescue," ("Quo Vadis,").....Sienkiewicz
Miss Milne.

'Cello { a. "Cradle Song,".....Schlemuller
b. "Scherzo,".....Van Goens
Marie Kieckhoefer.

Recitation—"Countryman at Oratorio,".....S. V. Milne

Trios { a. "Andante,".....Japassohn
b. "Coronation March,".....Kretschmar

Miss Anna Kieckhoefer is a violin virtuoso of unusual ability She is a perfect mistress of tone and expression, showing great warmth and fervor and an astonishing technique. Her charming performance, by elegant manipulation of the bow, natural vivacity of expression, and extraordinary nicety of technique, stamps this young lady as an artist of the first rank.

Miss Marie Kieckhoefer's ability on the 'Cello is all that could be desired. It is to be hoped that this talented young lady will always retain her present daintiness of style, which is so entirely in accord with her appearance that she seems a perfect incarnation of chaste and subtle musical inspiration. A fine, full tone, perfect intonation, and studied phrasing were the special features of her performance.

The combined efforts of the Misses Kieckhoefer were a revelation of musical possibilities. Their agreeable unity of conception and purpose, their perfect sympathy and attention to the minutest details, confirmed the epithets of praise showered upon these three talented sisters by our foremost musical critics.

The readings of Miss Milne were more than graciously received. This artist has a very graceful stage presence, and with her fine voice, which is naturally adapted to her work, is a delightful entertainer, and has no difficulty in holding the attention of her audience. Her rendition of "Lygia's Rescue," from "Quo Vadis," evidenced an unusually intelligent and dramatic conception; while her versatility, which stamps the true artist, was laughably demonstrated by her rendition of "Aunt Hitty."

After the recital, the assemblage mingled for a while, and the Allentown Band Orchestra then appeared and provided music for dancing, in which many spent several pleasant hours.

Those who participated in this enjoyable pastime, in addition to the members of the Active Chapter, were: Misses Caroline Cooper, Helen Walker, Mabel Stine, Leila Kauffman, Bessie Hornbeck, Sadie Blank, Janet Kuntz, Edna Erdman, Linda Cooper, Adelaide Richards, Mamie Schaeffer, Elsie Guth, Mayme Hagenbuch, Florence Van Buskirk, Esther Steckel, Florence Bittner, Emma Kleppinger, Bessie Hartzell, Bertha Kleppinger, Letitia Barnes, Cora Clauser, Nellie Malcolm, Mary Repass, Edna Zimmerman, Gertrude Rabenold, Carrie Pretz, Jessie Hausman, Annie Seip, Asha Rabenold, Bessie Longnecker, Elsie Holben, Grace Kimball, Laury's; Mary Kistler, Lansford; Arthur Keller, Nimson Eckert, James Malcolm, R. K. Hartzell, Fred Fetherolf, Jonas Henry, Ralph Metzger, Frank Rinn, Prof. Merkel, Prof. Everett, David Miller, Luther Fritch, Malcolm Gross, Frank N. D. Buchman, Max Erdman, John Stine, Alfred Hartzell.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Edwin Albright, George Albright, G. C. Aschbach, A. P. Balliett, Avon Barnes, Oscar Bernheim, Edwin D. Boyer, Frank Buchman, William H. Deshler, T. F. Diefenderfer, J. E. Durham, George Eckert, Miles Eckert, J. Sketchley Elverson, C. J. Erdman, Owen Fatzinger, D. D. Fritch, J. W. Grubb, John Guth, Frank Hartzell, George W. Hartzell, Jr., H. H. Herbst, Morris Hoats, Frank Horn, Edwin Keller, Herbert Keller, M. C. L. Kline, Thomas Koch, George H. Kuhl, John N. Lawfer, Francis G. Lewis, R. S. Leisenring, Joseph B. Lewis, Paul A. Livingood, William McKee, D. R. Malcolm, Charles Matcham, Malcolm Metzger, Flora A. Miller, W. H. S. Miller, W. F. Mohr, James K. Mosser, George Ormrod, John H. Pascoe, H. J. Reinhard, C. Templeton Ritter, John Rupp, Alfred G. Saeger, Jacob H. Saeger, Thomas W. Saeger, Alexander S. Shimer, R. Peter Steckel, R. Frank Stine, C. Fred. Stiles, John Taylor, Samuel Thomas, Daniel Z.

Walker, W. H. Weinsheimer, Ira Wise, J. Marshall Wright, Robert E. Wright, A. J. Yost, Edwin M. Young; Misses Jennie C. Medlar and Eliza J. Keck.

The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Seip, Dr. and Mrs G. T. Ettinger, Dr. and Mrs. W. Wackernagel, Dr. and Mrs. S. E. Ochsenford, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Bauman, Prof. and Mrs. Philip Dowell, Mrs. M. H. Richards.

THE FRESHMAN SLEIGH RIDE.

There had been so little snow during the winter and the weather had been so mild that there were few hopes of a Freshman sleigh ride. However, on Saturday, February 17th, the snow began to fall, and continued falling until the next morning. On Sunday the snow was quite deep; and many sleighs were seen and heard. The faces of the Freshmen began to brighten up; and the members of the other classes knew that upon the next day, if the snow held good, the Freshmen would take their sleigh ride. This Freshman ride has been a custom at Muhlenberg College for many years, and the class, which has no opportunity to take this ride is greatly pitied.

The Freshmen decided to leave without the knowledge of their college mates; and to do this, left at 3 15 when all the other classes were busy at their recitations: it was a rather unexpected move. The Freshmen drove past these ancient halls, shouting and cheering.

After a delightful ride, full of amusing incidents, the class arrived at Coopersburg. Soon they came to the Barron House; and promptly at 8.30 o'clock the Freshmen sat down to a bountiful and excellent dinner. To this they did ample justice, as the keen country breezes had developed their appetites. No doubt, the memory of that supper will cause pleasure to spring up in the day-dreams of distinguished minds of the future.

President Trexler acted as toast-master, and the following members responded: "The Sophomores," A. W. Rohrig; "The Freshman Sleigh Ride," O S Yerger; 'Barron House." C. R. Telford; "Choosing the Right Hand," W. S. Raudenbush; "Sleigh Ride of 1912," E K. Kline; "Our Class," Frank Croman; "The Ladies," Joseph Weaver. Mr. C. D. Mayer made a few fitting re-

marks of thanks to the generous host, after which the festivities were brought to an end.

Then as the moon was sinking, the ringing of bells, the blowing of horns, the sounds of the horses, and the hurrahs of the boys announced that the class of 1903 was returning home. About five o'clock the Freshmen reached Allentown again, glad that they had had so enjoyable a trip.

Our Alumni.

Philadelphia Alumni Banquet. On Thursday evening, February 15th, about forty Alumni and friends of Muhlenberg College attended the sixth annual banquet of the Philadelphia Alumni Association, at the Hotel Bingham. Dr. George T. Ettinger presided az toastmaster, and after the coffee and the cigars made their appearance the speech-making began.

The hearty reception which President Scip received in rising to respond to the toast, "Our Alma Mater," showed that the boys esteem and love him as much as ever. His response was an earnest plea for Muhlenberg College in her urgent need of new buildings and equipments and a brief account of the progress that has been made during the past year. Dr. H. E. Jacobs of the Mt. Airy Lutheran Seminary, in responding to the toast "Our Allied Institutions," referred to the very intimate relations of Muhlenberg College and the Seminary, about two hundred Muhlenberg graduates being graduates also of the Seminary, and forty-five of our graduates being now in attendance at the Seminary. Rev. T. L. Sibole, of Philadelphia, kindly filled the place of an absent Alumnus, and made an excellent address on the benefits of a college training. Dr. Elmer E. Johnson responded to "Our College Days," in a speech brimful of witty reminiscences. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Ohl, the new President of the Association, Dr. A. Grant Loder responded to "Our Alumni in the West," in a short and pithy speech enumerating the Western men and strongholds loyal to Muhlenberg College. Prof. C. L Kain, Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of Philadelphia, read a most able paper, "At the Threshold of the Twentieth Century." Between the various toasts selections of instrumental music and old college songs were rendered to enliven the occasion.

The banquet was pronounced the most successful that the Philadelphia Alumni have given and all present thoroughly enjoyed it.

The election for the year resulted as follows: President, Dr. A. Grant Loder; Vice-Presidents. Rev. Geo. A. Kercher, Chas. H. Keller; Secretary, Rev. George C. Loos; Treasurer, Rev. H. B. Richards; Executive Committee, Joseph H. Stopp, Esq., Rev. J. F. Nicholas.

'70. At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Sunday School Association. Rev. S. A Ziegenfuss was elected President and Rev. George C. Loos, '94, was chosen Secretary.

'80 At the semi-annual meeting of the Directors' Association of Lehigh County, held in the Court House, at Allentown, on Washington's Birthday, Dr. George T. Ettinger read a paper on "What it Means to be a Director." At the same meeting he was elected President of the Association. On the afternoon of the same day he also read a paper on "Preparing, Presenting and Practicing the Sunday School Lesson," at the annual Sunday School convention of the Allentown Conference, held in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem.

'83. Rev. J. H. Ritter, Bath Pa., has published the first number of a very neat and interesting "Parish Record."

'85. Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., has been appointed a member of the Rules Committee of the National Trotting Association. Among his associates are ex-Congressman P. P. Johnson, of Kentucky, and Congressman Joseph T. Bailey, of Texas. The committee will also sit as a committe of arbitration to adjudicate all questions that may arise in the settlement of affairs due to the consolidation of the National and American Trotting Association. The first meeting of the committee will take place at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, on Monday next.—*Morning Call.*

'89. Mrs. Dr. J. Wyllis Hassler, (nee Trust) whose husband is a son of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hassler, of this city, died at her home, No. 1593 Poplar Street, Philadelphia. She had been ill nearly three weeks from typhoid fever. She was married two years ago last June to Dr. Hassler. The many friends of Dr. Hassler in this city feel the deepest sympathy for him in his loss.—*Chronicle and News.*

'90. We clip the following from the Allentown *Morning Call:* One of the most brilliant social events of the season in Allentown was the wedding of John F. Saeger, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Saeger, and Miss Fannie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ormrod, in Grace Episcopal Church. The guests began to assemble in the edifice long before the prescribed hour for the ceremony and by the time the bridal party arrived a fashionable assemblage, including the elite of the city and vicinity, had been seated.

The bride entered the church leaning on the arm of her father and was followed by the maid of honor, her sister, Miss Mary Ormrod, and flower girl, Miss Dorothy Matcham, a niece of the bride. At the altar the party was met by the bridegroom and his best man, his brother Dr. Luther Saeger, of Bethlehem, who entered from the vestry-room. As the party entered the church the full surpliced boys' choir from the Church of the Nativity, South Bethlehem, led by Organist Fred. Wolle, entered from the guild-room singing to the organ accompaniment "Ancient of Days," at the conclusion of which the Lohengrin wedding march was rendered. At the altar the bride and bridegroom knelt on elegant white satin cushions before the officiating clergyman Rev. Robert H. Kline, who pronounced the solemn words that united the couple in a most sacred sacrament of the church. During the service the choir softly rendered "O Perfect Love." At the conclusion of the ceremony Organist Wolle rendered as a recessional Mendelssohn's wedding march.

The ushers were Messrs. Robert Pilling, Jr., Walter Tresse Singer, Dr. F. Savory Pearce, Wallace Ruhe, of Philadelphia Edgar S Pretz, of New York; William Martin, Harry Sweitzer, Arthur Keller, of Allentown.

Mr. Saeger is associated with his father in the milling business in East Allentown. He is a progressive young business man and one of the most popular of the city's inner circle society men. Legions of friends join in wishing this well-mated young couple a large share of happiness and prosperity in their wedded career.

'91. The members of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer are congratulating themselves over the fact that their pastor, the Rev. M. J. Bieber, has declined two calls to other pastorates.

It was about four weeks ago that the Rev. Bieber, through the medium of the missionary superintendent of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of America, was proffered the pastorate of a church at Lincoln, Neb., or a very promising congregation at Seattle, Wash. Mr. Bieber did not consider the former proposition, but in view of the alluring possibilities of the work in Seattle, was disposed to think quite seriously of the latter.

He immediately conferred with the council of the Church of the Redeemer and decided that if, upon a careful search, the consensus of opinion among his parishioners in this city was unanimous for his remaining here he would decline both offers. In a quiet manner it was ascertained that there was not a single member of the church who did not earnestly desire Mr. Bieber to continue his relations with the Church of the Redeemer.

The announcement of his intention to remain in Binghamton, despite the fact that the question of salary and other considerations did not weigh in favor of such action, is a source of much pleasure to the Lutherans of the city.

Mr. Bieber is one of the most enterprising clergymen in the city. Since coming here he has carried on the work incidental to maintaining a mission at Great Bend and has established a mission at Elmira. Besides this he has been an active member of the ministerial association and has contributed valuable papers before religious gatherings in this city as well as in other sections of the State.—*Binghamton, N. Y., Republican.*

'91. The Allentown *Chronicle and News* contained the following full account of Rev. Bieber's lecture: Rev. M. J. Bieber of Binghamton, N Y., lectured on "Some Nineteenth Century Gleanings," in St. Michael's Lutheran Church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary. The lecturer spoke in part as follows:

"Since I left Muhlenberg College, nine years ago, I have made a number of addresses in New York and Pennsylvania, but no invitation to deliver an address came with so warm a welcome as this. Allentown is my second home and there is no place like St. Michael's Church, because here I learned to think on my feet.

"Marvelous have been the achievements of the nineteenth century. They stand forth uneclipsed. When 1800 dawned this country was but a child. She was only a few states in the east. New York city, now numbering between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000

souls, then numbered 50,000 inhabitants. Philadelphia was the capital of the nation. Washington was laid out, but now she is the 'City of Magnificent Distances.' Boston, then 50,000, now has half a million. In 1800 there was not a city in the country with more than 50,000 population and only seventeen with over 5,000. The population was five and one-fourth millions; to-day there are not less than 75,000,000. The country has had four wars, and has been victorious in each. The country is stronger for the victories. The domains have been increased around the globe to Asia. It has proved to the world that republics are no longer experiments.

"There were no steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, no gas, natural gas, kerosene, electric lights; reapers and mowers were unknown. The necessaries enjoyed by the workingmen now, would have been called luxuries then. There were only eighteen daily papers then. In every family the daily and weekly papers are found. The press has become the moulder of public opinion. Consecrate her and she will help to evangelize the world. Every free-born son may, by application, develop into a master.

"The education of woman has been a trial of the century. She has gone ahead remarkably in education. It is right to educate the mother. Educate a man and you educate an individual. Educate a woman and you educate a family. There has been more rapid progress in the nineteenth century since the 1600 years preceeding, and the last year has been the most marvelous. The Stars and Stripes mean more to the world than ever before. Though the nation is at war to-day, her voice is for peace. The negro has been freed and the blue and gray are standing together to-day in the cause of humanity.

"Our country has produced some of the greatest men in the world. All these have done their part in the uplifting of the nation. Not only wealth, men, name and extent stand to our country. This has been a missionary century. Never before did the world know the meaning of Christian love as it does to-day. The great foreign missionary movement commenced with the century. When we look at all the progress we must exclaim: 'What hath God Wrought.' The globe has grown smaller. The world has grown richer. Mines have been developed. If man is poor he has merely himself to blame.

"The Church of the Reformation has shared in the general prosperity. There were but two synods and 300 congregations of 20,000 souls, and the Lutheran Church was almost unknown. There was only one seminary and no college. Now there are 60 synods and 7,000 ministers, 11,000 congregations and a milli n and a half of members. She is a national church. Twenty-five academies, 47 colleges, 10 women's colleges and 43 seminaries Now she has 150 church papers and supports missions in Africa, China and Japan. There are more crowned heads of this church than any other. The church is one in faith and stands like a rock. Theodore Pflueger, the organizer of the orphanages, mothers' homes, homes for invalids, was one of the worthiest workers and organizers of the century. There is a call for women as deaconesses. The nineteenth is the pioneer and foundation. century."

'93. Rev. Eugene Stetler has returned from Virgil City, Missouri, and is awaiting a call at his old home, Mahanoy, Pa.

'95 On February 13th, the second anniversary of the Church of the Reformation, East New York, Rev. Harry P. Miller, pastor, was celebrated in the chapel on Schenck Avenue. Among the speakers was Rev. Charles W. Jeffris, '86 of 241 President Street, Brooklin, N. Y. The congregation will soon purchase a lot on Pennsylvania Avenue on which a suitable church building will be erected.

'97. Gomer B. Matthews, a third-year student of theology at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, who will graduate in June, will go to India to engage in mission work, at the call of the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Council.—*The Lutheran.*

'98. We understand that John P. Walter is engaged in work in connection with the Nicaragua Canal Commission.

Among Our Exchanges.

In the *College Student* appears an excellent article entitled "On the Requisites of Poetry." The author himself has a clear knowledge of the thoughts that he wishes to convey to his readers, and there is no mistaking his meaning. So many writers in our College papers write stories which give the reader only a hazy idea of the thoughts they wish to convey. They seem to sit down to their tasks, not having a clear idea of what they are going to say; and whatever strikes their fancy is jotted down, only to form an article in which there is no thread of connection. But this author has worked carefully on his article, and undoubtedly deserves praise.

"Poetry must be spontaneous. The desire for expression must force the poet to write. Labored poetry, or poetry made to order, is likely to lack essential elements, *i. e.*, free-flowing, natural expression. Scenes, experiences, emotions, strike something in the poet which vibrates, and this vibration is like that of a stringed instrument which gives back vibrations in the same key in which it was stirred by the original emotion. Herein lies the spontaneity of poetry. In this way the poet becomes merely an agent of expression. As a taut string must vibrate when it is touched, so must the poet respond to his inner motor-force." The article calls to mind the saying, which, though old, bears repetition: *Poeta nascitur, non fit.*

"Some people want voluntary chapel attendance introduced here. They argue that it does a man no good to attend service if he does so against his will. The authorities agree that a man, by forced attendance, may be taught to like it. We argue with them, that voluntary attendance would not succeed. The chapel would go out of business. Look, for example, at the faculty. Their attendance is voluntary. Some day, when you think of it, count the vacant seats in the front."—*Princeton Tiger* quoted in *Touchstone.*

We consider "A Bunch of Violets," in the *College Folio*, worthy of special mention. The story is short, but interesting, and we think it one of the finest of its kind that has appeared recently in any of our various Exchanges. The words are simple, the style is plain, and the plot, though not very deep, is engaging.

On our desk lies a paper which contains something that may be of use to our students. It refers to essay-writing, and reads as follows:

"If first your subject definition need,
Define your subject first, and then proceed;
Next, if you can, find out your subject's cause
And show from whence its origin it draws:
Ancient or modern may your subject be,
Pursue it therefore, to antiquity;
Your subject may to distant nations roam,
Or else relate to objects nearer home;
The subject which you treat is good, or ill;
Or else a mixture of each principle.
And ere your subject a conclusion know,
The advantage or the disadvantage show."

"The soil is so fertile in Cuba that if you stick a pin in the ground, it becomes a terra pin. It is even said that they raise umbrellas there--during a rainy season."—*Western University Courant.*

"The Janitor in one of the Portland public schools, coming into the class-room one day saw on the black-board this sentence: 'Find the greatest common divisor.' 'Hello,' he says, 'is that blamed thing lost again?'"—*Perkiomenite.*

AN EVASIVE ANSWER.

"John," said a clergyman to his factotum, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sir, will I tell them you're out?"

"No, John, that would be a lie."

"An' what'll I say, yer reverence?"

"Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer."

At supper time John was asked if any one had called.

"Yes, there did," he said.

"And what did you tell him?" asked the clergyman.

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"How was that?" queried the clergyman.

"He asked me was yer reverence in, an' I sez to him, sez I, 'Was your grandmother a hoot owl?'"—*Sorosis.*

Literary Notes.

It is not generally known that Emile Zola had a bitter struggle with poverty and privations in his early manhood; but such is the case. During his father's life he was petted and spoiled. After his father's death he and his mother had a bitter struggle with poverty. He says; "Often I went hungry for so long that it seemed as if I must die. I scarcely tasted meat during a whole month, and at one time I lived on three apples for two days. Fire, even on the coldest nights, was an undreamed of luxury; and I was the happiest man in Paris when I could get a candle, by the light of which I might study."

It is said that Mr. Ernest Vizetelly is to translate Zola's new novel "Feconditi." Mr Vizetelly, on first taking the contract from Zola's publishers, thought it would have to be so emasculated to satisfy Anglo-Saxon scruples as to make it a monstrosity. Now he has decided to edit it for English tastes alone. If he succeeds in pleasing the people and Zola he can be proud of his work.

No doubt later generations will look back upon the Victorian, or present age, as we now look back upon the Elizabethan period. We have had no such great poets as Milton and Shakespeare, but we have had men that produced a mass of high grade literature, whose bulk signifies an active intellectual period. Will the twentieth century be as fruitful as the sixteenth or as the nineteenth, which has just come to a close; or will we again have several centuries after the nineteenth unmarked by any special distinction in literature?

The Quarterly Review criticises Marie Corelli and Hall Caine in something like the following manner: "One takes equal parts of psendo science, neo-Platonism and theosophy, stamps it as revealed from heaven, and recommends us to get it down with a deal of sentiment. Another, more British, lays hold of certain traditional stage virtues; wraps them in emotion, adds thereto a suspicious but exciting ingredient of pseudo-monasticism, and screams to us that unless we take it our life is in danger. Go wherever you will with Miss Corelli and Mr Caine for guides, you will plunge into hysteria or be overthrown by claptrap."

In answering a letter inquiring whether his books were fit for a young lady to read, Zola said: "I never write anything for young people whose minds are still in the process of developing. You are perfectly right in directing the reading of your children. Later on they can read whatever they choose." This opinion may guide some father who is perplexed by similar questions.

A new book that is rapidly coming to the front is Booth Tarkington's "The Gentleman from Indiana." Although the author is still a young man, the book has some of the spirit of Dickens in humor and description. The account of Hon Kedge Halloway's speech in the third chapter is Pickwickian in its humorous portrayal of a rural scene.

The following story is told of the two famous English authors, Kipling and Hardy. While Kipling was visiting Hardy, he went to see a house which Hardy thought would suit him. While Kipling was out of hearing, Hardy observed to the landlady: "I may mention to you that this gentleman is no other than Rudyard Kipling." "Is that so?" she replied, "I never heard the name before." Soon afterward Kipling found an opportunity to say to her, "Perhaps you may not be aware that the gentleman who brought me here to day is Mr. Hardy, the eminent author." "Oh, indeed," was her reply, "I don't know his name."

The results of archaeological researches in Rome indicate that most important additions will soon be made to our knowledge of the ancient city. Professor Lanciani tells us that a new era, which may become a golden era in discovery, has begun. It is hoped that all the fragments of the great marble map made by one of the earliest emperors will be found and placed in their original positions, so as to form the map in its complete form The column which marked the place where the body of Julius Cæsar was buried was recently found. It has just been raised and placed in position.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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THE IMPORTANCE OF VOCAL CULTURE.

LUTHER SERFASS, '01.

A good voice has a charm which enchains the attention of men. It has an influence among people, whether it be in public speaking, singing or conversation. There is a physical advantage in a well toned voice, however insignificant the topic of speech, or the theme of song. Shakespeare says, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman." Emerson says, "The voice, like the face, betrays the nature and disposition, and soon indicates what is the range of the speaker's mind."

It is a peculiar fact that the tones of civilized races are louder and harsher than those used by savage tribes. The same people who shrilly sounded the war whoop, in council persuade or rouse to action in well regulated, melodious tones.

In the colder regions the general voice of the people is shriller and sharper than that of the people in the tropics. This change in voice would seem to depend upon the climate; but there is possibly a better explanation. In the colder parts of a country, our own especially, we find people more highly cultured and of greater intellectual advancement. Of course this greater advancement implies intensity of feeling, eagerness in action, and consequently an unusual nervous strain. This readily shows itself in the sharp and high-pitched voice of the people. The people of the tropical countries, on the other hand, have a lower and softer voice which shows lack of earnestness, and intimates that they may be too indolent to raise their voices. In speaking of the greater number of people inhabiting the temperate zone, we exclude of course the few who with care and attention have attained the well modulated tones of cultivated and refined voices. As a general thing, however, the people whom we meet daily have jerky and petulant ways of

speaking, which give the listener the impression that they are continually scolding. Evidently the majority of us do think a good and well trained voice exerts a great influence and is a great power in many vocations; ought it not then be the duty of each one to strive for the well modulated tones, the product of refinement and cultivation?

In an institution like ours, where some expect to become lawyers, and the majority to study for the ministry, there is little excuse for the non-existence of musical organizations, whereby the voice may be cultivated and kept in continual practice. The lawyer pleads cases, yet he makes very little impression on a jury if he pleads in a thin, squeaky voice. He does not, as the political orator sway audiences by monotonous piping, but by the masterful inflection of a well cultivated voice. The preacher has no right to expect a congregation to listen while he delivers in hesitating and squeaky tones his regular sermon. He, of all men, is expected to exhort, persuade, and betimes rouse the people; and how can he do so if he has a voice that has never been developed? Perchance he is called to a country charge where the musical ability of his parishioners is but indifferently developed; how then, can he better create an interest in church music and put spirit into his work than by leading his own singing? In half the cases where you are compelled to undergo the miseries of horrible church music you find the pastor either almost voiceless or stone-deaf. If it were not so his own sense of the æsthetic would compel him to institute reform in the choir and congregational singing.

There is a power in a well developed and full toned voice. Louis XI. of France managed men "by his accent and caresses of his speech." St. Bernard had such persuasive tones that mothers hid their sons, lest he should lead them to a monastic life. Robert Burns had a voice that caressed, and Henry Clay's accents and tones almost persuaded political opponents. The student body should recognize the advantage of voice culture,—as I think they certainly do,—yet the majority neglect to consider the matter sufficiently to take active part in the musical organization that does exist.

The Glee Club is the most serviceable and the pleasantest stepping stone to something better. In a college like ours, instead of having difficulty in finding a dozen men able to sing in a college glee club, we should have at least a score or more. It deserves the aid, instead of the discouragement, of all those who are in a position to help it.

A MINISTER INDEED !

F. M. UHRICH, '02.

PART II.

For some days subsequent to the departure of Arthur, a great conflict was going on in the mind of Gerald, doubt and uncertainty on the one hand and disappointment on the other. His father, realizing the uselessness of urging his son further to comply with his wishes in the choice of a profession, resigned himself to utter indifference as to the welfare of his son.

Now that Arthur was off, Gerald, vainly imagining that Adelaide would not care to see him, began to think himself unworthy of her; and although he longed to tell her of his intentions for the future, he could not find courage to do it. The following letter is self explanatory:

Newville, September 13th, 18—.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,

Little did I think when I last saw you that what I am about to tell you would become a reality. Nor can I surmise what your judgment in the matter will be.

To be brief, I have decided to take an extensive course in medicine. In two weeks I leave for the University of B——, Germany. Shall be gone possibly four years. On account of the short space of time intervening, it will be impossible for me to see you before I leave.

I hope that my action will meet with your approval, and that your future may be crowned with success. If Adelaide should inquire about me when you visit Newville next summer, you will oblige me by telling her what I could not. Wishing you His richest blessings in your work, I remain sincerely, Your friend,

GERALD NEWTON.

The preparation incidental to a long sojourn abroad consumed the two weeks quickly.

The day appointed for the journey brought sorrow to the Newton household. None but a mother can appreciate the s licitude that Gerald's mother felt for her son who was about to commence his journey on the highroad of life.

Gerald's father accompanied him to New York, and remained with him until the command to clear the decks was given by the captain of the ship.

The weather was fine and the voyage was made without any incidents worthy of mention.

In a comparatively short time Gerald had begun his course at the University. He was an apt student, and it was not long before he was recognized by the faculty and student body as a scholar of rare ability. Time passed rapidly. Two years' work was already completed. His vacations were usually spent in sight-seeing throughout the principal cities of Europe.

On one of these trips, as he was walking on one of the streets of Paris with a fellow student whose home was in that city, his friend suggested that they visit a large art gallery, much frequented by the art loving populace. Gerald readily consented. They soon reached the building which was one of immense size and great architectural beauty. Various paintings were on exhibition. Some were on exhibition only; others were for sale.

Gerald, who was slightly in advance of his friend, suddenly halted, flushed slightly, then gazed fixedly on a picture before him. He was greatly moved. Something in the picture strongly appealed to him. He examined it more closely, but was unable to detect the name of the painter. Upon inquiry he learned that the painter of the picture did not wish her name to be divulged.

Although the price of the painting was unusually high, Gerald resolved to purchase it. Having paid for the picture he was about to rejoin his friend who was waiting for him in another part of the building. On the way he stopped for a moment to admire a beautiful painting placed in a conspicuous place. As he turned to move on, he observed a stylishly dressed and attractive lady coming up the main aisle. He looked again and found that she had taken notice of him. Stopping before a group of paintings ostensibly for the purpose of viewing them more closely, he faced about just in time to catch a full view of her face. A closer view confirmed his conviction that he had seen it before, so he determined to make the most of the situation. But formality was unnecessary because she recognized him with a smile and an exclamation of pleasure and surprise. Oblivious to the host of fashionable people in the place, the two gave free expression to the pleasure and happiness which each experienced.

Mutual explanations as to how each happened to be in Paris at the same time followed. Beatrice explained that she was attending a school of art in Paris, and that she had placed one of her paintings on exhibition at the suggestion of her teacher.

When Gerald told her that he had purchased a painting, and had given her a description of it, she knew at once that he had bought her work. Her astonishment knew no bounds. She insisted on making him a present of it, but Gerald refused, laughingly remarking that he would pay double the price for it now to compensate for the double satisfaction he had in having gotten possession of it in such a manner. In the pleasure and excitement induced by the extraordinary meeting of Beatrice and Gerald, the latter forgot his friend, who, after waiting patiently for some time, determined to ascertain the cause of Gerald's delay. When Gerald spied him, therefore, he was forcibly reminded that he had kept him waiting too long. Introductions and more explanations followed. After which Gerald's friend extended an invitation to Beatrice to meet his sister.

The home of the Roulaines' was in an aristocratic part of the city; and the family itself was one of culture and refinement.

Owing to the turn events had taken, Gerald continued his stay in Paris. Beatrice and Miss Inez Roulaine soon became intimate friends. The winsomeness and attractive beauty of Beatrice together with her amiable disposition and sunny temperament won the hearts of all. By Inez's persuasion Beatrice was influenced to reside with the Roulaine family during the remainder of her stay in Paris.

Under these circumstances Gerald and Vivian Roulaine contrived to pass the time in one round of pleasure and gayety. Their return to the University was postponed as long as possible.

More than once was Beatrice reprimanded by her instructor for delinquency in her work. She offered no excuse however. Had he known that pleasure-seeking largely was the cause, and that two young men and the fair sister of one of them were implicated in the matter he might have been more severe on her. But—to confess the truth—he himself was not altogether insensible to the laughing eyes and merry voice of his pupil.

The day set for the return to the University came with sighs of regret from all. It was difficult for the ladies to hide their tears behind forced smiles, to say nothing of the rather downcast countenances of the young men.

* * * * * *

The third year of Gerald's course found him still leading his class. His previous training at college enabled him to pursue his

studies with more than ordinary comprehension. At the completion of his course he was persuaded by the faculty of the University to undertake a post-graduate course. Thus fortified with a thorough training, we find him after a four years' absence from home bidding good bye to his friends at the University.

The joy of the parents over the safe return of their son was unspeakable. The father, whose stern countenance gave little encouragement four years ago, now regarded his son with a feeling of pride and rebuked himself inwardly for his former indifference.

Gerald did not remain at home long. By the death of one of the physicians on the surgical staff of a large hospital in New York he was appointed to the vacancy.

Arthur Amesworth had also finished his studies at the Theological Seminary, and had become the pastor of a small but flourishing congregation.

A lapse of four years did not accomplish much change in Newville. It grieved Adelaide Murren very much not to have heard from Gerald's own lips his plans before leaving home. She could not account for his apparent unkindness. But when she heard through Arthur Amesworth that Gerald had actually intended to tell her, but forbore on account of misunderstanding, she not only forgave him but heartily approved of his course.

Time wore on. One day the friends of Adelaide were shocked to hear that she had been stricken with serious illness. The family physician, having employed all the means available to him finally suggested that outside aid be summoned. Beatrice, who had returned from Paris, and who felt for her cousin all the tenderness and solicitude of a sister, advised that Dr. Newton's services be procured. Accordingly a telegram was sent at once, notifying him of the serious illness of Miss Murren and requesting him to come to Newville as speedily as possible.

After a hasty perusal of the telegram, Gerald lost no time in complying with the request.

He entered the sick-room without a sign of recognition from the patient. Realizing the seriousness of the case, the doctors used all the means which medical skill could devise. For some days there was no change; then a change for the better took place, and thereafter steady improvement. It was some months, however, before Adelaide was fully restored to health.

* * * * * *

In a pleasant town situated in one of the most beautiful and picturesque sections of Pennsylvania, where, in summer, the air is soft and the breezes are redolent with the odor of new mown hay, and where the music of the birds is in delightful harmony with the voice of nature all around, one may see from the distant hills, in the vale below, the gilded spire of a newly built church. The town itself is inhabited largely by those, who having wearied of the cares and annoyances of conventional city life, have sought this favored spot to recuperate health and good spirits. Adjoining the church is a cozy parsonage, almost hidden by vines and rosebushes, and encircled by a well kept lawn. It is Sunday morning. The ringing of the church bell announces the time for morning service. Soon the parishioners may be seen coming to church on foot and in all sorts of conveyances. Just as the minister steps forward to open the service, three persons are ushered up the main aisle of the church. Two are strangers apparently, and yet not so to Arthur, who, however, had not been told by Adelaide that Beatrice and Gerald were coming to spend several weeks with "the minister and his lovely wife." Although the minister was almost overcome by surprise and happiness, he recovered sufficiently not to pronounce the benediction untimely.

EXACTNESS IN THE USE AND PRONUNCIATION OF WORDS.

A FEW BRIEF REMARKS.

How seldom is it possible to find a man who uses and pronounces his words correctly! When we do find such a man, it is a pleasure to hear him talk. Do we suppose that this method of talking arose in him spontaneously, without any effort on his part? No. Rather must we think that this has become one of his powers (for such we may call it) by constant and careful practice.

Is such a result worth the pains taken in order to attain it? Yes; such a man is recognized as an authority in the use and pronunciation of words. When he uses or pronounces any word, all know that he is correct in his use or pronunciation of that word. How few men of this kind there are, upon whom reliance in these matters can be placed! Such a man has a power at his command.

Can any one of us attain such a result? By care and constant study and practice each and every one can. A man should associate as much as possible with men who are known to be exact in their pronunciation and use of words; he should have his ears always open and his mind attentive and alert, ready to hear and remember every word which may drop from the lips of such men.

Whenever a young man hears a word used or pronounced in a way which seems to him peculiar, he should remember the word, and consult his dictionary with regard to it. Only the dictionaries of highest authority should be used. If the youth has found that he has been using or pronouncing a word incorrectly, let him make a change, and ever after let him give that word its proper use and pronunciation. If he has found that others use a word incorrectly, let him take good care not to make the same mistake. For, indeed, it is hard to hear some of our words, which every one should know, misused or mispronounced.

If a man is in doubt of some word, no matter whether he has heard it used and pronounced or no, let him consult his dictionary with regard to it. Such a book is for use, and for constant use; make it one of your most intimate friends.

Above all things, read the best works of the best authors; learn how they use their words.

With constant care and practice, together with constant attention to the manner of speaking with those around us, we can hardly fail to attain the desired result. It is as necessary to be exact in your pronunciation and use of words as in any other matter. Be critical! Learn to be exact!

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Editorials.

The Easter Season and Vacation.

By the time this copy reaches you, Easter vacation will be a thing of the past and the third and last term of this scholastic year will have become a reality. At the time of this writing, we are all looking forward with eager anticipations. May they all be realized! Yet it is only too true that distance lends enchantment to the view; and when the reality is before us, we are too often apt to come to the conclusion that "things are not what they seem." But be this as it may, we certainly wish you all a happy and fruitful vacation. Happy because of the awakening which is seen and felt around us everywhere during the Spring-time. Fruitful because of the culmination of the Lenten season. It is during this vacation that we should be spurred on to a better life, more so than at any other time of the year. The Crucifixion of our Lord and the great awakening round about us should almost force us to examine ourselves and throw out what is bad, augmenting what is good. May we all come back better than we left, and better equipped for our work, leaving, however the Spring-fever by the wayside.

Progress.

From current reports we infer that the Building Committee is going straight ahead, which is very good news indeed. If we live in a progressive age we must progress; we cannot stand still. As the schools and colleges all around us are growing by increasing their capacity and number of students, we must do so also. Most of us will not receive the benefit of new buildings, but we can get the spirit, which if fanned and fanned may one day burst forth into a flame. The men who have it in charge are criticised for being too conservative; but conservatism is a very good basis on which to build. When you have built you will not be likely to need State appropriations. The president of one of our largest universities has said, "Time is the great thing needful in building a college." May our hopes be realized; and when we become successful in life, may we not also become unmindful of our *alma mater*.

* * * * * *

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever."

To nothing can this line be applied so well as to the human body. If our bodies are the most beautiful creations of God, why not try to keep them so? In some cases they cannot be kept as they are on account of unavoidable circumstances, but in most cases their despoilment is due to our own carelessness and recklessness. Every part of the body is for a use. We are too often unmindful of the future consequences of our present doings.

One most apparent consequence is the absence of hair on a greater part of the heads of too many of our men of the present day. It has been proved by scientific investigation that in most cases this is due to the wearing of ill-fitting and tight or heavy hats. The blood supply of the hair is cut off by the pressure on the supplying-vessels, which run along the side of the head. We grant that the conventional hat, which is heavy and tight, must be worn some of the time, but not most of the time. Be unwilling to be like those who occupy the first row in our theatres, and take a lesson from the ancient Greeks, "who cherished the hair as to the head."

Personals and Locals.

On Friday evening, April 27th, and inter-society debate will take place in Y. M. C. A hall. The question is " Resolved that the course pursued by England toward the Transvaal is justifiable.

Beck, '00; Rubrecht, '01; Beck; '02; who will champion the affirmative side are Euterpea's representatives. The representatives of Sophronia are, Kuntz, '00; Fegley, '00; and Shimer, '01; who will defend the negative side.

Schell, '01; Ruhe, '01; Croman, '03; and Sieger, '01; who were on the sick list, have again resumed their studies.

Fischer, '03, who has been confined at his home with typhoid pneumonia, expects to join his class after Easter.

Neff, '03, also expects to resume his studies after Easter.

Jno. B. Geisinger and Harry Shimmer, students at Perkiomen Seminary; Wm. Seibert, '02. Lafayette; Meschter, '01, Bucknell; and Miss Laura Allen '01, Bucknell, spent part of their Easter vacation with Shimer, '01.

Dr. O.: " In a normal condition you hardly know that you have a stomach; do you?"

Reagle: " But a dyspeptic thinks he is all stomach."

Bachman '02, Lehigh visited Worth '01, on Saturday, March 31.

The Freshmen are actively engaged rehearsing their play to be presented during commencement week.

E. J. Kresge, visited Schofer, '01.

The Junior class attended the sale of Benjamin Schmoyer, near Trexlertown, on Friday March 23. After enjoying a very fine dinner the Juniors recompensed their host by purchasing various farming implements, such as threshing flails, hoes, rakes, straps of sleigh bells etc. These they exhibited to the people of Allentown and vicinity before placing them on exhibition in their rooms.

The Euterpean Literary Society elected the following officers, for a term of six weeks: President, Trump '00; Vice President, Schofer, '01; Rec. Sec., Croman '03; Cor. Sec., Smith '03; Critics, Beck '00, and Bickel '01, Chaplain, Freed '02; Pianist, Boyer '00.

Shimer, (opening door): "Dr. the expressman is outside."

Dr. W.: "Whom does he want?"

Shimer: "He wants the whole class. He says that the new buildings have just arrived."

Dr. W.: "That's getting to be an old chestnut."

Nagle: "Olda keshta sin gut won sie gerocht sin."

It is reported that one of the boys recently received a mitten from a young lady. and that this mitten was made from the yarns which he spun while visiting her.

The Sophomores are actively engaged in hunting specimens of plants.

A German debate has been arranged between the Senior and Junior German Societies. The question for debate is "Resolved that facts contribute more to mental enjoyment than fiction." The Seniors represented by Krutzky, Fritch, and Boyer uphold the affirmative side and Schell, Schofer, and J. M. Fetherolf, the Junior representatives, defend the negative side.

Wanted—another piece of pie for Rohrig.

The following Muhlenberg students attended St. Michael's Luther League held at the home of Miss Lula Koch, 829 Linden street: Boyer '00, Shimer '01, Rubrecht '01, Fetherolf J. '01, Fetherolf W. '01, Kistler '02.

Dr. B. (In Physics): "If I should let this gas escape during night, and would light a match upon entering in the morning, a heavy explosion would occur." Voice in Rear: "Dr. why don't you do it? New buildings! See?"

At the regular monthly meeting of the Missionary Society Bartholomew '02, read an essay on "Lutheran Missions in China;" and C. K. Fegley on "The Religious Spirit in the Philippines." Dr. Walkernagel talked on "News From the Field."

Freed '02, addressed the English Bible class at St. Michael's Church; and Hamm '01, the English Bible class at Salem's Reformed Church on Sunday April 1st.

On Sunday March 25th, at a special service held in St. Stephen's Lutheran chapel, Trump '00, and Fegley '00, delivered addresses in English; and Schofer '01, one in German.

Very many of the students went to see the magician Maro on Thursday, March 22. Several of the professors were also present. It is reported that Dr. Ettinger helped Maro, and contributed to the pleasure of the spectators.

It was asked of us that we print the following: The white man's spirit is broken; the bloom is gone from his cheek; his hair is wiry and lustreless as that of an Egyptian mummy; the light and fire have gone from his eye, and in its place is the wild look of the hunted deer. His form, erstwhile erect, is bent as though he carried the burden of centuries. It was caused by Smith A., who from the mysterious depths of his fearful and wonderful mind propounded this question: "If a tumbler can tumble, why cannot a goblet gobble?"

On Friday, March 30, Sousa with his superb band appeared in the Lyric Theatre; the concert was only in the afternoon. Three of the classes made arrangements with their professors so that the members could go and enjoy the concert. All who went were fully repaid for their time and for their money. A feature was the rendering of Sousa's new composition, "The Man Behind the Gun." Although there was a very small audience, yet it was very appreciative. The only complaint was that the concert was too short for some of the lovers of good music.

A certain young lady inquired recently of a Freshman whether he was related to a gentleman of the same name who was at college some years ago. To which he replied: "Yes, he is my father."

On the night of the 22nd of March, a band was organized at college. This band consisted of about sixteen persons, and instruments of about fourteen kinds—such as horn, violin, whistle, mouth organ, bucket, and sauce-pan. The band played several selections in college, and then proceeded to serenade several of the professors. For a while discord reigned supreme.

We learn that Miller '02, has been attending church very regularly of late. What is the reason?

The Senior class recently elected the following officers: President, Deisher; Vice President, Statler; Recording Secretary, Kuntz; Corresponding Secretary, Lentz; Treasurer, W. Horn; Monitor, Trump.

ANNUAL INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The eighth annual contest of the Pennsylvania Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union was held on Friday evening, March 9th, in Bomberger Memorial Hall, Ursinus College. Early in the evening, delegations began to arrive from Perkiomen Seminary, Swarthmore, Allentown College for Women, and other institutions. The elite of Collegeville and the surrounding country were also in attendance. The hall was beautifully decorated, and palms and potted plants graced the platform. The committee in charge, consisting of members of the faculty as well as of the student body, did not spare time or talents in making elaborate arrangements for a very successful meeting. An innovation was the appearance of the entire Senior class of Ursinus College in cap and gown. The judges were: Dr. George E. Reed, President of Dickinson College and State Librarian; President E. E. Campbell, of Irving College; and Hon. Clinton R. Woodruff, of Philadelphia. The contestants were judged upon three counts, originality of thought, style of composition and manner of delivery, upon the basis of one-hundred per cent. for perfection in each. The contest was very close, and the judges especially commended all the speakers for their excellent productions. The program was as follows:

Music.

Invocation,.....President Spangler, Ursinus College.
President's Opening Address,..... .....Frank S. Kuntz, Muhlenberg.
Oration.....Stuart Nye Hutchinson, Lafayette.
"Dawn in the East."
Music.
Oration,.....B. Thomas Baldwin, Swarthmore.
"The Onward Sweep of Humanity."
Oration,..... Howard Edgar Bodder, Ursinus.
"The Mission of Chivalry."
Oration,.....J. F. Heilman, Gettysburg.
"Our Uncrowned King."
Music.
Oration,.....Victor J. Koch, Muhlenberg.
"Parallelism of Plant and Animal Life."
Oration,.....Eugene Le Fevre Herr, Franklin and Marshall.
"Democracy."
Oration,.....Charles W. Startsman, Lehigh.
"The Constitutional Rights of Our Annexed Territories."
Music.

The decision of the judges was then announced by President Reed, in a bright and happy speech. The first prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Mr. Boddar, of Ursinus; second prize of fifteen dollars to Mr. Heilman, of Gettysburg; and honorable mention was given to Mr. Herr, of Franklin and Marshall. The Ursinus students gave an enthusiastic demonstration, because their representative secured the honor of first prize. After the contest an elaborate reception was held in Bomberger Hall which was attended by the students and their friends. The contest was one of the most successful ever held, and Ursinus certainly deserves credit for her good work and for the hospitable treatment accorded the visiting members of the Union.

Our Alumni.

'71. Among the speakers that delivered missionary addresses before the students of the Mt. Airy Seminary we find the names of Rev. T. F. Ohl, Mus. Dr., and Rev. Preston A. Laury, '89.

'71. Revs. H. Peters and B. F. Hoefer have organized a Sunday-school on Dorr street, Toledo, which gives promise of being the nucleus of another congregation in this city of Lutheran churches. The services of Student H. T. Weber, of the Chicago Seminary, have been secured to work up an organization during the summer vacation, and the Mission Committee of the District Synod of Ohio will lend the new project its countenance and aid.—*The Lutheran.*

'73. Rev. C. J. Hirzel, of St. Paul's, Philadelphia, made a short trip to Buffalo and Niagara, visiting his niece, Mrs. T. W. Kretschmann. He supplied the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer.

'73. Rev. William H. Myers, of Reading, Pa., continues his "At Leisure Papers" in the *Lutheran.* The titles of recent contributions were, "A Rainy Day" and "The Lenten Looking Glass." On February 22nd, he also delivered an illustrated lecture on George Washington, in the basement of Grace Church, Reading.

'73. The Lutheran Congregation of Nuremburg, Pa., which is a part of the Ringtown charge served by Rev. A. P. Pflueger, has built a $3,500 house of worship.

'79. E. J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., Allentown, Pa., succeeds M. C. L. Kline, Esq., '74, as Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of Lehigh County.

'79. Rev. George S. Seaman, Homestead, Pa., has been elected President of the Sunday-school Convention of the Middle Conference of the Pittsburg Synod.

'80. Rev. James F. Beates has resigned his charge in Seattle and expects soon to visit his old home in the East, which he has not seen for nearly five years.

'83. Rev. Prof. W. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., of the Chicago Lutheran Seminary, contributed a very interesting and suggestive article, "Is this the Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness?" to a recent number of the *Lutheran*.

'83. At the sessions of the Sunday-school of St. Peter's Church, South Bethlehem, on the 11th inst., the pastor, Rev. W. F. Schoener, made the welcome announcement that the obligation of $1,000 incurred two or three years ago when extensive improvements were made in the Sunday-school rooms, had been now fully liquidated.—*The Lutheran.*

'84. Rev. E. F. Krause has offered his resignation as pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, Leechburg, Pa. He closes his very efficient pastorate the last of April.

'84. Rev. O. E. Pflueger discussed "The Advantages of Lutheran Sunday-school Conventions" at the Sixth District Convention of the Danville Conference.

'85. Rev. A. M. Merkham, Columbia, Pa., is Secretary of the Sunday-school Convention of the Lancaster Conference. Other Muhlenberg men on the program of the last session were Rev. Charles L. Fry, '78, and Rev. H. J. Kuder.

'87. Reuben J. Butz, Esq , Allentown, Pa , has been elected to the responsible position of Trust Officer of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Co., made vacant by the death of Major Morris L. Kauffman.

'88. Rev. Geo. Gebert, of Tamaqua, Pa., the president of the Pottsville conference, has received a unanimous call to St. John's Church, Mauch Chunk, as successor to Rev. L. Lindenstruth.

'89. "The History of Lutheran Missions," by Rev. Preston A. Laury, has been made one of the books in the First Luther League Reading Course. When the young people are engaged in the reading of such books and the discussion of such vital works of the Church, they are not subject to criticism.—*The Lutheran.*

'90. Rev. I. B. Ritter, of Emaus, Pa., has been elected pastor of St. Paul's congregation of Trexlertown, made vacant by the death of Rev. B. E. Kramlich. This again brings the congregation into the Allentown Conference, to which it belongs geographically.

'91. Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Binghamton, N. Y., is keeping his people busy studying missionary subjects. Nearly all the societies in the congregation have a missionary aim.

'93. Rev. P. G. Sieger, of Lancaster, Pa., has published " Helps to the Way of Salvation, to be used in connection with Luther's Small Catechism." It is full of good, practical hints.

'94. Rev. Geo D. Druckenmiller, of Freeburg, Snyder County, Pa., has been called to the pastorate of Trinity Church, Freemansburg, and St. John's Church, Williams Township.

'94. In the near future, Bethlehem Church, of which Rev. G. C. Loos is pastor, purposes to erect one of the finest edifices in the city, thereby increasing the value of the entire church property with its contemplated improvements to $100,000.

'94. Under the auspices of Salem's Alliance, Salem's Church, Bethlehem, Prof. George Opp, son of Charles B. Opp, manager of the General Council's Board of Publication, and organist of St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia, gave an organ recital in Salem's Church, Bethlehem, on Tuesday evening, the 20th inst. Mr. Opp is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, and has been under the tuition of eminent musicians, such as Prof. Wolle, of Bethlehem and Prof. Rheinberger, of Munich, Germany.

'96. St. Paul's Church, Reading, Rev. M. H. Stettler, pastor, has decided to purchase a lot, 80x136 feet, at 16th and Perkiomen streets, for the erection of a church in the near future. Though but recently organized, it already has a membership of 80, while the catechetical class numbers 35, not all of whom, however, will be confirmed. At Mohnsville, where Mr. Stettler serves another congregation, ground will be broken for a church building as soon as the weather will permit.

'96. Rev. J. F. Kramlich, of Royersford, has declined the call extended him by his father's charge in Berks county, Pa.

'96. O. R. B. Leidy has moved his law office from the Commonwealth building to the second floor of the Stiles building, where he occupies rooms 4, 5 and 6.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'97. Extensive improvements, costing about $6,000, have been made in the church edifice of St. John's congregation, and dedication services were held March 25th. The services were conducted by Franklin K. Fretz, of the Mt. Airy Seminary to whom it has been decided to extend a call to serve this congregation after his graduation from the Seminary. Rev. J. H. Waidelich, '86, President of the Conference, and Rev. Warren Nickel, '94, also assisted.

'98. Under date of February 12th, 1900, John P. Walter writes President Seip an interesting letter from Greytown, Nicaragua, where he holds a position as topographer in one of the surveying parties of the Nicaragua Canal. He says in part: "I suppose it will surprise you to hear from one of Muhlenberg's sons in the wilds of Nicaragua. I am here now and putting to use some of the training I received at Muhlenberg I am topographer in one of the surveying parties and am pleased with the work, but there is nothing in this part of Nicaragua to make one like the country. I am on the east side and about thirty miles from San Juan del Norte. There is nothing but swamp and mud or steep cone-like hills emerging right out of the swamp. The hills are all of residual clay and the country having more rain than almost any other country on the globe it makes them very slippery and hard to climb. We wade swamps every day up to our necks and often over our heads. We have crossed mud swamps where we sank down to our shoulders in clear mud, and had to pull each other out.

The growth of vegetation caused by much rain and warm sun is something wonderful. There are many kinds of parasitic plants, such as orchids, lilies, mosses, vines and a hundred other different species of plant-life,which grow on the bark of trees and literally cover them with a green coat of plants from the stump to the uppermost branches, making a hanging-garden to rival those of Eastern monarchs.

Last week I killed a boa about nine or ten feet long. I thought it would be a fine specimen for the museum at College, so I skinned and stuffed it, but it rained so much and the sun got from behind the clouds so seldom, that in spite of treating it with the proper chemicals and trying to dry it by means of artificial heat, it spoiled for me and I had to throw it into the Nigro river. I have a few frogs, lizards, bugs, and a big alligator ant in alcohol, and I will try to get a coral-snake and preserve it in the same way. If I succeed in getting these home safely I will present them to the College. If there is anything in that line that I can do for Muhlenberg, I wish you would let me know and I will do my best, for I assure you I have not yet forgotten my Alma Mater. Yesterday so many of our laborers took their time that we are forced to stay in camp to-day, or until we have more men. I can not say that I am sorry, for we have been worked very hard the last two months.

The coral-snake I spoke about on the 12th I caught the next day. We walked out in the swamp and hills for over four miles in the morning and we all worked hard till a little after lunch when I felt very tired and sat down to rest. I was scarcely seated when I saw a coral snake creeping right up towards me. I took a small stick and hit it. I did not wish to bruise it too much, so I hit it lightly. It put up a pretty good fight. I took a piece of withe, made a loop in it and put it over its head and choked it to death. I think it is the most showy snake I ever saw, striped in red, white and black, and it has the reputation of being very deathly.

I had a novel experience the other day. I with two natives was taking topography on high, steep hills, having a fall of 67 feet to 100 feet in horizontal direction, that is a good deal more than a pitch of 45 degrees. We were running a section parallel with the crest of the hill and about 100 feet lower. The men were ahead cutting and staking off and I followed, taking levels and making sketches. I heard a dull rattling, groaning or snorting noise in our rear and farther up the hill. I did not like to say anything to the men for they would have thought that I was frightened. So I kept quiet a little longer when all at once the noise was not more than fifty feet from me and I looked back and saw a big herd of wild hogs (chance del monte) rushing down on us. I did not keep quiet any longer, but rushed for a

high stump, scrambling up as fast as I could and screaming, "chance del monte." It took but a second till we were all perched, and the herd of wild swine numbering no less than two hundred rushed by us. They would have liked to get at us, but I screamed at them in English just as I would to an "American pig," and I suppose that had its effect on them. The woods here are full of them, and they travel in herds sometimes numbering five hundred. They destroy and devour everything in their way, killing men and eating them unless the men have rifles or get out of their way by climbing a tree. They are very agile and can run up those mountains faster than any dog, even tigers being unable to catch them unless they happen to be old and crippled ones straggling on behind.

The natives all speak Spanish and you can imagine at what a disadvantage we were when we first came here; not one of us knew a word of Spanish. We get along pretty well now, and can make them understand what we want. I expect to be home some time in July, and will then take a short vacation before resuming my studies at Mt. Airy."

Among Our Exchanges.

We think that perhaps the criticism of Exchanges of the *Dickinson Union* might be more concise and to the point. Indeed, one can hardly get the gist of the remarks. The idea in criticizing an Exchange is not to fill up so many pages with rambling words, nor to say that an article is "good;" but really to criticize it so that the good or the bad points of an article are defined, in such a way as to make that criticism of use to every one who reads it. If an article is good, certainly there are reasons for its being so; and those reasons are what we want.

In the February *Pharetra* appears a neatly written article entitled "Dorothy's Apology." The story is in a lighter vein, and shows how we can make little things big and troublesome by brooding over them. The character of the little girl Dorothy is splendid, and the way in which her better qualities win a victory over her baser ones is very engaging. The moral which we draw from the story is what we have heard so often, about "Heaping Coals of Fire."

Nothing was more appropriately written in any of our Exchanges for last month than the "Sketch of John Sebastian Bach," which appeared in the *Mirror*. On the twenty-seventh of March, Bach's Grand Mass in B Minor was rendered in the Moravian Church at Bethlehem, for the first time in America. As interest naturally centered there, and the coming rendition was talked of by everybody, it was very fitting to have Bach's Life in compact form. As is necessary, the article is but the compilation of facts relative to his life; but, nevertheless, one will be repaid for his trouble, if he reads it either in the *Mirror*, or anywhere else where he may find it.

Dr. Babbitt, of Columbia University, is preparing a dictionary of college slang, and desires the co-operation of students and college men generally in making it as complete as possible.—*The Lafayette.*

First Student: "My landlady has both strong and weak points."

Second Student: "What are they?"

First Student: "Butter and coffee."—*Midland.*

Teacher: "Willie, what is a rabbit?"
Willie: "An animal with four legs and an anecdote."
Teacher: "What do you mean by an anecdote?"
Willie: "A short, funny tale."—*Courant.*

"By Chimney," the smoke did say,
As the draft flew up the flue,
"I get a new soot every day,
A mixture of black and blew."—*Ex.*

Sammy stopped a cable car
By standing on the track,
Which gave his system quite a jar—
Sam's sisters now wear black.

Bobby found some dynamite
And placed it in the range;
His ma gazed o'er the the kitchen site
And thought Bob's absence strange.

The ice was thin when Frederic died,
Pa's tears fell down like rain,
"The ice-house can't be filled" he cried,
"If it don't freeze again!"—*Ex.*

Angry Professor: "How dare you swear before me?"
Student: "How did I know you wanted to swear first?"
—*College Student.*

We agree in every point with the Exchange Editor of the *Buff and Blue* in his criticism of the Exchange Department of the *Mount Holyoke.* We, too, had intended to criticize in much the same manner, but our contemporary anticipated us. We should consider the *Mount Holyoke* one of our best Exchanges, if the Exchange Editor would do some critical work.

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said:

"Dost thou not believe in France?"

"Yes, though I have not seen it I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thine own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The young man left.—*Christian Advocate.*

Literary Notes.

The late Mr. Spurgeon had the bad habit of waiting until late in the week to compose his sermons. One Saturday night he shut himself in his study, chose his text, and began to work out his ideas; but his wheels of thought refused to move. The sermon refused to come.

Despairing of success that night, he went to bed. On waking, however, it was nearly church time and he was in an awful predicament, with not a word of his sermon prepared. In his desperation he asked the advice of his wife. "What is your text?" she asked. He told her, and she at once proceeded to put the discourse before him in all its divisions of first, secondly, and so on.

"You've hit it exactly," cried the preacher in astonishment; "Where did you get it?" "Why," said she, "you sat up in bed last night and went through it yourself."

It is said that Tolstoi sometimes reads parts of his stories from the manuscript to friends. On one occasion, however, he ventured upon a more trying experiment. This was the reading of his drama, "The Dominion of Darkness," to some ignorant peasants. He was shocked when he found they did not appreciate the passages of pathos but laughed outright in the midst of them.

Cardinal Newman was a master in the art of writing English. In one of his published letters he expressed the following opinion: "As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I ever had was Cicero; I think I owe a great deal to him, and so far as I know, to no one else."

Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews, another masterly writer in English, says in his autobiography: "So far as I have derived benefit from anyone in the matter of composition, it has been from Cicero. I do not underate the advantages of a combined study of such authors as Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Johnson, Burke, Hume, Gibson and Macaulay; but I must repeat that I believe I got more good, not only for writing Latin, but for writing English, from reading Cicero, and learning him by heart, than from any other source."

Ruskin's great work in preaching to unwilling ears that there is a higher aim in life than material progress and money-making, and in holding up the value of beauty as a living power, is freely acknowledged by most critics. Some are however disposed to contest his claims to be a teacher of art and life. Mr. H. Heathcote Statham says that a sober analysis of Ruskin's writings on art shows that he had no settled or permanent convictions at all.

A generous man expects to be imposed upon, but the satisfaction of relieving one deserving sufferer compensates for the mortification of being swindled by nine impostors. A sympathetic man often "slops over" in the judgment of cold, cautious men, and trusts men that were not worthy to be trusted.

Henry Ward Beecher was one criticised for his sympathetic trustfulness by a friend who called it "gush" and "slopping over." He replied: "I suppose I do slop over sometimes. "Well, I never saw a pan full of milk that did not slop over. If you do not want

any slopping over, take a pint of milk and put it into a big bucket. There will be no slopping over then. A man who has on a pint of feeling in an enormous bucket never slops over. But if a man is full of feeling, up to the very brim, how is he going to carry himself without spilling over?"

His father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, had befriended a man who turned against him, and acted very meanly. One day the father, having heard of the man's meanness, came home very much excited. Instead of "blowing out," he raised his hand, and bringing it down said slowly and emphatically: "Well, when I have acted honorably toward a man and he goes away and acts meanly toward me, I am never sorry that I acted honorably toward *him*."

Washington Irving was good-natured and delighted in doing little deeds of kindness; but he was also sincere and gave no unmerited praise. Once, while visiting the country home of a wealthy merchant together with a literary friend, he refused to inspect the grounds in the company of the owner. In explaining his conduct to his friend, he said: "I make it a principle never to walk with a man through his own grounds. I have no idea of praising a thing whether I like it or not. You and I will inspect them separately."

Webster describes the railroads of his time in a way which we of a later age regard as amusing. He says: "The railroad is made of stringers of scantling, notched into ties that often get loose in the ground. Upon the stringers two straps of iron are nailed, about the width and thickness of wagon tires. These straps of iron frequently get detached at the ends, which turn up like snakes' heads, and pierce the floors of the cars.

Then the wheels slip on the iron straps, especially in winter time, so much so that no dependence can be placed upon the time of arrival, and most people think the railroad will not be a success.

Vol. XVII

No. 9

THE MUHLENBERG

May, 1900.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litterae Sine Ingenio Vanae."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., MAY, 1900. No. 9.

COBWEBS.

THOMAS McH. YODER, '01.

How common it is to see a cobweb in a barn, attic, cellar, and in some carelessly cleaned houses. When seen by the housewife in her rooms, she becomes dismayed. How few, when destroying them, stop to think that they were the hard work of a spider, whose existence wholly depends on them!

Cobwebs consist of very fine threads spun in all directions by the spider, which is the centre from which they are sent. These threads fasten firmly to some place, where flies and insects are likely to wander. The spider waits till one of them becomes entangled, and then pulls it in, thus making his meal. This is the only means the small creature has of making a living.

The spider is not the only one that spins webs. Every day some sneak spins them in a place not easily detected, but catching those who are not wide awake. Vice and disease also cast webs where the weak ones may be caught. From the time man opens his eyes till he closes them in death, he must be constantly on the alert for these snares.

We, as students, are liable to fall into these traps. Our vocation is such that if not always wide awake, we shall become easy victims. Temptations and evils are ever in our paths, and only those with strong enough will power will avoid these cobwebs.

After our student days are past, and we enter the business or professional life, we see cobwebs there also. The business life is full of cobwebs, and we will have to stoop often, or they will brush our faces. The dishonest man is continually spinning webs, and finds easy victims among the weak and unwary ones. Almost every day you may read of some ignorant person buying gold bricks,

or being swindled in some green goods game. Again, failure and famine are always finding victims, and they who avoid these do well.

In studying the lives of the clergy, we find that even in this good calling, cobwebs are spun as perfectly as in any other. Very often our good brethren meet with dissatisfaction and woe among their people. It seems that some men were born to be unfortunate, hated and despised. They are often criticised, and critics are not very careful as to when and where the criticisms are made.

Our poor friends who have to carry the pick and shovel, and toil early and late, are good victims very often for the different cobwebs. Intemperance, poverty, and vices of every sort pull at their sleeves, and too often they fall victims.

Hence in every calling, humble or great, the cobwebs appear. Sometimes the one who spins a web to catch another, falls into it himself; and it is well that such a one does. How good it would be if all those forming such snares for others, would themselves become entangled in them. It would teach them a lesson; and others, following in the same path, would be profited by seeing their predecessors' fall. Again, it teaches all mankind to open their eyes, because in this enlightened age a man cannot go through the world half awake or with only one eye open. If you have been observing, you will notice that those entangled in the cobwebs belong to the above class.

We should try to see how we may avoid falling into these snares. By the time a child becomes old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, he should be taught to work with his whole mind, and become enwrapped in his work, till he masters it. Then, on growing up, he will keep his eyes wide open, and will always stoop to avoid the cobwebs, which hang in his path. We should treat men as men should be treated, be honest to the world, and always observe the Golden Rule. In this way we will not only be benefited, but others will follow our example, and these human spiders will be crushed. Therefore, let us all keep our brains well cleaned of all cobwebs.

COLLEGE DAYS.

"I was in many an embarassing position in my life," said Uncle John to a number of his nephews and nieces who had gathered about him. "Won't you tell us about the good times you used to have?" asked one.

"Yes, if you want to hear them. You know, children, that when a man has been out of college for a number of years, he sees how senseless were the tricks that he played. But it takes several years for a man to overcome his boyish spirit, and some men never do. We have a little time before supper, so I'll tell you now.

"We used to stick pins in other peoples' chairs, and put mucilage on the seats so that those who once sat on them couldn't rise; and we'd pull the chair from under an unfortunate individual who had intended to sit down;—well, we did all such things, just as you children do now. When I was at college I did just what many foolish students do: I fell in love with a girl. One evening I went out to the house; it was my first visit, you know. I rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, I asked if Miss Emily was at home. 'Yes,' said the servant, and I was ushered into the parlor. I didn't look around me, and had taken a comfortable chair when I noticed that there were two people sitting opposite me, a young lady, very pretty, and a young man of about the same age. At once I became embarassed. It was not Miss Emily, to be sure; and the silence was becoming intolerable, when the servant announced that Miss Emily would be down in a few minutes. During these few minutes I didn't know what to do. I first crossed one leg over the other, and then the other over the one; I felt the perspiration coming fast—though the room was cool—and I was trembling all over, my face becoming red and white by turns. Finally, after what seemed an hour, an old lady appeared, and walked up to me. 'I'm Miss Emily,' said she, 'what do you want?' This was too much for me; and picking up my coat and hat, I cleared the door steps and all in one leap, and was never seen there afterwards. It was my first and last visit to any young lady's home. That's why I'm a bachelor; that's why I'm gray.

"One night, when all was dark and still, four of us went down to a stable back of the college, took a mule out of it, and carried him up to the top floor of the dormitory. Then we brought a wagon up, piece by piece, and, when it was fitted together, hitched the

mule to it. Then we drove around. In the morning as I went to class, I met one of the professors. 'John,' said he to me, 'if you weren't a day student, I'd have thought that you were the leader in this, but as you go home every evening, you can not be guilty. I can't exactly understand how these boys got the mule up. There are no shoe prints on the stairs, which ought to be there.' 'No, Doctor,' said I, 'I can't understand it either; indeed, I believe I'll have to see it before I can believe that such a thing could have been done.' 'Well,' said he, 'come up-stairs and you can see it. It's still there.' So we went up. There was the mule standing, and the cart attached. The authorities did not know how to get it down. 'Well,' said I, 'I guess I must believe, but I'll be kicked if I can understand how they got it here.' In the morning the president called together all the boys and arranged them in alphabetical order. Then he said, 'Gentlemen, an injury has been done that may be very serious. Some one has put a cart and a mule in the top hall of the dormitory, and we don't know how to get it down I shall ask you, one by one, whether you were connected with it in any way.' My place was near the head of the line, and though the other boys, I knew, would lie out of it, I wouldn't do it; and accordingly you may imagine how shaky I was. He looked at the boys, and then began his questioning. While he was questioning the second fellow in front of me, his head nodded and I took advantage of the opportunity to change my seat to three places higher up in line. So there I wasn't caught."

"Ever since my episode with the young (?) lady, I have been a woman-hater. One nice afternoon I thought I'd take a bath, and then go down-country to see my uncle, and I proceeded to do so. Imagine my surprise when, just as I was beginning to dress, I heard the voices of women at the door. Some one knocked. I made no response, and thought the incident closed, when, lo, I heard my chum put his key into the lock, and utter an unearthly giggle. Jiminy, what was I to do? I couldn't get out; my clothes were lying all around the room; and I myself was in no condition to receive visitors. I grabbed my clothes, threw them into the next room, and made a dive for the bed. I just got under it in time, when the girls came in to see Ed's room and his chum. They walked in very unconcernedly, while Ed was chuckling away like an evil spirit. Everything would have been all right, had not the girls insisted upon seeing everything. They came into our bedroom. One said to my chum, who was most uncommonly tricky,

'Ed, your room looks very nice. In fact, I wonder how college boys can keep their room so nice. But you just fixed it because you knew we were coming. You'll have to stand the test. Mary, you look under that bed, and I'll look under this. You know, boys are accustomed to throw everything they don't want under their beds. We'll see if they keep their room nice always.' With that, they both looked under the beds, and the one appointed to me dropped the covers as quickly, uttered a yell, and that was the last I saw of them in the room."

"Now, as time is up, I shall stop, and tell you more on some other occasion."

THE SENSE OF DUTY.

RUSSELL B. LYNN, '02.

As we look through the realm of Nature, and observe where Nature's God has seen fit to bestow his highest temporal blessing, life, we become conscious of the fact that it exists in different degrees in different individuals. In the vegetable kingdom, the plant is endowed with vitality; yet it never moves, except as the result of some outside force, and it lacks the power of perception. Crossing the boundary line into the animal kingdom, we find in the very lowest of its representatives this power which the plant lacks. Touch an amoeba with a fine hair, and immediately there is a response in motion, giving evidence of superiority over the plant in organization. Arriving at the citadel of creation, we find the same power but in its highest degree of perfection. Yet this is not all. Man rises above the lower animals, not because of his physical strength, but by virtue of his rational faculties. This it is that enables him to hold his position as ruler of the earth; a position which is rightfully his, for he bears the image of his Creator, and through the sacrifice of the Lamb is made the son of God.

But the very fact that man rises above all living organisms by virtue of his superior endowments entails upon him responsibilities, great in proportion as he is capable of meeting them. It is his duty to fulfil these obligations. In conscientiously doing so, he is fulfilling his duty to his God, to his fellow man, and to himself; and thereby is enabled to attain unto the higher enjoyment of the rich blessings it is his lot to share.

In connection with our nervous organization we recognize five great senses. These are highly important to our enjoyment of life. But by accident, neglect, or misuse they may fail us, and we feel the loss keenly in proportion as we were formerly capable of enjoying them intelligently. In the streams of Mammoth Cave, fish are met with, whose eyes, being no longer of service to them in the intense darkness, have been absorbed, as it were, and all that remains is a spot on the integument, marking the former position of the organ.

Now, while the term *sense* in its specific meaning applies to the five pathways which connect the inner man with nature, it has a broader, and, we are safe in saying, a higher meaning. This broader meaning may be said to be the realization of those obligations which when faithfully fulfilled constitute the discharge of the three duties before mentioned. Under this head we have "the sense of duty," the careful cultivation and use of which is infinitely more important to us than any of the five senses, commonly so called.

Sad though it is, it remains a fact, that many, in the midst of this advanced stage of civilization, go about seemingly without the least "sense of duty." Look about you. See, to what in the past hundred years our country has come, through the persistent efforts of her great men. Think what she might be, if all her sons had tried as these did. But, you say, not all may be great. True. But all may try, and above all they may be good,—good men and good citizens. Thus they will help instead of hindering progress.

It is interesting to conjecture how this lack of the sense of duty comes about in certain individuals. Nay, it is more than interesting. If we choose to make it so, it is profitable, for by ascertaining and intelligently working with causes we are often able to change effects. Let us limit our hypotheses to individuals of our own time and general surroundings, as in this lies the greater interest and profit for us.

Can it be that some are born without that innate monitor which shows them the difference between right and wrong? We, cannot believe this. We find unmistakable signs of this sense even in the savage. Will the savage carry on his stealing in a free open manner, as if it were an honorable act? Rather will he do it secretly and in stealth, showing that, while he may not be able to define right and wrong, there is that within him which enables him to discriminate between the two.

It seems that we must look elsewhere for the cause. As the eyes of Thomas Grey rested upon the slabs which marked the final resting place of those simple country folk, he fell to musing. The following "gem of purest ray serene" from his Elegy shows that he firmly believed that some of those departed ones would not have remained in obscurity had they not been children of circumstance:—

> "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
> Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

It must be admitted that one's environments figure largely in determining one's destiny. Some speak of a man's making his opportunity. There is some truth in the statement, but we are apt to forget that there must be that within him which enables him to do so. This at once marks him as more than ordinary. But, to return, it is readily seen that one's surroundings may tend to hinder the development of the faculties, as well as to circumscribe one's destiny. Take one, who, from childhood, has been left largely to himself, and, still worse, has grown up amidst all that hinders his higher development; is it surprising to find him in a backward condition in this respect? On the contrary it is quite natural. Such are to be pitied and helped.

But, there is still another cause for a lack of the sense of duty; a sad one, and, it is to be feared, the most common. We have seen how certain sense organs, when no longer needed, become atrophied. Here we have a parallel case. In individuals, who have had abundant opportunity for the cultivation of the sense of duty, by neglect it may be lost. This neglect, possibly, is due to nothing so largely as to selfishness, plainly speaking. It arises from a desire to gratify self. A common form of it is the continual following of pleasure, often to the exclusion of all chance for improvement, and all that has an elevating influence. This is a dangerous course to pursue, and one that carries in its trail serious consequences. If it be one of our errors, we cannot correct it too soon.

All our endowments are calculated to be of use to us. From this fact it follows that we are in duty bound to use them. Of what benefit is any faculty, if it is not used? None whatever; on the contrary, it is dead weight, and in time will be lost entirely. We are not doing sufficient in merely ascertaining our duty. If we go no farther than this, truly, we had better be wholly without the

sense of duty, which is simply a means to an end. It enables us to discern that which we should do. Let us then cultivate it carefully, and

> " Go boldly on. Do what is right,
> Ask not for private ease or good.
> Let one bright star direct thy sight,
> The polar star of rectitude."

WHEN THE DOOR OPENS.

YERGER, '00.

When life was bright, and summer reigned supreme
Within my breast, nor aught of care did rest
In heaviness upon light-hearted youth,
One day the door of death by hand unseen
Was open flung, and through that portal passed
She who had guided me through childhood's day,
Whose strength and love had cherished me in youth.
Dark were the clouds which round my pathway hung.

There came one day into my life a love
Which comforted, caressed, and soothed my woe;
Not shallow as the foam on ocean's wave
That comes and goes with ev'ry passing breeze,
But deep and pure as Heaven's unbounded arch
That naught on earth can fathom or destroy.
Again the door of death was open swung—
My heart was left in solitude to mourn.

Not quite alone, for there remained with me
Our son, who had his mother's hair; and when
He clasped his arms in love about my neck,
His mother's eyes gazed into mine. But as
A ray of sunshine through the clouds doth pierce,
And scatters hope and joy, then disappears
Before advancing night; so passed from me
Through death's dark door this last loved tie of earth.

The sun has sunk behind the western hills.
The chilly day gives place to chillier night.
Alone beside the dying fire I sit
And dream of days now gone for evermore.
Familiar forms and faces hover near,
And beckon me. I wait impatiently
To pass death's portal when 'tis open flung,
And join those loved ones who have passed before.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Time!

Sitting in the cool of the evening and dreaming of college days gone by, one is likely to be rudely awakened by the very realistic thought—the rapid flight of Time. It can hardly be realized at once, but it is, nevertheless, true, that another collegiate year is drawing to a close. Faces that have become familiar will pass away: some forever, some only for a time, and when seen again will bring back to mind the happy days that are just passing. Next year we will see new faces, and come to know them, only to have them pass away again; new friendships will be formed and in a short time will be severed. Such is the flight of Time!

Yet a few weeks and the seniors will have gone from our midst, only to return at Commencement to formally bid us adieu, forever, as fellow-students in these classic halls. When their work is done, we hope that they all may enjoy their vacation to its fullest extent, each one in his own way, and may they greet us again, at Commencement, with bright and happy faces! Then may we shower our blessings upon them, that they may meet the battles of life bravely, and in future years may become an honor to the institution from which they are graduated.

The Ciarla.

The Ciarla has not yet made its appearance, and for this reason we hear many speculative remarks as to its coming merits. If we are to go by the old adage which says that "it takes time to make something good," we might come to the conclusion that it will be the best one ever published. It certainly does take time; and we hope that this year it has been put to good effect, and that the book may be, as in past years it has been, an honor to the college.

* * * * * *

Our Advertisers.

In looking through the pages of our several publications we too often slight the advertisement department. A student who habitually does this is disloyal to his fellow-students and to the college. Looking at it from a business point of view, the advertisement department is the most important part of the book, for without it many of our publications could not be gotten out. We admit that the advertisement department is, perhaps, not as interesting as some other parts, but, by looking through it carefully, we can guide ourselves in making our purchases. And it is the proper thing for us to do, for a man who favors you should be the first to receive your support in return.

You should also try to let the business people know where you were influenced, if otherwise unknown; and speak a good word for our advertisers wherever possible. We do not place above and below our pages, "Please mention where seen," for we expect you to read that "between the lines." By following these suggestions you will be greatly helping those who have the business interests in charge, who, by their own success, can add greatly to the success of their publication, the greater success of which reflects credit on the College and the students.

* * * * * *

Debate and Glee Club.

We have every reason to feel highly gratified over our annual debates, for thus far they have proved very successful. We could not well have anything that would benefit us more. It educates us more thoroughly on the burning question of the day; it promotes our social welfare; it fosters college spirit; and as a whole affords an evening of pleasure for both the mind and body. Yet last, but not least, the training derived by the speakers is of inestimable value to them. It is a thing that reflects very creditably

on our literary societies, and which deserves to be kept up in future years.

We were also very glad to hear that the glee club was organized again, this year, for it always means an evening of enjoyment to those who may attend their concerts. Their first one, this year, was a decided success, quite a bit of talent being displayed. Go on, merry singers! We wish you future success.

Personals and Locals.

The newly elected officers of Sophronia Literary Society are: President, Krutzky, '00; Vice-President, Shimer, '01; Clerk, Miller, '02, Corresponding Secretary, Kaufman, '03; Treasurer, Woodring, '02; Chaplain, Mayer, '03; Pianist, Schell, '01.

The following officers were elected in Euterpea Literary Society: President, Benner, '01; Vice-President, Gable, '02; Recording Secretary, Raudenbush, '03; Corresponding Secretary, Smith, '03; Chaplain, Kistler, '02; Pianist, Walborn, '03.

The Glee Club gave a concert at Hellertown, on Friday evening, May 4th. Quite a number of students accompanied them to do the "rooting."

On April 21st and 22nd, Brunner, '02, was visited by a friend from Reading, Mr. Ralph Rothermel.

Heilig: "At Stroudsburg we have so much water cress that we give it to the cows."

Chorus of Voices: "Is that why you eat so much of it?"

On Thursday, May 4th, the Sophomores elected their Ciarla staff, which will enter upon its duties next year. The following were elected: Editor-in-Chief, Freed; Assistant Editors, Uhrich, Beck, Moyer, Kuehner, Fegely, Woodring, Ink; Business Managers, Rupp and Geiger; Artists, Heilig, Zerweck, Gable, Brunner.

On May 1st, John Kopp visited his *alma mater*. Since we last saw him, he has improved by the addition of a beard.

Beck, Freed, and Ink, all of '02, were seen playing marbles on the campus.

Some of the progressive students have organized a tennis club; and have elected the following officers: President, Miller, '02; Vice-President, Moyer, '02; Clerk, Shalters, '03; Corresponding Secretary, Serfass, '01; Treasurer, Telford, '03; Business Manager, Rupp, '02.

The following are members: Shimer, Rubrecht, Bickel, Serfass, and Benner, '01; Miller, Geiger, Glase, Moyer, Woodring, Rupp, Freed, Lynn, Brunner, and Ink, '02; Walborn, Shalters, Telford and Trexler, '03; and Rick, Prep.

The club has in view the holding of several tournaments in the near future, for the purpose of selecting the best players to constitute the College Tennis Club.

As the boys were humming, Kline R. said: "Listen to the busy bees."

Whereupon the Professor retorted with, "Drones."

We are glad to see Barndt, '03 and Neff, '03, among us once more. Fischer has thus far been unable to return to college.

Dr. S. to Erb: "Who was in the lion's den?"

Erb: "The lion."

The Fetherolf Brothers, '01, visited their brother at the Keystone State Normal School during the Easter vacation.

First Student: "I heard some foul language to-day."

Second Student: "That's nothing; I heard pigeon English."

Kuntz, '00, is very much interested in the matrimonial question.

Upon our return at Easter, we were glad to find some new chairs placed in the Reading Room. The place is more comfortable now.

Kline: "Those fellows in the front are *sucking* for marks."

Dr. W.: "It is better to be a *sucker* than a dried out herring."

Boyer: "If a goat shold eat a hair and you should turn the X-rays uyon him, what would you find?"

All: "We don't know."

Boyer: "A hair in the butter."

The debate between the Senior and Junior German Societies, which was to have taken place on May 4th, was declared off on account of the withdrawal of some of the debaters.

Miller (coming into laboratory very late): "Dr. I am so hungry that I could eat the dates off that calendar."

On Thursday, April 26th, the Seniors made an astronomical trip under the guidance of Doctor Bauman. They set out soon after seven o'clock in the evening. The instruments were set up near the city limits; and the evening was spent in observing stars, planets, and constellations. An interesting and profitable evening was spent. The class did not return until after one o'clock.

The following are the newly elected officers to the *Muhlenberg* staff: Assistant Editor-in-Chief, Shimer; Exchange Editor, Schofer; Personal, Beck, W. C.; Local, Moyer; Literary, Appel; Business Manager, Hamm.

INTER-SOCIETY DEBATE.

On the evening of April 27th, the occasion of the Second Annual Inter-Society Debate, an extraordinary activity manifested itself amongst the students of "Old Muhlenberg." One year ago, on a similar occasion, the same activity manifested itself, because a great project was at stake. The students, in accordance with their progressive ideas, had resolved upon a new course. A question of the day had been selected, and was to be debated by representatives from their own number, half of the representatives to be from Euterpea and the other half from Sophronia. The time of the debate was awaited with great interest and it proved successful beyond the most sanguine expectations.

Because of this great success, and hoping to realize a still greater benefit, a second debate was arranged to be held in Y. M. C. A. hall on the above mentioned date. The question, one of intense public interest, *Resolved* "That the Course Pursued by England towards the Transvaal Republic is Justifiable," was chosen for this occasion. The speakers elected for this occasion were Kuntz, '00, Fegley, '00, and Shimer, '01, from Sophronia, and Beck, '00, Rubrecht, '01, and Beck, '02, from Euterpea.

Euterpea chose the negative side, and Sophronia took the affirmative. The time between this selection and the contest itself was comparatively short.

When the evening arrived the students and friends of the societies found the hall beautifully and artistically decorated with

the colors of the respective societies; the tables arranged on the platform for the debaters were draped with the national colors Between them stood the table for the presiding officer.

Promptly at eight o'clock the presiding officer, Hon. Fred E. Lewis, ex-mayor of Allentown, followed by the debaters, appeared on the platform. After a few very appropriate remarks by the presiding officer, the College Glee Club opened the programme with a "Glee."

This was followed with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Ochsenford of the English Department. After another selection by the Glee Club the debate was begun. The presiding officer briefly announced that the judges were to decide *impartially*, taking into consideration merits of argument and delivery, and that each speaker be allowed ten minutes in regular debate and four minutes in rebuttal, debaters to be held strictly accountable to time.

The debate proved to be an eloquent display of oratory; and excellent arguments were brought forth on both sides, showing a thorough preparation and excellent scholarship.

While the judges, who were Prof. S. J. Goodwin, F. M. Trexler, Esq., and E. R. Wilson, were coming to a decision, the Glee Club rendered several selections.

The audience awaited the decision of the judges with bated breath. The judges soon appeared and rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the negative side. The Euterpeans went wild with enthusiasm; and during this outburst of enthusiasm the exercises came to an end.

GEOLOGICAL TRIP.

On Tuesday, May 8th, the Senior class, under the guidance of Professor Dowell, took a trip to Crystal Cave, which is near Virginsville. Most of the members of the class drove in buggies. The morning was very pleasant for driving; and the members rose very early in order that they might arrive in time. The first vehicle arrived at the cave a little after nine o'clock; from then until ten, they continued to come. The party now went through the cave; and were greatly pleased and instructed by what was seen there.

Next in order, the class sat down to a bountiful dinner; some of the members showed themselves skilled in the art of eating

After dinner, as it pleased each one, he drove away towards Kutztown. Here some of the men were conducted through the Normal School, which every one enjoyed very much. The gentlemen are indebted to Mr. Kramlich for this pleasure.

After this, the members proceeded homewards. The trip was enjoyed very much by every one.

Our Alumni.

'72. Rev. Myron O. Rath for nineteen years pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Macungie, Pa., has resigned in order that the congregation may have a resident pastor. During his pastorate one of the finest church buildings in Eastern Pennsylvania was erected. From the Allentown *Chronicle and News* we clip the following abstract of a lecture recently delivered before the students of the College for Women:

Rev. Myron O. Rath last evening delivered an interesting and instructive lecture in Dietz Hall on "A Trip to the Orient." Rev. Rath was one of a party of tourists that sailed for the far east on Saturday, February 29th, 1896, on the ship "Werra." He said in part:

"After days of tempestuous sailing we sighted the Azores, and soon thereafter passed the pillars of Hercules and after days of delightful sailing over the historic waters of the Mediterranean, we finally anchored off the coast of Africa at Alexandria. In one of the many boats surrounding us and in charge of several swarthy and active Arabs we were taken to shore. In Egypt at last, nigh unto 6000 miles from home! Alexandria is a fit introduction to oriental lands, the Babel of nationalities and tongues. The shouting and fighting of turbans, bare-legged and bare-footed boatmen and donkey boys, the picturesque dresses of all shades and colors, the poverty and wretchedness which here greet us for the first time are novel and exciting.

"Alexandria is old. It was founded by Alexander the Great, 332 B. C. Here the Bible wus translated into Greek. It was the centre of the old Christian Church. The glory of its past is gone. Still a large city, it is a mere shadow of what it must formerly have been. It has at present a population of 200,000 inhabitants. Alexandria is distant from Cairo about 141 miles which may be

traveled by rail in four hours. We traveled by rail. In going to Cairo you pass through an even stretch of country. From the car window much that is strange and interesting may be seen. It was nearly 3 P. M. when we reached Cairo, the capital of Egypt, of the Arab world, also the capital of Mohammedanism and the east. It is the greatest town of Africa and its inhabitants number about 500,000, of whom about 25,000 are Europeans. The native population is principally composed of Fellahs, Copts, Turks and Jews, but you will also find negroes, Bedouin and people from neighboring countries. We are now in one of the most interesting, novel, picturesque cities in the orient. Cairo is divided into two parts, that which is old and decaying and that which is European and modern. There are hundreds of mosques in Cairo, some of them large and elaborate, others noted for their age.

"It was on the morning of March 19th that I saw the pyramids for the first time. The pyramids and the sphinx are the fittest symbols, the best welcome and the best farewell to the land of the Pharaohs. The pyramids may in a word be called massive mosoleums of the kings. The two at Gizeh are the best preserved, the largest and the oldest. The most important of the latter is the pyramid of Cheops or the great pyramid. It was erected 3733 B. C. It is a marvel of the ages and possibly the oldest building in the world. The ascent is not difficult, but very trying. Tourists are aided in ascending by two or three Bedouin. At the top the wind blows strong, but as there is surface of about twenty feet square, on which to stand, there is little danger of falling off. The view from the height is a grand one.

* * * * * *

"The visit to the Holy Land is at first disappointing, for you do not find anything as it was in the time of Christ. All is in a lamentable state of neglect and decay. We left Egypt going by rail by way of Ismalia to Port Said, whence we sailed to Joppa. The town has about five thousand inhabitants. After lunch we departed for Jerusalem. The trip is a surprise. It is like a shifting panorama. To say anything new about Jerusalem is a difficult task, for no city has been more thoroughly described and more frequently written about than the city of the great King. There is much of historic interest in and around this ancient city that makes a visit profitable and instructive. How different

everything now appears. The glory of former days is past. Given a good government and an enterprising and energetic people, this land will again blossom and bloom as of old. What the indolent Turks will never do the industry and zeal of foreigners will do and make Palestine once more the land of promise 'flowing with milk and honey.'"

'73. As usual the last number of the *Lutheran Church Review* contains contributions from the pens of Muhlenberg men. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach, '96, Trenton, N. J., writes on "Luther's Hymns," and Rev. Prof. W. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., '83, of Chicago, contributes a discriminating and appreciative article on "Rudyard Kipling," and Dr. G. H. Gerberding, '73, discusses "The Formula of Baptism."

'75. Rev. Charles H. Hemsath has moved from Conyngham, Pa., to Washington, Pa.

'75. Edwin H. Stine, Esq., has been elected a member of Select Council, to represent the new Eleventh Ward of Allentown, Pa.

'76. The very complete and almost indispensable directory of Lutheran clergymen, arranged alphabetically and geographically, found in the last issue of the *Lutheran Almanac*, is the result of the patient and anonymous labors of Rev. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford D. D. If we are permitted to give a suggestion to the Publication Committee, it would be perfectly proper that his name should appear at the head of the list as its author.

'79. Rev. Carl N. Conrad, Ph. D., of Rochester, N. Y., has enjoyed a pastorate of eighteen years in his present field of labor. When he accepted the charge the church numbered about eighteen families. At the present time nearly eight hundred families belong to his parish, which is one of the largest in the city.—*The Lutheran.*

'79. Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph. D., has accepted a call to St. John's Lutheran Church, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

'81. The Easter offerings of the Church of the Redeemer, Monica, Pa., Rev. C. L. Holloway, pastor, were $190.00.

'83. In the issue of *The Lutheran* for April 12th, four city missionaries write on the general theme, "Four Stones before the Door of City Mission Work." Three of the four are Muhlenberg men-Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph. D., '83, writes of "Sodom-like World.

liness as Seen in Chicago;" Rev. E. F. Keever, '86, of Boston, discusses the "Problem of Distance;" and Rev. George C. Loos, '94, of Philadelphia, treats the subject of "Inadequate Financial Support."

'84. Rev. E. F. Krauss has accepted a call to the chair of New Testament Exegesis in the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Chicago.

'85. Francis G. Lewis, Esq., the well known young lawyer of this city, has been appointed assistant to Henry G. Seip, of Easton, census supervisor of this district. Mr. Lewis was appointed upon Alderman Jones' recommendation. His duties will be to supervise the enumeration in this city, which will begin on June 1st and which must be completed in twenty-five days. Mr. Lewis will also have charge of the special enumerators.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'85. The Chicago correspondent of the *Lutheran* writes: Recently the students of our seminary and their professors and some of the clergymen of the city gave the Rev. Dr. Wm. Sadtler a surprise. It was his birthday. Thirty-five years seem to have fallen lightly upon the doctor and have left him, to all appearances, save the grey hair, a spring-time youth. The evening was pleasant. Mrs. Sadtler served dainty refreshments elegantly. The thirty-five large white roses were very beautiful, the gift of the students. Not the least prominent person of the evening was the junior William.

'86. Dr. A. Grant Loder, President of the Philadelphia Alumni Association, recently married Miss Catharine Gulden Bertolette, of Reading, Pa.

'89. Rev. E. O. Leopold, pastor of Zion Congregation, at Girardville, Pa., has resigned.

'89. The Easter offerings of Holy Trinity Church, Lebanon, Pa., Rev. J. H. Raker pastor, were $1,089.82.

'92. The consecration of the newly-erected edifice of St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, of Scranton, took place on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, April 8th. The act of consecration was performed by the pastor, Rev. Dr. A. L. Ramer. The consecration sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Wm. Ashmead Schaeffer, Superintendent of Missions, selecting for his text Luke

19:13, "Occupy till I come." The sermon was most edifying, and intently listened to by the large audience. Among the visiting clergymen who participated were Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker, of the Theological Seminary, and the Lutheran pastors from Scranton,—Rev. W. C. L. Lauer, of St. Paul's; Rev. C. G. Spieker, of Holy Trinity; Rev. John Randolph, of St. Peter's. On Palm Sunday evening, Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker preached from the text, Eph. 4:15, 16. Dr. Spieker combined in a very edifying manner, the two-fold idea of the material and the spiritual house of God. At this service, a class of sixteen catechumens were received into membership by the rite of confirmation.

Daily services were held during Holy Week. The sermon on Monday night was preached by Rev. C. G. Spieker; on Tuesday, Rev. A. A. Magnusson, of Wilkes-Barre, preached in the Swedish language, and also administered the holy communion in the same language; Rev. O. F. Ettwein, of Pittston, preached on Wednesday; Rev. W. C. L. Lauer on Thursday, and Rev. W. James Witke on Friday.

St. Mark's Church is located in West Scranton, with an estimated population of about 30,000, and a growing section of the city. The mission dates from April, 1891, when a Sunday-school was organized. The corner-stone of the old chapel was laid November 13th, 1892, and the building first occupied February 19th, 1893. In April of last year, the congregation took measures for the erection of the present structure. The corner-stone was laid September 24th. The erection of this building was attended with many troublesome annoyances, owing to the failure of the contractors, and has caused more expense than was anticipated.

The style of architecture of the new church is pure Gothic, with two tower entrances and a large Gothic window in front. The material for the basement is stone, and the superstructure frame. The basement is well arranged for Sunday-school purposes by means of flexible folding partitions for class-rooms. A stairway leads from the basement to the auditorium.

The arrangement of the auditorium is churchly. Opposite the front entrances, is the chancel-niche with the altar on a raised platform. To the right of the altar, stands the Gothic pulpit on the line where the nave and chancel meet. The marble baptismal font stands on the middle line in front of the steps leading to the altar. On the left, on a slightly raised platform, is the organ and the choir space. To the right of the chancel is the sacristy, and

on the left, the choir room; both these rooms communicate with the chancel and the auditorium, and have also a rear entrance. The ceiling is finished in open truss and hammer-beam construction in natural poplar wood. The side walls of the auditorium are tinted old rose, and the chancel in violet. The furniture, pews, pulpit, chancel chairs, organ and hymn board are all in antique oak finish. A Frink combination reflector of gas and electricity gives a very brilliant light by night. The daylight is beautiful as it streams through pleasing combinations of stained glass windows. The pews are arranged into two sections, giving a wide middle aisle and two side aisles, providing comfortable seating space for an audience of three hundred and fifty. The entire auditorium is carpeted. The building is heated by means of steam.

The different organizations have assumed certain parts of the furnishings. The Woman's Guild has paid for the pews and the carpets. The Luther League provided the pulpit. The Mission Band secured the chancel chairs, the choir, the organ. The Sunday-school raised $100 for the building fund. A class of catechumens contributed the marble baptismal font. A class of the Sunday-school collected the means for the altar vestments. And the entire congregation have made noble sacrifices for the building fund. The entire building and furniture, when completed, will cost upwards of $7,500. The entire congregation unitedly rejoices in the possession of an inviting house of prayer.

'93. Rev. P. George Sieger wishes to be addressed at 543 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

'96. A recent issue of the Allentown *Chronicle and News* brings us the following:

Rev. Frederick E. Cooper, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, and son of Rev. Dr. C. J. Cooper, the financial agent of Muhlenberg College, was married at three o'clock this afternoon, in St. John's Lutheran Church, to Miss Rosa Muhlenberg Richards, daughter of Mrs. Sarah M., and the late lamented Dr. M. H. Richards. The officiating clergymen were Dr. C. J. Cooper and Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass. The bride and groom were unattended. The ushers were Rev. J. J. Schindel, Robert B. McClean, editor of the *Star and Sentinel*, Gettysburg; Rev. H. Branson Richards, Philadelphia, and F. N. D. Buchman, of Mt. Airy Seminary. There were no formal invitations issued, never-

theless the church was well filled with friends of the contracting parties, whose presence was a tribute to the worth and popularity of both bride and groom. About an hour previous to the ceremony, Conductor C. A. Marks, the organist of the church, entertained those present with selections on the organ. As the bridal party appeared the organ pealed forth the strains of the bridal chorus from Lohengrin, and as the beautiful marriage service of the church was read the sweet measures of the "Spring Song" by Mendelssohn, lent an additional charm to the ceremony. As a recessional Mendelssohn's Wedding March was rendered.

The bride is a great granddaughter of Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, a name famous in history. As the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Richards, she inherited much of her father's marvelous mental ability and intellectual development. She graduated with first honors from the Allentown High School, Class of 1895, and for several years took lessons in voice culture from Prof. W. W. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, with noted success. Possessing a voice of rare sweetness, to which is combined that execution which is the result of thorough training, she has often been heard in public, once with the Oratorio Society, at the rendition of one of its oratorios, where she scored a most gratifying success. She is a member of the Grace Lutheran Church Quartet in Bethlehem.

Rev. Mr. Cooper is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, Class of '96, and of Mt. Airy Seminary, Class of '99. Before his graduation he received a call from St. Mark's Lutheran Church, South Bethlehem, which he accepted. His pastorate has been highly successful. Thoroughly equipped for his sacred calling, he has a bright future before him in which to reap honor and distinction.

Although the utmost simplicity characterized the wedding and no invitations were issued outside of the immediate relatives, the number and beauty of the gifts received showed the high est teem in which Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are held. May health, happiness and prosperity be their handmaidens through life.

Among Our Exchanges.

In the April *Mirror* we notice that the article promised in the former number appeared, in an editorial relating to the rendition of Bach's Grand Mass in B Minor for the first time in America. It was an arduous undertaking, but the rendition was superb. "The best chorus effects probably were produced in the jubilant portions of the Gloria, the soaring melodies of the Sanctus, and the perfectly thrilling double Hosanna chorus." No praise is too great for the leader, Mr. Wolle, for he was the heart and soul of the undertaking.

Some of our Exchanges seem to be inclined to view with disfavor the tendency in college magazines to resort to short stories instead of essays. We believe that neither extreme should be urged, for extremes are dangerous, but there is a golden mean which every one should strive to attain. A magazine, be it a college magazine or not, is too heavy if it be composed entirely of essays, and if it be composed entirely of stories, it becomes too light. Stories and esays should be interspersed in the same proportion.

"An Easter Gift" in the *Sorosis* is a very neat and bright little story. The plot is engaging, and though the result can be guessed at before much has been read, yet the style and manner of the whole story are very winning, by the very reason of their simplicity.

"You see, Grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the egg is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Bless my soul!" cried the old lady, "What improvements they do make! Now, in my young days we just made a hole in both ends and sucked."—*Current Comment.*

Pat: "Do you belave in dreams, Mike?"

Mike: "Faith an' I do! Lasht noight I dremt I was awake, an' begorra, in the morning me dream kem true."—*Ex.*

OVER THE WIRE.

"Hello! Is this Dr. Briggs? Good morning, doctor. I want to ask you what to do for my wife; she's a little feverish."

"Oh, yes; if I were you I'd "—buzz-z-z! rattle! bang—"I'd see if her ribs are all right, and, if they are cracked, replace them with new ones; recover her, and give her two coats of paint, and leave her out on the river over night, and if she persists in getting full, why "—

"What the—!*—!—?—*!!"

"Oh, hello! This is Central! Your line got crossed with Robertson's boat house."—*Ex.*

"What do you think of Bacon," asked the young man from Boston.

"On the hog," replied the Chicago girl who had a keen sense of humor."—*Ex.*

"The next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge, "will be expelled from the court-room."

"Hooray," cried the prisoner.—*Ex.*

Yale Law School has adopted the honor system, and all examination papers will be turned over to the students without the presence of a professor.—*Bulletin.*

"In the spring the polished senior turns his ponies out to grass,
And with wizard words succeeds to sell them to the junior class.
In the spring the natty junior walks about with smiling face,
For the coming summer solstice dumps him in the senior's place.
In the spring the sapient sophomore hies him to the college woods,
There to pile up leaves and brambles and pour down Milwaukee goods.
In the spring the harmless freshman walks about with cautious mien,
Lest he meet some famished bovine searching something soft and green.
In the spring the prep., amphibious, up the river bank doth tread,
And, along with other goslings, ducks his philosophic head."—*Ex.*

"When a woman has a secret—
Although she may not show it—
She's just as angry as can be
If no one wants to know it.—*Ex.*

"What's the matter with my daughter, doctor?"

"Before I answer that question let me ask you if you have any reason to think that she is in love."

"I know she is not."

"Then," said the doctor, "your daughter has the grip."—*Ex.*

Literary Notes.

It is a significant fact that many of our greatest men in all spheres have come from humble parents. Some instances in the literary spheres are: Terence, the celebrated Roman dramatist, was at one time a slave; Homer, the most illustrious of poets, was at one time a beggar; The Greek poet, Hesiod, was a farmer's son; Virgil, the great Latin epic poet, was the son of a potter; Horace was a shopkeeper's son; Plautus, one of the greatest Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker; William Shakespeare, the chief literary glory of England, was a yeoman's son; Daniel Webster was the son of a small farmer; Robert Burns the Scotch poet, was a plowman in Ayrshire.

A certain critic speaks of Goethe as follows: "Goethe was a genuine child of his times. Cosmopolitan humanitarism prevailed in his youth, and he lacked that national feeling which to-day we expect to find in every German. Yet he was a German through and through. German are his ideals, German his models. He did not write for the masses, and would be much astonished to find his works popular. But his intellect has influenced the entire nation, each one receiving his share according to his capacity, and we owe him gratitude as one who has done much to form the character of the nation."

A very valuable find has lately been made by a Florentine book dealer named Leo Olschki. It consisted of several pamphlets, among which was a report of the second voyage of Columbus. Of these pamphlets, only two were known to be in existence. The pamphlet consists of ten sheets and is printed in Gothic type. It is a comparatively complete report, written by Nicolaus Syllacius, of Pavia, based on information received from the Spanish cornt. As Columbus himself did not publish an account of his voyage, this is of great value.

James S. Metcalfe, aided by some of his artists, is making a new venture in the literary line. Most of us have no leisure for leisurely enjoyment; but to those who have, the gods have granted tempered mirth. Mr. Metcalfe proposes to come to our relief with his "Mythology for Moderns," a brief history of all that it is well to know of Olympus.

Not many American authors have enjoyed the privilege of translation into Russian. Such, however, is the honor which has befallen Mr. Ernest Howard Crosby's "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable." Count Tolstoi, who has lately read Mr. Crosby's volume, comments very favorably upon it.

Mr. Kiplings poem, "The Absent-minded Beggar," has been severely criticised by Englishmen because of the alleged disrespect to English soldiers. Before this poem was written it was taken as a matter of course to think of the soldier as an outcast, too low to associate with drunken civilians. Now the public feeling is reversed, and the soldier is regarded as a hero and all on account of Mr. Kipling's poem. Yet when a man writes a poem that brings thousands of pounds into soldiers' families, some people will accuse him of having insulted the army.

It is said on good authority that Blackmore never invented his own stories; and he himself says that there is an original to every one of his stories. He relied wholly on fact and his wonderful memory. It is said that his own father, a doctor of divinity, served him as a model on several occasions.

In looking at the output of literature in its different classes, it is seen that fiction as usual heads the list. Over seven hundred new novels have been published in 1899, besides about two hundred republications. Next in order comes law and succeeding it junevile literature. Education and languages occupy the next place, then history, poetry, biography and memoirs. The book market of this country is thought by some to be too active, and especially in fiction. We would refer these to the German market. Though a poor country, they annually publish 3,000 volumes of fiction.

Marion Crawford says that if a modern novel writer wishes to be successful he must write wholly to please young women and respectable women too. Europeans write so differently, and their treatment of subjects is different. They think that a writer cannot freely express all that he imagines with the limitation of writing for one set of people. A writer, however, needs not only imagination but skill. A novelist is in a manner the result of a demand. That is, he writes sometimes with the idea of amusing, sometimes to cultivate, and always to please. Crawford also expresses the opinion that a novel ought not to be written to instruct but to convey a story. He therefore does not believe in problem novels and realism.

Ruskin hardly ever did any of his own writing, but preferred to dictate so that he might not have his flow of thought interrupted. He did not seem to be confused by taking numerous rambles on subjects not pertaining to the subject he had in hand. It seems rather strange that he should be confused by writing his own matter and not by straying into strange subjects. It must have been one of his peculiarities, from which no one is free.

The *Muhlenberg* received from Hinds and Noble a copy of their new book, "Songs of All the Colleges." As is stated in the introduction the songs are those most popular among students. Many thanks are due the publishers for getting out a work in which one notices that though it contains the songs of individual colleges, giving them joint ownership, yet it belongs to all colleges.

It contains many of those humorous bits of song that every Glee Leader knows are so hard to obtain. In this respect alone it supplies a great need. The parodies on popular songs preserves to all the good old tunes with pleasing words. The book also contains many songs that have real merit from a musical standpoint.

Especial mention might be made of the College medley, as one of the brightest and best arranged medleys one hears. Altogether the book is nicely gotten up, and a great deal of credit should be given to the arrangers and publishers. We thank them for the privilege of seeing the book.

THE NEW STUDY OF AN OLD POET.

On Thursday afternoon, May 10th, Dr. Ettinger, Professor of Ancient Languages, gave a most interesting and instructive lecture upon the above subject. The old poet was Publius Vergilius Maro. The lecturer introduced his subject with a sketch of the Augustan age: how wars and troubles preceded it and led up to it; the nature of the age itself, and the nature of its literary productions. He told how Augustus was a patron of literature, and encouraged and supported literary talents. Some of the great minds were mentioned which centered around Maecenas and the court of Augustus.

"Vergil stands forth in this age as the exponent of all that is noble, true, and good." Facts in the life of the poet are gathered from Snetonius, statements in his own writings, Valerius Prolus, and several others. The casual notices found in the works of Horace are particularly valuable. Vergil was born on the 15th of October, 70 B. C., near the town of Mantua. He was not a Roman by birth, as the district of which he was a native did not acquire the rights of citizenship until 49 B. C. The poet's father was the assistant of a potter; or, according to another account, an official summoner of prisoners. Vergil's parents gave him the best education which could be obtained. From his twelfth year he was instructed at Cremona; about 55 B. C. he began to study rhetoric and philosophy at Milan, at that time the centre of scientific activity in upper Italy. Later he went to Rome, and studied oratory. Here he also devoted himself to philosophy. He became a well educated and busy man.

About 44 B. C. Vergil returned to his old home. Here he produced several eclogues. But soon civil war between Antony and Octavian on the one one side and Brutus and Cassius on the other disturbed the peaceful vales around Mantua. Vergil had to bear the loss of his estate.

After the poet obtained favor with Maecenas and with Augustus, he made his abode in Rome. The years from 37 to 30 were spent upon the "Georgics;" in 30, the "Aeneid" was begun. In 19 B. C. the poet set out for Greece. In Athens he met Augustus, and was persuaded to return to Italy. He had contracted a serious sickness from traveling to Megara through the heart of the summer sun. On the homeward voyage, his condition became steadily worse; and a few days after landing at Brundusium, he died, on the 21st of September, 19 B. C.

The lecturer showed how much preparation had been made for the great work of Vergil, the "Aeneid," what a great poem it is; and told its story and its form, and showed its beauties. The poet's other works were also mentioned and explained. The greatness and skill of the poet himself were shown; and the esteem in which he was held by the people. Tacitus says that on one occasion Vergil happened to be in the theatre when some of his verses were quoted, and the entire audience rose and saluted him as they were wont to salute Augustus only.

"Modern scholarship is now assigning him the true place among those that have made the world better and brighter by having existed in it."

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Litteræ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVII. ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1900. No. 10.

FIFTEENTH BACCALAUREATE SERMON,

BY PRESIDENT T. L. SEIP, D. D.,

ST. JOHN'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, ALLENTOWN, PA.,

JUNE 17TH, 1900.

James I: 16—17.

"Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The words of the text are found in the general epistle of the Apostle James, the servant of our Lord. It is called general, because addressed to no particular person or congregation, as were those of the Apostle Paul, but to the universal Church, to Christians who were scattered over the world, in the dispersion of the Jews. The character and reputation of St. James were so distinguished for piety, justice, temperance, and devotion, that he was called "James the just;" and, Josephus mentions as one of the causes of the destruction of Jerusalem, the fact that James was martyred in it.

He was himself an illustrious example of the Christian graces and virtues, which he preached to others. He was anxious to keep his fellow Christians from error in both faith and practice, and especially to prevent the spread of such doctrines as would inevitably destroy all practical godliness. His words are, therefore, applicable at all times, and especially now, when there is so much loose thinking on moral and sacred subjects, and hence still looser living in men's individual and social relations, to say nothing of their conduct toward God.

Every thing that we were taught at a pious mother's knee to revere as sacred, all that is hallowed by the precious memories of a religious training and culture in youth, old faiths and beliefs that were regarded as settled, are not only questioned by the doubting, but are publicly and openly ridiculed by the enemies of God. The ribald jest, the finger of scorn, the keenest sarcasm, all the weapons of materialism and infidelity are directed by open scoffers against the religion of Jesus and his followers, as though they taught men evil instead of good, and made them worse instead of better. Ruthless hands would overthrow the very foundations of the temple of faith, and destroy in one common ruin all the sustaining influences of our holy religion in the trials of this life, and all the hopes and aspirations of the soul for the life to come. There are those within the visible Church itself, even in high places, who have laid rash and violent hands on the very oracles of God, thus confusing the minds and unsettling the faith of Christians who are not always prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in them. They would deprive us of our faith and Bible without giving us any thing reliable as a foundation of hope, in the place of them. When we ask them for bread, they give us a stone. Therefore the words of the Apostle are important and applicable now, as well as when they were written; to you and to me, as well as to the Christians of his own day. He here cautions against error, and inculcates right views of God and duty, of sin and righteousness, of good and evil, assigning to each its proper source. "Do not err my beloved brethren. For every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." The text teaches that *God is the Source of all good.* This is true both *In the sphere of* NATURE, and *In the sphere of* GRACE.

If it be true that God is the source of all good, then it necessarily follows that the converse of this propos ition is true; namely, that God is not the source of any evil. The question as to the origin of evil is one that has puzzled the minds of thinkers of every age, and is likely to lead men who rely upon human reason alone for a solution into inextricable difficulty and doubts. Therefore the affectionate caution of the text—"Do not err, my beloved brethren."

If man's mind were infinite in its range, and could grasp all the facts of the entire universe, past, present, and future; in other

words, if man were as unlimited in his powers as God is, then he might reasonably expect to be able to reconcile the justice, holiness and goodness of the Creator with the existence of evil and sin.

When we consider the character of God's government as embracing within its scope all time, all worlds and all creatures, we at once realize the fact that we are not competent judges of so vast a scheme as the government of God. The profoundest statesmen are often at variance and unable to forecast with certainty the results of particular measures in the gevernment of their own individual nations. This being the case, it would be absurd to suppose, that even the ablest men are competent to sit in judgment on the justice and goodness of the Moral Governor of the universe, of the King of Kings.

What appears to us, in the world's machinery, to be out of joint, dislocated end irreconcilable with the benevolence of God, might for all we know, on a complete and thorough understanding of the divine plan, be absolutely necessary to the proper on-going of things, to the securement of the greatest good to the greatest number, and thus become the highest proofs of the supreme goodness of the Creator.

Even with our limited and partial view of things, we are able to see the benevolent design in nature ; that good largely predominates, greatly exceeds evil in the natural world. The evidences of the goodness of God are manifest on every page of the book of nature. And when we speak of nature, as exhibiting the character of the Creator, we refer not only to the physical world in which we live, or the universe of which it is a part, but to all sentient creatures, and especially to man himself as included in it—to mind as well as matter.

When we study nature, we are simply following the thought of God, whether it be nature round about us, or including us. Just as truly as we see the ideas of the painter in the landscape or picture which he has thought out and put upon the canvass, so truly may we study the beautiful thoughts of the divine Master, when we gaze upon the natural landscapes painted by the finger of God. The tiniest flower may show such richness of coloring and superiority of design, even to the naked eye, as to excite our pleasure and admiration, and when examined under a magnifying glass, our wonder and astonishment at its hidden beauty. What human artist's copy, however excellent, could bear such a test!

has given so many good gifts, even in the present life; has made the earth so full of beauty and attractiveness, that, with all its drawbacks, the great masses would prefer to remain here forever, and very few are anxious to leave it. Still men must leave it sooner or later, for "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Therefore it behooves us to seek the remedy for sin, the good gifts in the sphere of grace, which come down from the Father of lights, and are revealed in his Word. Thanks be to God, he has graciously provided such a remedy, for "where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound." Before our first parents were banished from Eden for their sin, God had already promised a Saviour, and ordained a plan of salvation through grace. As the Father of lights, he not only created the light of the sun and other heavenly bodies, when he said, "Let there be light and there was light;" he has not only given us the light of reason and of nature, but more especially the light of divine revelation. He has bestowed upon us the greatest of all good gifts—the gift of "his only son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He has established his church as the bearer of the means of grace to fallen men. He has sent the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to abide with the church, to remind us of all that he has said, and which we are so apt to forget.

All these are the good and perfect gifts of his grace. Men may seek elsewhere a remedy for their sin-sick souls, but they will seek in vain. They will not find it in theosophy, or philosophy falsely so called, or in any of the man-made systems of religion, all of which have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. They may amuse themselves in their folly, or deceive themselves in their blindness, by trusting to their own vain imaginings, or their own efforts for relief and hope. They will trust in vain. They will amuse themselves at the peril of their souls. There is no other hope than the grace of God, the good and perfect gifts which come down from the Father of lights. "There is no other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved, than that of Christ Jesus." He himself has pointed out the way. He says, "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." If men would study their Bibles, as they search occult sciences and false theories, they would learn of Christ and find peace for their souls. The Word is one of the gifts of his grace.

Jesus also declares: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

And when he commissioned his Apostles he said, "Go ye, therefore, and teach," or as the original has it, "make disciples of all nations, by baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

St. Paul says to Titus, 3:6-8, "According to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. This is a faithful saying." · Baptism is one of the gifts of his grace.

Christ has commanded us in the words of institution of the Lord's Supper to observe this sacrament as a means of grace, even of eternal life, and he also declares, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." The Lord's Supper is one of the gifts of his grace. Thus in the Word ans Sacraments we have the means of grace, which God himself has appointed as the channels of his mercy to us through our Lord Jesus Christ. The saving virtue is not in the paper and the printer's ink of our Bibles, it is not in the mere water of Baptism, nor in thh bread and wine of the Lord's Supper, but in the life-giving Word of the triune God, by which in the beginning he created all things, and which constitutes these gifts of his grace what they are; namely, Word and sacraments.

In the verse immediately following our text it is declared, "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth." If we are the true children of God, it is because of his own will; therefore, a pure gift of grace, bestowed in his own appointed way, by the use of his word written in the Bible, proclaimed by his ministers, and administered visible in the sacraments. If we have a saving faith it is a good gift from above, from the Father of lights. It is not our own doing, or experience, or merits; nor the skill and power and methods employed by others in religious work, but God's pure mercy, for all is of grace and not of works.

How thankful men should be that the grace of God in Christ Jesus is so freely offered to all who will accept it in his appointed way. The mercy of God is everywhere disclosed in his Word. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotton Son, that

whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." The prophet Isaiah referring to Christ says: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Our Lord himself says: Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out: "Come unto me *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These are the gracious invitations of God himself, given to men under the Old Dispensation and under the New. They still hold good for you and for me. For with him, "there is no variableness; neither shadow of turning." However man may change, God changes not. His mercies are new every day. Let us therefore not resist his gracious will. Let us not reject the good and perfect gifts of grace and mercy which he so freely offers, but yield to the gracious influence of his Spirit, working through his Word and sacraments. Then will we find peace for our souls, and comfort and consolation in the trials of this life, as well as a sure hope for the life to come. For "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class! Let me reverently use the words of the Apostle, and earnestly address to you the affectionate caution of our text: "Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Therefore look to God, in humble, childlike faith, for every good gift and blessing, and not to yourselves or others. Men often pride themselves on their own achievements as the makers of their own fortunes, and think that their success in life is due entirely to their own sagacity and industry. They forget the good gifts of God in their health and strength of body and mind, and the favoring circumstances, without which their success would have been impossible. For he might have sent disabling mental and physical disease, or withheld his blessing from their labors. Friends may help by opening the door of opportunity to you, but it is God who enables them, and he alone who can qualify you by his gracious gifts, to enter in and successfully occupy the place, thus made ready for you. "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows." All your toil will be in vain, if God withholds

When we observe the beauty, the order, the harmony of the universe, the intelligent design and contrivance everywhere manifest, the adaptation of means to ends in nature; when we consider the regular recurrence of day and night, of seasons and climates, of sunshine and moisture, of seed-time and harvest, and that all these are evidently beneficent in their aim and purpose, we are forced to the conviction, that the First Cause of things must be not only an intelligent, but a benevolent Creator.

The strongest natural proof of the goodness of God, we find in the constitution of man himself, the crown and summit of nature, for whose uses and blessedness all these things were made. It is seen in the human body, which is fearfully and wonderfully made, and adapted to its environment in the world and its offices as the organ of the mind, the workshop of the soul, the instrument of communication of each individual soul with other embodied souls in this world. The fact that God has super-added pleasure, where there might have been pain, in the most necessary acts of the body; that man in a healthy normal condition takes his daily food and drink with relish and enjoyment; that beauty of every kind has been created for the delight of the eye, and the warbling of birds and the harmony of sounds for the ear; that there are fragrant odors, and velvety smoothness and softness for the other senses—all this is an incontrovertable proof of pure benevolence on the part of the Creator. In truth the same goodness is extended to all creatures, so far as merely animal function is concerned. The world is full of happy, sentient life, of millions of creatures of longer or shorter duration, enjoying food and drink, sunshine and air, motion and rest.

But the crowning proof of God's goodness is found in the constitution of Man's mind, in which he reflects the image of his Maker, and rises immeasurably above the lower animals. It is by the power of his mind, that he subdues all other earthly creatures, and makes them subject to his uses and his pleasure. It is by his intellectual powers that he discovers truth, finds out the secrets of nature, makes advances in the arts and sciences, and contrives marvellous inventions for the advancement of the civilization and the promotion of the welfare of the race.

Our emotional nature is a clear proof of the goodness of God. To this quality of mind, we are indebted for many of the purest joys of our earthly existence. The tenderest ties of love and

sympathy, the happiness and affections of home and kindred, the attachments of friendship, the happy relations of social life, all of which constitute so large a part of every person's welfare and success in the accomplishment of his mission here, are due to the benevolent constitution of man's emotional nature. The emotions are, indeed, the very springs of action, without which the will would lie dormant, and man would fail to make the necessary effort even to maintain life. The aesthetic endowment of the mind, its power to perceive and appreciate the beautiful, whether in nature or art, in the starry skies above, or in the manifold objects of beauty in the earth beneath, in the charms of poetry and oratory, in music, statuary and painting, seems to have been given out of pure love, solely for our enjoyment. Man might exist without this faculty, but life would be deprived of much of its charm.

The moral nature, the conscience, those powers of the mind by which we distinguish between the right and the wrong; approve the one and condemn the other; feel that we *owe* it, that we *ought* to do the right and ought not to do the wrong; are happy when we obey it, and feel guilty when we disobey it—is a clear manifestation of a benevolent purpose. For there could be no civil order, or social security or happiness, no true character and well being, either of the individual or of society, without conscience, or the moral nature. Thus the more we study nature, whether in the sphere of matter or of mind, the more we are impressed with a sense of the goodness of God. Its proofs are all around us and within us. Night with spangled garb reveals them in the twinkling beauty and the silent harmony of the stars; day with its glorious sunshine discloses them in every murmuring brook and singing bird, in every fertile valley and lofty mountain, in the deep blue sea and the beautiful dome that overarches all.

These are some of the good gifts of God in the sphere of nature. When we consider them duly, we are prepared to accept the truth of the Apostle's words: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

But the revelation of God's character in the natural world is only partial, and fails to reveal to man what it is most essential for him to know, in his morally wrecked condition. It fails to explain to him the existence of sin and human depravity, and does not make known a remedy for sin, or a way of forgiveness and salvation from it.

The incompleteness of the revelation of God in nature, therefore, shows the necessity for a future revelation of himself in the sphere of *grace*. He has has given us such a revelation in the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, in which he makes clear to us what it is necessary for us to know, and is impossible for us to learn without it. He reveals himself not only as our Creator, but as our Saviour and Comforter. He discloses our sin and its cause, and a way of escape from it. He reveals himself as the giver of every good and perfect gift; not as the author of sin and misery. God made angels and men moral creatures, that they might be capable of the highest blessedness. God's will towards them, his purpose in making them was good. But as moral creatures, they must have the liberty to obey or disobey him. They must be tried, proved as to their disposition, their faithfulness toward him. They resisted God, abused their liberty, disobeyed God's will, and therefore were themselves the cause of their own condemnation.

It was not God's will, but the will of the creature that was the cause of sin. As well charge the maker of a locomotive with murder, when the people who get in its way are killed. It was not the inventor's purpose in making it to destroy men, but to benefit them. So it was not God's purpose in creating Satan and his angels and our first parents, that they should resist his benevolent will and choose evil instead of good, sin and death instead of holiness and life. The Apostle, in the verses immediately preceding our text, gives the true genesis of sin and death. He there declares: "Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and is enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death."

Then follows the caution of our text: "Do not err, my beloved brethren."

No! God does not tempt us to sin and evil. He tries us as moral creatures. Our life here is one of probation, of testing, to prove the real disposition of our hearts toward God. When men fall into sin, it is because they, of their own free will, run into temptation, and not that God draws them into it. On the contrary, he forbids it with penalties, declared over and over again in his Word. "Do not err, my beloved brethren." God is not the cause of sin, but on the contrary the giver of every good and perfect gift. He

his blessing. The sower may sow, but God must send the sunshine and the rain, or his toil will be useless. All your studies and efforts will be fruitless without the good gifts and blessings of God. Therefore seek them in his own appointed way. He has blessed you in the past, or you would not be here to-day, at the successful close of your College course, to listen to his word, and to receive our parting counsels for your future career. Remember the sower must sow the seed, after toilsome and wearisome preparation of the soil, if he would enjoy the blessing of sunshine and rain in bountiful harvests. So you must laboriously and faithfully use the good gifts of body and mind, with which the Lord has endowed you, if you would reap the blessing of success. You must "be diligent in business" as well as "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Therefore, "Do not err." God is not the author of sin and misery; of failure either in this life or the life to come. Do not impute to him your own mistakes and failures. This will furnish you no comfort, no remedy. If you walk in the path of duty, and are faithful and diligent in the use of the gifts with which he has entrusted you, he will add his blessing and whatever your measure of earthly success and fortune may be, you cannot really fail. Therefore take courage for the future, laboring with all your might, and trusting in God's goodness for his blessing. May he preserve you from all error. May he grant you every good and perfect gift, both in time and eternity. Amen.

VALEDICTORY.

ROBERT R. FRITSCH, (First Honor.)

In these solemn moments, thought seems to crowd upon thought. Feelings fail to yield themselves to the formulae of human language. At times the musician receives within himself an inspiration which cannot be reproduced upon metallic wires. Now and then the poet feels a noble sentiment which vowels and consonants fail to express. As Wordsworth says,

> "The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Such feelings are like golden clouds tinged by a glorious sunset,—we can enjoy them, but we cannot grasp them with our hands. They appear to be messengers of a higher and a brighter realm,

beckoning us toward the sun, far, far away from the toils and cares and sorrows of this old earth. But still

> " In words, like weeds, we'll wrap us o'er,
> Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
> But the large grief which these enfold
> Is given in outline, and no more."

In analyzing the feelings of one's heart, as one is about to leave those he loves, I wondered who it was that first experienced the sorrows attendant upon a farewell. In seeking a reply to the question, we shall find, if we search through literature, that Satan, as described by Milton, first realized what it meant to leave, and that forever, his former abode. For

> " him the Almighty power
> Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
> With hideous ruin and combustion down
> To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
> In adamantine chains and penal fire,
> Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms."

Strong indeed must have been the remorse following upon such a farewell, as he contrasted the seething lake of fire with his former glorious abode.

The same author describes the second recorded farewell at the end of his grand epic. The cause of this second scene was he who himself first experienced its sorrows. We see Adam and Eve, with tearful eye and repentant heart, bidding farewell to their earthly Paradise as Satan had to the heavenly Paradise. It is the description of this scene which closes the poem with this simple and expressive sentence—

> " They, hand in hand, with wand'ring step and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

From that time mortal man has experienced the sorrows of parting all along his journey through life. In passing from sacred story to secular history, I can cite no more affecting scene than that taking place at the gate of Troy, as described by Homer in the sixth book of his immortal Iliad. Hector, who is about to leave the city to do battle with the Greeks, finds his wife with his little son in his nurse's arms waiting to give him a last farewell. After comforting his wife, who had earnestly entreated him to remain within the walls of the city, he reaches out his hands to clasp his little son to his bosom; but the child fears the brass and the horse-

haired crest as it nods dreadfully from his helmet, so he lays it upon the ground, whereupon the child willingly returns to the father's arms and receives from him his last kiss. After bidding his wife an affectionate farewell, she returns to her home shedding copious tears, while Hector passes through the gate, fights valiantly for the honor of Troy, venerable sires looking down with admiration upon him from the walls of the city.

How wonderfully real do these classic scenes become when we can apply them personally. We, as a class, are about to pass through the portal of Muhlenberg, out into the battle of life. From her classic walls there look down upon us the venerable sires, our worthy President and his colleagues of the faculty, watching how we are going to break through the ranks of difficulties and win successive victories. But, alas, there first comes the sad scene of farewell. The under-graduate, perchance, stands aghast at the awful pendent tassel dangling from the mortar-board, while within our hearts there arise feelings of unutterable sadness, as we give our final farewell to our Alma Mater.

In different languages various expressions are used in taking leave of one another. The Greek said 'Rejoice,' as though he would by a euphemism dispel every thought of sadness. The Roman said 'Keep well,' while the German says 'Auf wiedersehen,' for he cannot think that it may be the last time that he shall see his friend. When the Frenchman leaves on a long journey or knows he shall not meet again, he says 'Adieu,' which means 'I commit you *to God.*' The Anglo-Saxon greetings are simple and expressive. When we say 'Farewell,' it indicates a personal interest in our friend, while 'Good-bye' means 'God be with you.' But still, from such a series of farewell greetings, I fail to find any which, by its utterance, can soothe the feelings of a heart that is about to be torn from its friends and intimate associates.

In severing our connection with such an institution as students, our first thoughts turn to the head of the institution, to you its *Honored President.* The responsibility and influence of your office are great. Through personal contact with you, we could not fail to learn something from the advice which you have given us, which shall influence our lives for good as long as we shall live. The years of your life have not been few, and so, in taking leave of you as a personal friend to each member of the class, I would choose that simplest, commonest but most expressive greeting 'Good-bye,'

in its pregnant Anglo-Saxon meaning, "God be with you," until after a few short years more, we shall all meet again in a land where 'Farewell' is unknown to the inhabitants thereof.

Gentlemen of the Faculty:—As the potter molds the clay and produces therefrom whatsoever he listeth, so to you has been entrusted the task of molding to a certain extent, our lives for future work and usefulness. From your hands comes the destiny of many a career and may you perform your duty as faithfully toward future classes as you have toward ours. To you, as we leave you, to put your pecepts into practice, I would say with the Greek, 'Rejoice.' Rejoice in your noble mission; rejoice that eighteen more men have been fitted by you for the responsibilities of American citizenship; but above all, rejoice that after the sorrows of parting, joy shall come in the morning.

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees:—Full well do we realize that a crisis is being reached in the history of Muhlenberg. As the butterfly is at this time of the year leaving its chrysalis state and flying unimpeded over the summer meadows, so Muhlenberg is about to enter upon a larger career, upon one of renewed energy and prosperity. To you has been entrusted the adoption of a plan by which this is to be brought about. May God assist and direct you in your important undertaking. As we leave you, we would individually and as a class, thank you for the privileges we have enjoyed, and bid you farewell in your noble project of making Muhlenberg greater and better than she has ever been before.

Fellow Students:—We must leave you in body but we cannot leave you in thought. Bonds of friendship have bound us together that we cannot forget each other. As we leave our work here we leave it in your hands. If you can take example from us, imitate that which was good, reject that which was evil, above all, remembering that school-life is real and school-life is earnest, for the time will soon be here when you too must enter upon the field of active life. In taking leave of you, we would with all our hearts bid you God-speed in the work yet before you.

Citizens of Allentown:—Those of our class who come from distant parts alone realize what it means to have the sympathy of the citizens where they are residing. Their sojourn with us is over, but their thoughts will often revert to Allentown and to Muhlenberg, so that we may feel assured we shall see them again. Therefore, in the name of the class, I extend to you that German greet-

ing 'Auf wiedersehen,' hoping that the wish implied in the greeting may often be fulfilled.

And Thou, O Muhlenberg! whose power
And influence many a one has felt;
Before whose shrine of wisdom
Many a seeker after truth has knelt;
As from thee we part,
It seems that ev'ry heart
To tears would melt.

But may the rays of gladness penetrate these tears
As from thee now
We separate. And 'may the hope of unaccomplished years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.'
If we could have our way, then never
Would we part. But, since 'tis so decreed,
Then 'fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare the well.'

And now, *Fellow Class-mates*, the saddest words must yet be said. The ties of friendship which have bound us together will not loosen; nay, the more we try, the tighter do they become, which may well be said to cause the pain of parting. The scenes of this moment will be indelibly fastened upon our memories; and so, before we enter upon our life of active toil and endeavor, of active war-fare, if you please, I would bid you remember a command in the first book of Samuel,—'Be strong; quit yourselves like men, and fight,' so that it may be said of us also, we 'have fought a good fight.' This is the last occasion upon which we shall be together as a class, and realizing that the time when we must separate is at hand, I bid you as class-mates now and personal friends forevermore, a long and a sad *Farewell.*

LATIN SALUTATORY.

F. S. KUNTZ, (Second Honor.)

Cives et Amici Collegii: Haec occasio memorabilis est. Dies ludi aliae classis nunc praeteriti sunt. Hoc vere initium nobis est. Tuentia bracchia almae matris nobis relinquenda sunt et vita ipsis nobis incipienda est. Hodie in similibus rebus postremo tempore convenimus. Nos ad obscuram semitam tendentem procul in ignota futura spectantes, subsistimus; et libenter maneamus.

Mihi magnopere placet, pro collegio et classi quae adest, vobis maximas gratias referre. Tot homines adesse magno hortamento collegio est. Opus collegii aestimari indicat.

Nostri dies ludi jucundissimi in vita sunt. Quattuor annos in collegio, multae et gratae colligationes quas nunc nos oportet disjungere factae sunt. Naturaliter collegium nostrum quod tot memorias nobis habet relinquere paenitet. Non tamen ad unam partem nobis vivendum est. Omnes gaudemus quod nunc nos multa et utilia praecepta quae nos docti sumus applicare possumus. Mundus severus et difficilis locus est. Multi, sine dubio, summum gradum successus consequi non poterunt; sed iis qui officium bene perfecerint summum diadema erit.

Hodie, mei concomites classis, conversio rerum in nostris vitis est. Hodie ut bonum nomen ipsis nobis, nostro collegio et nostrae patriae consequamur, eximus. Semper praecepta quae nostri doctores nos docuerunt meminerimus.

Honorati professores, qui tam fideliter in rectas rationes nos ducere enixi estis, vos salvere jubemus.

Cari concomites collegii, qui cum nobis eadem gaudia et dolores communicavistis, vos salvere jubemus.

Benigni amici Muhlenbergiensis colegii, qui hoc collegium ad altiorem positionem utilitatis tollere conamini, vos salvere jubemus.

Longa Latina oratione vos defatigari nolo. Mei comites classis et jam audiri volunt. "Nunc vos," ut Plautus ait, "si vobis placet et si placuimus neque odio fuimus, signum hoc mittite, plausum date."

Tandem professores, comites collegii, amici,—omnes auditores, salutamus.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Another class has been graduated, and has left the college to engage the stern realities of life. Some have decided to become ministers, some doctors, and some lawyers. Others have not yet determined their course for the future. To all, *The Muhlenberg* wishes a farewell, and success throughout their lives. May all bear in mind the thought of the baccalaureate sermon, and look up to Him, who is the giver of " every good and perfect gift ! "

* * * * * *

With this number the present staff retires. We express our thanks to all who have assisted us in any way, and particularly to those who have helped the editor with this issue. Although the present staff has not had all the encouragement and assistance which was due to it, yet it has come to the end of its work, with some little credit we hope. We are glad that so good a staff has been elected to take charge of the paper next year. We wish them success and we hope that others will contribute their share to the success of *The Muhlenberg.* We believe that " Honor to whom honor is due " has been well fulfilled in the election of next year's staff.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

On Monday, June 18th, Dr. Seip tendered a reception to the members of the Senior class. The members of the class were received by the President and his family. The following young ladies assisted at the reception: Misses Elizabeth and Mary Repass, Miss Adelaide Richards, and Miss Henricks.

The class was finely entertained. Vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and speeches were enjoyed. Some of the members of the class who were gifted in certain lines contributed their share to the entertainment of the company. About ten o'clock delightful refreshments were served. The guests did not leave until late; and it was only regretted that the evening had passed so quickly.

THE FRESHMEN PLAY, "HICK'RY FARM."

Commencement week, bringing in its train the joy of renewing old and forming new acquaintances; to the student, the happiness attending the prospect of a respite from toil; to those about to leave, the sadness of farewell; was propitiously initiated by the Freshman Play. The play itself, while not by any means original in plot, was of a nature that places it and countless others of the same order in a class by themselves,—a class over which one might write: "modest, but instructive, moral, and entertaining." With a sprinkling of wit and humor, it points a moral at every turn.

The play opens with that home love, contentment, and consequent happiness— tempered by the loss of a loving wife and excellent mother, keenly felt, yet extending the hope of reunion in a better world—which made "Hick'ry Farm" the dearest spot on earth in the eyes of its possessors. But here this scene of happiness becomes suddenly transformed into one of poverty, and sadness by the tool, avarice, in the hands of downright dishonesty, and villainy. However, true to the saying "truth crushed to earth will rise again," we had the satisfaction of seeing the happiness restored, the family reunited, dishonesty punished, and that miserly, much wronged, weak-kneed tool, Uriah Skinner, brought to his senses and fully pardoned.

There were but ten of the Freshman Class who took part in the play; and when we bear in mind that they appeared in a role

entirely foreign to them, we have every reason to feel proud of them. Mr. Neff, as he personated Ezekiel Fortune, owner of "Hick'ry Farm" and farther of Jessie Fortune, showed that he exactly fitted his place. He portrayed the sincere, sympathetic, large-hearted type of farmer, such as it does one good to meet, very creditably indeed. At a certain stage in the second act his feelings were visibly reaching a climax, which was attained when he exclaimed: "Gosh! I ain't felt so gol-darned happy sinct I wuz a boy!" When he proceeded to prove this by a lively jig, of which we never thought him capable, the audience readily admitted the truth of the statement.

Uriah Skinner, the miser, at the hands of Mr. Webb, was excellently portrayed. The part was a difficult one, involving the inborn miserly spirit, augmented by a deep sense of imaginary wrong, which led to a cowardly misdeed; and, the awakening of the spark of conscience causing Uriah to seek forgiveness, which, thanks to old Fortune's large-heartedness, he readily received.

Mr. Mayer played the part of Gilbert Darkwood, a villain, in a creditable manner. As is generally the case, the reward of his villainy was death, and cold steel, the instrument of that reward. At any rate his was an heroic villain's death. He resisted to the last, and dropped easily, yea, well nigh gracefully. Rankin, the formidable looking detective (Mr. Trexler) then felt his heart—which, sad to relate, in the excitement, seemed to have exchanged places with the right lung—pronouncing it still. He then tried to induce artificial respiration, but failed, making the mistake of only working one arm. So Darkwood was pronounced dead, and that in a most matter of fact tone. With this the audience seemed to disagree. They evidently thought his heart, instead of being silent, was beating like a trip hammer, and rightly, for the excitement must have been almost unbearable.

In Jack Nelson, Mr. Telford, old Fortune had a most dutiful son. A veritable stay and comfort, even though he was an adopted child.

The alderman, Lawrence McKeegan, Mr. Rohrig, generally had a hand in all the fun that was served up on the stage. He hadn't been there five minutes before he was most desperately in love, and, as is usually the case, was unable to communicate the fact to the party concerned. This state of affairs well nigh

distracted him. But finally, by dint of perseverance, and much pure accident, he won his " widdy ", and expressed his satisfaction in the words: " Sure it's a darlint little woife she is."

Beside the fun offered by the play itself, there was that furnished by the fact that the voices of the female actors were decidedly masculine, and through the paint on their faces there was evidence of a stubble growth plainly visible in the fore part of the house, reminding one that " every rose has its thorns." No wonder the lips of the Irish alderman were so red after saluting his " darlint little woife."

While the Freshmen ran the performance back of the footlights, the Sophs. had charge of the rest of the house. They attended to their part very thoroughly, and saw that the audience was supplied with whatever information they desired concerning the Freshmen, also that those of the actors who fainted, or happened to be killed, as the play proceeded, might go down amid a shower of dried peas. When the Freshmen sang their class song, the Sophs. completely drowned them out with theirs, till the cops came on deck. But then this only added life to the whole thing, and served to fit the Freshmen for the responsible position they will be called upon to assume next year.

This bids fair to be the last Freshman Play. If so, we can only say, that, while it had its weak points, on the whole it was a fitting close to that, about which many of the pleasantest memories of former classes cluster.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Ezekiel Fortune, a New England farmer,.....Mr. Neff.
Uriah Skinner, a miser,.....Mr. Webb.
Gilbert Darkwood, a villain,.....Mr. Mayer.
Jack Nelson, Fortune's adopted son,.....Mr. Telford.
Lawrence McKeegan, an alderman,.....Mr. Rohrig.
Rankin, a Detective,.....Mr. Trexler.
Constable,.....Mr. Raudenbush.
Constable,.....Mr. Shalters.
Jessie Fortune, Fortune's Daughter,.....Mr. Roth.
Mrs. Priscilla Dodge, a Widow,.....Mr. Croman.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Hick'ry Farm House. Darkwood's plot. Skinner tempted. Money ! Gold ! Zekiel appears. "Be you Ann Maria's boy ?" Fortune's Reminiscences. The deed must be stolen. Hard cider. Aunt Priscilla's love. The alderman's brogue. "Dear departed Hezekiah." Jessie's secret. "Then you still love me ?" "Larry McKeegan's courtin'." The "widdy" succumbs. "Zekiel's fav'rit' song." McKeegan's ghost. Jack Nelson makes a discovery. Jessie has gone. "Heaven help me !" Zekiel's prayer.

ACT II. In Fortune's shanty. Zekiel's misfortunes. The rent collector. Darkwood's insult. "Villain, you lie !" Skinner's remorse. The New York detective. The bank robbery. Darkwood threatens. Jessie returns. The alderman married. "Sure it's a darlint little woife she is." Zekiel's happiness. "Gosh ! I ain't felt so gol-darned happy sinct I wuz a boy !" A trap for Darkwood. Jack and Jessie re-united. Priscilla pacified. Darkwood at bay. "Stand aside, as you value your lives." The detective fires. "You've done for me this time !" Zekiel's forgiveness. Old Hick'ry Farm restored.

JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, in the Academy of Music, a large crowd of expectant men and women were waiting to hear eight young orators of Muhlenberg contest for the Clemmie L. Ulrich prize of twenty-five dollars.

Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D. D., opened the exercises with prayer. Then followed music, furnished by Klingler's orchestra; after which the speeches were begun. The program was:

March—"Anniversary".....Laurendeau
Prayer.....Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D. D.
Overture—"Paragragh III".....Suppe
The Man Without a Country.....Frederick P. Reagle
The Man with the Hoe.....Howard E. Shimer
Liberty and Responsibility.....James M. Fetherolf
Waltz—"Maerchen aus Schoener Zeit".....Faust
A Cry Unheeded.....Geo. K. Rubrecht
The Crown of Creation.....Daniel W. Hamm
Science as an Educational Factor.....Thomas McH. Yoder
Caprice—"Blue Violets".....Eilenberg
Our Nation's Danger.....Allen L. Benner
Nature's Evidence.....Clarence Bickel
"Soldiers in the Park".....Van Baar
Benediction.....Dr. G. F. Spieker

Although we do not wish to criticize, yet we must say that many of the speeches were not as good as was to be expected; more care and more work could be profitably spent. A speech is not the work of a moment; a great amount of careful thought and work is a necessity. Several of the speakers spoke in too low a voice. In others the delivery was poor or lifeless. A few, however, were very good. We had expected to hear Mr. Ruhe; and it was with great regret that we learned that he had withdrawn from the contest.

The judges of the contest were Rev. Mr. J. S. Erb, of Slatington; M. C. L. Kline, Esq., of Allentown; and Rev. J. J. Kline, Ph. D., New Hanover.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

On Wednesday afternoon, at two o'clock, in the College Chapel, the Board of Trustees held their meeting. The principal business was the selection of a site for a new college. After thorough discussion and inspection of plans, it was resolved: That the Executive Committee be instructed and authorized to take the necessary steps to secure the William Saeger farm in East Allentown, or so much thereof as they may consider proper, with such adjoining grounds as they may deem desirable, with power to act in the case as circumstances may require, in order to provide for the removal of the college to that location.

The other business was the re-election of the following officers and committees: President, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass; Secretary, Rev. Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, Philadelphia; Treasurer, Rev. Dr. C. J. Cooper, Allentown.

Executive Committee, Rev. Stephen A. Repass, D. D., Rev. Samuel A. Ziegenfuss, D. D., Rev. Charles J. Cooper, D. D., Rev. Jesse S. Erb, Hon. C. J. Erdman, James K. Mosser, Alfred G. Saeger, Thomas W. Saeger, Rev. Jacob D. Schindel, D. D., Rev. Theodore L. Seip, D. D., Hon. Edward S. Shimer.

Examination Committee, Rev. Charles J. Cooper, D. D., Rev. Jesse S. Erb, Hon. C. J. Erdman, Rev. Stephen A. Repass, D. D., Thomas W. Saeger, Rev. Jacob D. Schindel, D. D.

Degree Committee, Rev. Dr. J. A. Siess, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass, Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker, Rev. Dr. F. J. F. Schantz and Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn.

The Treasurer's report shows the following: Permanent fund —receipts, $28,241.00; expenditures, $21,459.75; balance, $6,781.24. Current fund—receipts, $16,731.39; expenditures, $16,659.19; balance, $72.20. $161,719.87 is in the endowment fund and invested. $7,685.04 was received during the year for debt and endowment. Two bequests were received: one of $2,850 from the Harriet Kutz estate in Reading; and the other of $950 from the Charles Yerger estate of Upper Milford. The college was endowed with two memorial scholarships; the donors requested that their names should be withheld.

EUTERPEAN REUNION.

At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon of commencement week, A. L. Benner, '01, President of the society, called the meeting to order. Prof. Bauman was then called to the chair. "Our Alma Mater" was sung by the society. Rev. M. Schofer, '97, conducted devotional exercises. A. G. Beck, '00, delivered an address of welcome. W. C. Beck, '02, recited in a pleasing manner "The Three Lovers." Messrs. Henninger, Rupp, Koch, and Serfass, sang several selections, which were well received. A. L. Smith, '03, read one of his own stories; it showed much originality and humor. V. J. Koch, '00, sang a solo, "The Blue and the Gray." J. R. Freed, '02, gave a clever and amusing recititation, "The Burglar Alarm."

At this point the chairman announced a social half-hour, and refreshments were served. When the meeting had again been called to order, the following alumni made short speeches: Rev. J. W. Mayne, '81, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. D. H. Reiter, '78, Richland Centre, Pa.; Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, Freeland, Pa.; Rev. H. J. Kuder, '84, Siegfrieds, Pa.; Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph.D., '92, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. T. M. Yundt, '82, Womelsdorf, Pa.; Prof. G. T. Ettinger, '80, Allentown, Pa.; Rev. J. H. Waidelich, '86, Sellersville, Pa., Rev. E. H. Trafford, '92, Kimberton, Pa.; Rev. P. G. Sieger, '93, Lancaster, Pa.

There were many other alumni present, and the reunion was one of the most successful ever held. The speeches contained much to amuse and much to instruct; and many were the happy reminiscences. We hope that each year may bring back many old and young alumni, not only for their own pleasure, but for the encouragement of the undergraduates and the welfare of the society.

SOPHRONIAN REUNION.

Sophronia celebrated her annual reunion on Wednesday, June 20th, at 2 P. M. The hall was well filled when Mr. Reagle, chairman of the committee in charge, called the meeting to order. He then invited our distinguished and well-beloved professor of German, Rev. W. W. Wackernagle, D. D., to take the chair. Dr. Wackernagle took the chair and presided in his pleasant, characteristic way. The following regular programme was then rendered:

Devotional Exercises:

Hymn.

Prayer, Rev. Dr. Eisenhard.

Address of Welcome,.....Pres. Yoder, '01.

Vocal Solo,.....Weaver, '03.

Quartette,.....Henninger, Prep., Rupp, '02, Koch, '00, Serfass, '01.

Essay—Rags and Bones,.....Apple, '02.

Selection,.....Glee Club.

Reading, from '01 Ciarla,.....Nagle, '01.

After the regular programme, punch and pretzels were served. Afterward the Alumni made speeches for the enjoyment, entertainment, edification and encouragement of all present. The following responded with speeches to the call of the presiding officer: Keever, 86, Erdman, '94, Cooper, '97, Ritter, Ettinger, '80, Nickel, Schindel, Hausman,' 99, and others. Every one spent a pleasant afternoon. The reunion was an eminently successful one and was very much enjoyed by all present, as being interesting to alumni and inspiring to present members. All left very much pleased, congratulating Sophronia on her noble record and wishing her God speed.

PROMENADE CONCERT.

On Wednesday evening of commencement week, the promenade concert was held under the auspices of the alumni on Muhlenberg campus. The Allentown Band furnished excellent and delightful music. A great many people enjoyed the entertainment; the campus and college were fairly over-run with friends and members of the institution. The program was as follows:

Overture—" Raymond,".....Thomas
Gems from " El Capitan,".....Sousa
Cornet Solo—" Sea Flower Polka,".....Rollinson
Frank Kauffman.
a. Caprice—" Cupid's Pleading,".....Voelker
b. Intermezzo—" Forget Me Not,".....Macbeth
Descriptive Fantasia—" Village Life in Olden Times,".....LeThiere
Overture—" Rakoczy,".....Keler Bela
Concert Waltz—" Ideal Echoes,".....Tobani
Patrol—" Southern,".....Voelker
a. Intermezzo—" Pagliacca,".....Leoncavallo
b. Characteristic—" The Gossiper,".....Gillet
Caprice—" Echoes des Bastions,".....Kling
Descriptive Fantasia—" Cavalry Charge,".....Luder
March—" La Rein de Saba,".....Gounod

COMMENCEMENT.

The Muhlenberg commencement was held in the Academy of Music on June 21st. The day proved a very pleasant one—which is always a great advantage and comfort to all. The house was well filled. On the stage were the faculty, trustees, the graduating class, and some distinguished visitors. The program was as follows:

March—" 1900,".....Bernard
Prayer.
Overture—" Bridal Party,".....Schlepegrell
Latin Salutatory.....Franklin S. Kuntz, (Second Honor.)
Selection—" The Jolly Musketeer,".....Edwards
" American Caste,".....Victor J. Koch
"The Mission of the Past,".....Frederick L. Erb
Gavotte—" You and I,".....Czibulka
Philosophical Oration—" Characteristics of Homer,"....Robert C. Horn
(Third Honor.)
" A Preparation for Life,".....Lewis S. Trump
Waltz—" Youthful Fancies,".....Dell'Oro
German Oration.....Paul G. Krutzky
Descriptive—" At the Old Grist Mill,".....Mueller
" A Destiny,".....Charles K. Fegley
" The Ultimate American,".....William M. Horn
(Honorable mention.)
Characteristic—" The Mosquito's Parade,".....Whitney
Valedictory.....Robert R. Fritch, (First Honor.)
March—" America Forever,".....Paul

The speeches were very interesting. Not the least important of their characteristics was their brevity. The speakers did not tire the audience, but entertained them.

The degree of A. B. was conferred upon all the members of the graduating class, except Victor J. Koch, who received the degree of B. S. The following are the members of the graduating class: Arthur G. Beck, Stone Church; Frederick R. Bousch, Allentown; Elmer D. S. Boyer, Vera Cruz; George R. Deisher, Topton; Frederick L. Erb, Slatington; Charles K. Fegley, Mechanicsburg; Arthur G. Flexer, Allentown; Robert R. Fritsch, Allentown; Robert C. Horn, Reading; William M. Horn, Reading; Victor J. Koch, Nazareth; Paul G. Krutzky, Philadelphia; Franklin S. Kuntz, Freeland; Raymond W. Lentz, Allentown; Edgar C. Statler, Allentown; Harvey L. Straub, Lehighton; Lewis S. Trump, Shartlesville; Abraham B. Yerger, Norristown.

Other degrees were also conferred. A. M. on the following members of the Class of '97: Clinton J. Everett, Allentown; William H. Fehr, Hecktown; William K. Fisher, Myerstown; Franklin K. Fretz, Perkasie; Wilmer F. Heldt, Lehighton; Aaron Henry Klick, Ellwood; Ira W. Klick, Myerstown; William M. Kopenhaver, Center View; George E. Kramlich, Kutztown; Gomer B. Matthews, Philadelphia; Christian C. Miller, Allentown; Francis Miller, Philadelphia; Ira O. Nothstein, Allentown; Archibald C. Schenck, South Bethlehem; H. Morris Schofer, East Greenville; Edgar E. Sieger, Allentown.

Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Prof. M. O. Broeckman, president of the Norwegian Institute at Minneapolis, and on Rev. F. Walz, a retired clergyman of North Wales.

LL. D. on Prof. George Stewart Fullerton, dean of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania.

The degree of honorary master of art was conferred on Rev. H. S. Fegley of New Tripoli.

Then followed the awarding of prizes. The Amos Ettinger Honor medal, to be given to that member of the Senior class who has attained the highest average during the year, was awarded to Mr. R. R. Fritch, of Allentown. The Butler Analogy prize, of twenty-five dollars, was given to Mr. Franklin S. Kuntz, of Freeland, with honorable mention of R. R. Fritch.

The Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical prize, of twenty-five dollars, given to that member of the Junior class making the best speech in English, as to manner and matter, at the Junior contest, was

awarded to Mr. Howard E. Shimer, with honorable mention of A. L. Benner and George K. Rubrecht.

The Eliza Botanical prize, of fifteen dollars, for the best essay on and illustrative herbarium of "Ferns," was given to Mr. Lewis A. Ink. The Biological prize, of ten dollars, for the best examination on the laboratory work and text in Vertebrate Anatomy, was awarded to Mr. Russell B. Lynn, of Catasauqua. Honorable mention of John M. Woodring, of Allentown.

The Physical Culture prize of ten dollars was given to Mr. Ink; and the prize of five dollars, to that member of the Freshman class excelling in the same, was awarded to William S. Raudenbush.

The prizes for the the German contests were awarded as follows: Sophomores: T. L. Lindenstruth, Jacob Kistler, and J. R. Freed. Freshmen: A. W. Rohrig, Erwin Jaxheimer, and W. S. Raudenbush.

The exercises closed with a benediction, and the singing of the doxology, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

THE COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

As usual after the commencement exercises in the morning, the ladies of the Lutheran churches of the city kindly entertained the alumni and friends of the college. The dinner was a very successful one. Each guest did justice to his share, and all were charmingly entertained. After dinner, for a while, the campus and buildings were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, until, about four o'clock, the usual quiet following excitement settled upon the college. Commencement week had ended!

Some weeks ago, Dr. Lear interested the faculty and students with a lecture entitled:

Some Aids and Some Dangers in Intellectual Work.

The purpose of the lecture was to discuss some means that essentially belong to mental hygiene and the consequences of the violations of these means.

The necessity of mental rest was shown by an analogy drawn between muscular tire and muscular rest. For the brain idleness

is not restful because the brain cells are active waking or sleeping: consequently the only way to find mental rest is to set to work different groups of brain cells—variety in brain work is what rests.

As a means to mental relaxation it was advised that each student should have an intellectual "hobby." Our famous men appear most versatile because for purposes of relaxation they pursued some intellectual hobby. Vacation was shown not to be an interruption of the college developmental period but a time to utilize in such manner and such ways as will rest and recuperate the body and mind. The brain impulses have jaded and exhausted the nerve centres and nerves; and vacation should place them in such conditions that they will imbibe nutriment and regain their responsive spring and normal vitality.

In preference to spending vacation at our summer resorts, roughing it on the mountains was advised. It was emphasized that the unconscious influences emanating from nature are particularly adapted to man's inner feelings and are restful.

The danger expresses itself for the most part in nervous exhaustion. The wear and tear to the nervous system by the intensity of modern living is simply appalling and the nervous breakdowns would be equally so did not science develop the physical forces and make them equal to bear the excessive tension. It was shown that this age was specialized in invention, in art, in science, in men and in national victories, which were the combined effect of a highly specialized mental direction and physical endurance. The intelligence of mind was correlated to the development of the body. But in the future a larger percentage of pension disabilities will be from nervous conditions than from wounds, because of the concussion effects of our heavy ordnance on the nerve centres.

The immediate dangers to student life are those which follow from continuous worry and excitement, intense emotion and unrestrained ambition.

Without health the future would be dismal indeed. Health and intellect in themselves will not accomplish the work of life. You can't dissociate health, intellect, grace, beauty and good morals. Who more than an intellectual man needs all the attributes? The public speaker of the future, as well as the present, will require such an acute intellect, such elegant diction, such grace of person as will seem ideal and visionary. Where will he

be who neglects that degree of culture and that degree of good morals that will place him in harmony with his surroundings? I have great hopes for the future. I believe the referring tendencies of intellect, man and the universe combined, will eventuate in a still higher degree of perfection. To physicians the wail of the centuries, "Niobe weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they were not," and that part of the decalogue, "the iniquity of the fathers will be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation" will be unheard because then an innate nobility will rule and will disdain to vibrate the blood by immoral and equivocal action.